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## ROME OR NATURALISM.

### PART FIRST.

THE one and real issue, now, at the close of the nineteenth century, is between Rome and Nihilism. Is there a church, or is there no church? Is there a religion, or no religion? Is there truth, scientific and metaphysical, or is there not? Has man a spiritual, immortal soul, or is he a merely perishable animal? Is there, or is there not, a First and Final Cause, Sovereign Creator and Lord of the Universe? Has God made a revelation and appointed a way for men to know His truth, to do His will and to attain their end?

Affirmative answers to these questions furnish premises that lead directly to Rome. The only logical alternative is a universal negation.

There are, indeed, many apparent issues on the intermediate ground, but these are mere illusions. There is a pretended fortress of science, isolated from philosophy and religion, which is only a mirage having no substantial reality. There are pretended structures of philosophy, as frail and evanescent as the showy buildings of the Columbian Exposition. There are pretended religions and churches, which are no more durable than the ice-palaces of Moscow and St. Paul. The edifice of science cannot be constructed upon a solid and durable foundation without philosophy. There cannot be a philosophy separated from theology; a theology separated from revelation; a revealed religion outside of Christianity; a Christian religion separated from the Catholic Church; a Catholic Church without a foundation and centre in Rome. The denial and abandonment of the spiritual sovereignty and infallibility of Rome logically requires the denial and abandon-



ment of all Christianity, religion, science, philosophy, history, truth, and reality of every kind.

Here, at the outset, we must guard against a misunderstanding.

We do not mean that natural, rational certitude depends from divine faith. We do not assert that divine revelation, attested, proposed and defined by the infallible authority of the Roman Church, is the motive of our primary assent to facts and truths of history, science, and philosophy. This would be a gross, and even absurd error. What we mean is, that all facts and truths whatever, have their logical and ultimate outcome, directly or indirectly, in Rome. The falsehoods and sophisms brought from the arsenals of heresy and infidelity against the claims of the Roman Church, are logically destructive of all the truths held by those who use them. They are deadly boomerangs, which in their recoil kill those who throw them.

By a happy inconsistency and inability to grasp the logical relations of facts and ideas, a great multitude of the members of separated sects, during the latter age, have held fast to saving truths of religion and morals, to sound principles, to a vast quantity of common sense, philosophy, and useful knowledge. In many departments, both theoretical and practical, there has even been great progress and improvement, to the benefit of nations and individuals, a precious contribution to political, social, and private welfare. The leaven diffused among the Christian nations by the Church, has remained and wrought its beneficial results, and the evil effects of schism and heresy have been counteracted and retarded. The great mass of the people who have remained nominal Christians have continued to be implicitly or virtually to a certain degree Catholic, and in a more or less imperfect union with the Church. Hence there has not as yet taken place a general lapse into conscious and avowed infidelity, an explicit and open apostasy from Christianity and religion, and from the order and laws of Christian civilization.

But although individual men are generally illogical, the course of events and the tide of universal intellectual and moral movements in the ages and nations are governed by logical laws, so that premises and principles deposited as germs, infallibly develop by a necessary sequence. Therefore, the destructive principle, virtually contained in the Eastern Schism and in the Western Apostasy miscalled the Reformation, has gradually come into active energy, and with increasing and accelerated force of repulsion, is driving asunder and away from their centre all the satellites of the great Sun of Truth.

Thus it has come about that the statements made in the first paragraphs of this article are verified.



Separate hierarchies and hierarchical churches show plainly the tendency to break up their rings into small spheres and fly off into space. Other sects, which seemed to have a cohesive attraction in their faith in the Bible, are escaping from its control and resolving themselves into nebulous vapor.

Revealed religion necessarily rests on authority. It must be certain, complete, universal for all ages and nations. No thinking and well-informed man can believe that any religion is credible except the Christian, and no thinking man can recognize an authority competent to teach Christianity with certainty, completeness and universality in any society which is particular, confined in its limits of place and time, and which disclaims universal, supreme, exclusive, and divine authority.

"The Greek Church," so called, has no real organic existence. There are several separate independent hierarchies in the East, classed together under that name. The only powerful and united body existing under this general appellation, is the Russian Church ruled by the Czar.

No thinking man can suppose that this is the Catholic Church, having supreme universal authority in the Christian world, or capable of becoming a world-religion, an organ for teaching complete Christianity and absolute truth to all mankind. It makes no such pretension. In common with all the other self-styled "Orthodox" communions of the East, it claims for the "Holy Eastern Church," only the character of a fragment of a Catholic Church existing during the first ten centuries. According to the "Orthodox" belief, the teaching office of the Church ceased with the Seventh Council. Since that period the episcopal hierarchy can only bear witness to the faith defined in the Seven Ecumenical Councils and embodied in the Nicene Creed.

Still less can authority to teach the Christianity of the Apostles be ascribed to any imaginary "Anglican Church" composed of several separate aggregations under chief pastors styled bishops, not agreeing among themselves and much less venturing to attempt the impossible task of promulgating common and unanimous doctrinal or disciplinary decrees.

As for all the other sects which acknowledge only the Bible, they have no authority nor rule of faith external and superior to the subjective and individual judgment and conscience. The Bible does not suffice to determine its own canon, inspiration or signification, with sufficient clearness, certitude and completeness to produce unity and harmony, and to prevent the multiplication of contending doctrines. No one of these sects, and no combination of several sects has any chance of making a promulgation of Christianity which can command universal assent and convert the world to the faith and to the law of Christ.

The one lesson of the great Parliament of Religions at Chicago, was this. It is desirable to have a universal world-religion, if possible; the only religion which can possibly meet this demand, is Christianity, embodied in the Catholic Church.

The alternative is no religion, that is, no truth and law revealed by God as the way of temporal and eternal salvation for all mankind. A revelation which is not clear and certain and proposed to all mankind, is no revelation. If, at this late day, we have still to search after the genuine Christianity, it is plain that Jesus Christ is no Divine Teacher and Lawgiver. For either He did not intend and profess to possess and exercise these offices, or He attempted a work which He was unable to perform; and consequently failed.

Failing all adequate authority to teach mankind the absolute, universal truth revealed by God, we are thrown back upon reason and obliged to look to natural and rational philosophy as the guide of life. Where is this philosophy, and who are the philosophers? They are disappearing in the quicksand of Agnosticism like the last Laird of Ravenswood in the Kelpie's Flow.

The history of the world in past ages culminates in Jesus Christ, and takes all its new departures from Him. If He is taken away, it has no more value and significance than the annals of bees, beavers and seals. Mathematics, chemistry, physics and astronomy assert their autonomy; and the visible, sensible world, the political and social order, the course of events, and the facts of life, vividly and continually impress their reality upon the human consciousness. But the soul cannot live its higher life on this kind of bread alone. For a time, a partial and imperfect satisfaction may be found by many in the common occupations and enjoyments of life. Literature and science may bring their rewards to those who are able to win them. Systems of philosophy may have their votaries. The different religions may count their devotees, sincere, pious, contented with the traditions of their parents. Nevertheless there is a longing, at least an obscure and latent one, in human nature, to transcend the bounds of custom, sect, country and race, to find an absolute, universal truth, a philosophy of life, a religion of humanity. There is an impulse to search for the origin and final end of things, the first and final cause of the universe, the law of the universal brotherhood of men and fatherhood of God, the harmony and unity of science, history, philosophy, religion, reason and faith, the true centre and circumference of the perfect sphere of being, truth and goodness. It is a vague longing for the supreme good, for beatitude, for the kingdom of heaven, for God. When it comes out of the latent state into consciousness and activity in men who are awakened thinkers, one effect which it produces is a scepticism, which tends



to become universal. No religion outside of Christianity can bear historical and logical tests. No form of Christianity which is sectional, national, and destitute of a royal genealogy and authority as old and lasting as time, as wide as the world and as binding as the law of gravitation, can endure a critical and thorough investigation.

All these religions spring from a revolt against a divine revelation and authority as old as the creation of rational beings, a revolt which began in the angelic sphere from which Lucifer fell, in the Eden from which Adam and Eve were banished, and has been continued through all the ages and regions of the world. The intrinsic principle of this revolt is scepticism. Lucifer must have first doubted before he finally abjured the absolute sovereignty of God over him. Eve and Adam doubted the truth and justice of God before they determined to disobey his commandment. God can tolerate no hesitation of the intellect or will in submitting to his revelation of truths to be believed and precepts to be obeyed, after this revelation has been sufficiently made known. He demands immediate, absolute, irrevocable assent to the truth revealed, that is, undoubting faith. Doubting is an act of unbelief, a questioning of the veracity of God, which implies a doubt of his existence, the foundation and source of all that is real, that is true, that is good.

The deadly principle of the revolt against the Church in the sixteenth century was doubt, ending in the denial of the authority on which revealed religion rests. This sceptical principle undermined first the authority of the Church, next the authority of the Bible, and finally, the authority of reason. Revelation and supernatural religion are swept away. Philosophy and natural religion follow, and scepticism assails even the reality of the objects of science, the material substances of the sensible world. All is swallowed by the abyss of nothingness. There remains, however, *despair*, the pain of loss, the sense of privation of that alone which makes life worth living to a rational being, whose nature craves absolute truth and the supreme, everlasting good. Deprived of belief in this object of longing and of hope for its attainment, unhappy man sinks into an abyss lower than nihilism, the bottomless pit of pessimism. One reality remains in the apprehension of the universal sceptic, positive and universal evil, coextensive with the consciousness of existence which no scepticism can remove, from which there is no release except the extinction of consciousness, the annihilation of the entire phantasmagoria, which the phantoms who have dreamed they were men, have fancied was a real universe.

Such madness as this can only be the disease of a small number of lunatics.

The nihilistic and pessimistic conclusion, although it follows by a rigid logical sequence from the agnostic premises which are so widely diffused, is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Universal scepticism may be expressed in language, but it cannot be really and practically held by the mind, much less acted on. It is possible for a man to commit that partial suicide which extinguishes his organic life, possible for him to fall into insanity or imbecility, through his own fault, or without any fault of his own, but he cannot extinguish the life of his immortal spirit. So long as his human life continues, and he remains in possession of his reason and human faculties, he cannot divest himself altogether of the apprehension of objective truth and reality, and the desire of good. The lowest and the worst of those who have revolted against religion, the political and social order, and all divine and human laws of morality, believe in some kind of earthly and temporal good, which they strive to obtain by the destruction of Church and State, of existing order and civilization, with the most passionate vehemence. This extreme and violent sect of revolutionists has not as yet become dominant. The principles of the old Christian civilization, the ideas inherited from the Christian religion, still hold sway. England, Prussia, America, present an outward appearance of being Christian nations. There is a sceptical or agnostic spirit and tendency widely prevalent among the educated, and even among the general mass of the people, which has its philosophical expression in Kant's "Critical Analysis of Pure Reason," but it is to a considerable extent modified and held in check by the principles contained in his "Critical Analysis of Practical Reason." A great number profess some kind of rationalism and even of natural religion, often tinged with a weak solution of Christianity.

The great Protestant sects still count large numbers of adherents who make explicit profession of belief in Divine Revelation and in some creed, more or less in accordance with the traditional Catholic Creed of Christendom, even in the article of "One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church."

The sceptical principle in the numerous aggregate of sects and individuals professing Christianity shows itself in the form of uncertainty, doubt, and disputation concerning the authentic intent and meaning of the Divine Revelation. Dogmas are the particular opinions of individuals and associations, founded on their own private interpretation of certain documents containing a divine revelation, with more or less regard for the tradition of past ages. Happily, some fundamental Catholic dogmas, especially the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, together with the idea of supernatural religion, have retained their place in the confessions of the sects which are called orthodox, and in the belief of their strict adherents. They have, however, widely diverged from each other in



doctrine, and the separate sects which have been formed and have become more and more subdivided as time has gone on, have often been hostile, even to the extent of internecine warfare and cruel persecutions. They have anathematized each other as deadly heretics, have imprisoned, tortured and slain each other as pestilent criminals.

All have professed to reverence the Bible as the Word of God. Yet if we take the Eastern sects into our purview, they do not agree as to the Canon of Scripture. Much less can they agree in the interpretation of its contents, and a common determination commanding universal assent, of the essential and integral nature of Christianity.

At the beginning the Reformers protested that they would restore the pure, genuine Christianity of Christ and the Apostles, which had been altered by the Roman Church. Their successors have continued to claim, each division for itself, to be in conformity of doctrine and discipline with the primitive Church, and to maintain a strict dogmatic attitude. But in process of time controversy and various other causes have produced a weakening of doctrinal and ecclesiastical exclusiveness. A sense of the failure of Protestantism has spread among them. They feel their want of authority, they weary of perpetual divisions and dissensions, they have lost credit in the world at large, and the issues which they raised at the time of their revolt are often declared to be dead, their old-fashioned so-called "orthodox" Protestantism to have become obsolete.

In this new and altered state of things, two opposite tendencies have manifested themselves. One is the tendency towards supernatural religion, and the other a tendency away from it.

Some call these tendencies a tendency Romewards and a tendency Reasonwards. For instance, Mr. Holmes, in his "Professor at the Breakfast Table:" "I don't mind the exclamation of any old stager who drinks Madeira worth from two to six Bibles a bottle, and burns, according to his own premises, a dozen souls a year in segars, with which he muddles his brains. But as for the good, true and intelligent men we see all around us; laborious, self-denying, hopeful, helpful men, who know that the active mind of the age is tending more and more to the two poles, Rome and Reason, the sovereign Church or the free soul, authority or personality, God in us or God in our masters, and that though a man, by accident, stand half-way between these two points, he must look one way or the other—I don't believe that they would take offence at anything I have reported."

Thus, Mr. Holmes considers that the alternative or true decisive issue for the active mind of the age is Rome or Reason.

Others have said the same things. They are mistaken in making Reason the opposite term to Rome, as Brownson and other eminent writers have proved. Rome is not in opposition to Reason or any kind of rational science and knowledge. The opposite term to Rome is Pure Naturalism, including a denial of the supernatural. The distorted, monstrous, irrational supernaturalism of the Reformation has awakened repugnance and disgust in the thinking, active mind of the age. Turning away from this, it has deviated in a contrary direction. But pure naturalism cannot satisfy. It does not offer a halting-place on firm and solid ground.

Reason, rational philosophy, science, are good, but not self-sufficing. Nature is good, but it needs grace for its integration and elevation, and, denuded of grace, man is spiritually a poor, naked, blind and miserable creature, even in his best physical and intellectual estate. When the active mind of the age has turned its back on the supernatural, it may wander on and on to the quicksand of nihilism. Many who are passing and moving in this direction see and loudly proclaim that if they face about they can only turn Romewards. This is hopeful.

As for the great number who have not turned their backs on supernatural religion, and who remain standing on the middle-ground occupied by the sects commonly called "orthodox"; Greeks, Anglicans, Lutherans, Calvinists and other species under the same genus, it is not easy to say how many are consciously or unconsciously looking Romewards. Some there are, most assuredly, who believe in the divinity of Christ and in a supernatural, revealed Christian religion, who are consciously and avowedly looking toward a union of all Christians with the Roman Church as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

This description cannot apply to that tendency much more general and widespread, in a direction opposite to the naturalistic movement, which Mr. Holmes and others call a Romeward tendency. When they make the antithesis of "Rome or Reason," they view Rome as a symbol of all supernatural religion. They are clear-sighted enough to see that revealed religion, supernatural Christianity, is embodied in the Catholic Church, having Rome as its centre, and the bishop of that supreme see as its head. They perceive that supernatural religion can have no other adequate authority. Believers in the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Gospels ought to be Catholics; and there is no real genuine Catholicism outside of Rome. Therefore, the antithesis and opposite to that pure Naturalism, which they miscall Reason, is Rome, and the active mind of the age is obliged to look to one or the other.



The Romeward tendency is a desire for unity and certainty in place of divisions and opinions which have no solid foundation. The active mind of the post-reformation period soon began to suspect and by degrees clearly to perceive that the great promises of the leaders of the Reformation were hollow and delusive. A supernatural revelation ought to make its claims on belief and its authentic meaning so clear that all just demands of reason should be satisfied in respect to the nature of the articles of faith proposed and to their credibility. It should present a Rule of Faith adequate to produce harmony and agreement among all nations when sufficiently instructed, and in all ages; to make known the way of salvation to all men without fear of error.

Truth being like God, its source, one and unchangeable, the True Religion must have in it the principle of Unity. The office of Religion being to unite men with God, who is the All-Holy, must have in it the principle of Holiness. Since the idea of Unity shuts out all diversity, the True Religion being One, must be Catholic, that is, Universal. The Christian Religion, having the Apostles for its founders and first teachers, must be Apostolic. As Being, Oneness, Truth and Goodness all blend together into a Transcendental Whole in Ontology, so do these four characteristics of the True Religion blend together into a Supernatural Whole, inseparable, though in certain respects distinct.

No one of the sects separated from the Apostolic See, in the east or the west, from the Greek to the Congregational, nor the whole collection, has all or any one of these marks. Not Unity or Catholicity, to which they make no pretensions. Not Sanctity, for they began in heresy and schism, together with other grievous crimes, and their existence is a perpetual rebellion against God. Their only claim to Apostolic succession consists in certain traditions which they have retained from the time when they were united with the Catholic Church.

The great Western sects have travestied some of the Catholic dogmas which they have retained, and mixed them with heresies of their own invention, in such a way as to completely alter the traditional Christian theology.

The Lutheran, but more especially the Calvinistic system of doctrine, is incredible, irrational, even monstrous.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is one of the best specimens of the class of educated, thinking men who have turned away from Protestant Orthodoxy to Rationalism.

Dr. Brownson describes his abjuration of the creed of his childhood in the following terms: "The son of a Protestant minister, brought up in a Protestant community, and himself for some years a Protestant minister, he early learned that the real, the universal

and permanent are not to be found in Protestantism ; and assuming that Protestantism in some or all of its forms, is the truest exponent of the Christian religion, he very naturally came to the conclusion that they are not to be found in Christianity. He saw that Protestantism is narrow, hollow, unreal, a sham, a humbug, and, ignorant of the Catholic Church and her teaching, he considered that she must have less of reality, be even more of a sham or humbug than Protestantism itself. He passed then naturally to the conclusion that all pretensions to a supernatural revealed religion are founded only in ignorance or craft, and rejected all of all religions, except what may be found in them that accords with the soul or the natural reason of all men." (Works, vol. iii., p. 424).

This may be generalized into a statement of the grounds on which the entire clan to which Mr. Emerson belongs, have lapsed into pure Naturalism.

A presentation of Christianity which has many variations, some of which are caricatures of its genuine doctrines, others incoherent and incomplete exhibitions of the same, all destitute of a sufficient guarantee of their authentic character and the requisite authority to command universal assent, is supposed to be the best face which the Christian Religion can present to the world. A revelation, a religion, of really divine origin, of divine and universal authority, ought to be something quite different from this, and much better. It is well known that Rome proclaims that she has this something. Those men of genius and liberal culture who are regarded as leaders of modern thought have perceived and acknowledged that if this claim can be proved, supernatural religion, revelation, Christianity as a divine institution, become credible ; *but not otherwise*. They see plainly and loudly declare, that they who believe in the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Bible, in the foundation of a visible Church by the apostles, in two or more sacraments, in an apostolic episcopate, in six or seven ecumenical councils, in the Church of the first three or five or ten centuries, in any form of orthodoxy according to the type of New England, Scotland, England or Russia, are logically bound to believe all Roman doctrine.

All or none, they say. It must be either Rome or what they incorrectly call reason, meaning by this term pure Naturalism. There is no firm and permanent halting ground between the two. As for Rome, with few exceptions, the men who have taken this view have begun and continued with a foregone conclusion that her claim is incredible ; wherefore, for them, it is unavoidable that they should abandon every form of supernatural religion, abjure Protestantism as well as Catholicism, and renounce altogether Christianity.



Dr. Brownson in his early days was one of those who embarked in these speculations, in Boston. Abandoning the Calvinism of the Puritans to search for a more rational religion, he was one of the few who after exploring the coasts of truth, steered his bark into the broad haven of Catholicism. We have quoted above his description of the mental process by which his friend, Mr. Emerson, freed himself from the bonds of the Calvinism of the Puritans. The genial and gentle Emerson would not have used all the trenchant language employed by Dr. Brownson in speaking of the religion of the Puritans and other Protestants, if it be understood as affirming that this religion is all charlatanism, that no Protestants can have any basis for faith or grounds for hope in Christ. It is indefensible and is not reconcilable with many things which Brownson himself said elsewhere, when he distinguishes between the Catholic truth retained by Protestants, and the Protestant errors which they have adopted. No doubt, the authors of that revolt which is miscalled the Reformation, were schismatics and heretics, had denied the faith, and were wicked men, on a level with Pilate, Caiaphas, Judas, Arius, Wicklif and Huss. Such were Luther, Calvin, Cranmer and Knox, whose characters have been painted by Protestant writers in darker colors than those which most Catholic authors have made use of. How many of their successors have been formal heretics we cannot say or know. But we cannot justly impute formal and culpable heresy to all and singular of the sincere, virtuous and pious members of the Protestant sects. In like manner, one must discriminate in the separated Eastern sects between those who are formally guilty of schism and those who are involved in it by a misfortune for which they are not to blame. Nestorius, Eutyches, Photius, Michael Cerularius, Mark of Ephesus, were guilty of formal schism and heresy. The same is probably true of many of their disciples. Yet we cannot doubt that many others, born and brought up in the Eastern sects have been free from all personal guilt of the kind, have had sanctifying grace, and have obtained eternal salvation. In that communion which is called the Orthodox Greek Church, the Creeds, the Catholic tradition of the first ten centuries, the Scripture, the Sacraments, Sacrifice and Priesthood have been preserved.

With the exception of their particular heresies, the Nestorian and Monophysite sects are in the same category.

The Protestant sects have the sacrament of baptism, a large portion of the Bible, more or less Catholic tradition, and sufficient means of grace and salvation, so long as they are in good faith and diligent in making use of these means. Many of them are truly Christians and children of God. Those who have actual acquaintance with the best class of Protestants, especially if they

have been brought up among them, cannot shut their eyes to the evidences of faith, charity, genuine Christian piety and virtue which are not uncommon.

Some may ask how these statements can be reconciled with the axiom, "There is no salvation out of the Catholic Church?" This question can be answered in a clear and satisfactory manner after a proper explanation of the true meaning of the axiom. *Salus*, or salvation, may be taken both in an objective and a subjective sense. Objectively, it is that which God has ordained for the sanctification of men. Subjectively, it is the spiritual good, the welfare, health and life received in the soul from this divine ordinance. The fundamental and chief-saving ordinance of God is the Church, Catholic from the foundation of the world to the end of the world. It is but one, and there can be no other. In it are placed all the gifts of God, and, therefore, out of it there are none, and can be none. To the Church God has given revelation, the written and unwritten word of truth, the faith, the law, grace, the sacraments, the promises. If we say that out of the Church there is no Bible we mean that there are no inspired Scriptures except those which God has given to her. If we say that out of the Church there is no baptism we mean that there is no other regenerating sacrament except that which Christ instituted in the Church. There is no other faith, no other grace, no other promise of pardon and life, no other way of salvation distinct from and independent of the Catholic Church.

All truths of faith, all genuine Scripture, all sacraments which the sects have preserved they have received from the Catholic Church. They have received or originated nothing that is good and salutary, as sects. As sects there is no salvation in them. They have nothing of their own except their rebellion, their heresies, their counterfeit rites and ordinances, their councils and confessions of no authority, their immoral divorce laws, their divisions and dissensions, the ruin and misery which they have caused in the world. Whatever is good among them they have not received from Photius, Luther, Calvin, Cranmer or John Knox. Schism is a mortal wound and heresy is a deadly poison. A man who has been mortally wounded may survive for a time by virtue of the vitality which has not been totally killed. A poison may be a slow poison. The life which remains comes from the vital principle animating the body, while from the wound or poison death must follow.

Those metaphors which are used when the members of the Church who are separated by schism and heresy are represented as branches of a tree or limbs of a body which are lopped off are only metaphors, and are not to be taken literally or as exact de-



scriptions. Schism, pure and simple, deprives the schismatics of their normal relation to the Supreme Authority of the Apostolic See and the ecclesiastical kingdom over which it rules. Schismatical bishops have lost their jurisdiction, and their provinces are no longer parts of the legitimate ecclesiastical order, but illegal, irregular polities, like regiments in mutiny or revolted provinces in an empire. They are not, however, like branches lopped from a tree and lying dead on the ground, or like amputated limbs which are carried out and buried. Schism is not complete severance of continuity with their own past history, nor of union with the bishops and faithful of the Church universal. They are one in faith with their ancestors and their fellow-Christians throughout the world. They have the same liturgy, their priesthood is from the same source, their sacrifice and sacraments are the same. Let them once acknowledge the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter and one word from his mouth will restore them to their orbits and set them revolving around the central Sun.

Heresy is much worse than schism. It separates not only from the Church as a governing power and an ecclesiastical organization, but from the same also as a teaching authority. Heretical sects may preserve, however, some creeds, a part of the faith, the whole or a part of the Bible, even the sacraments, the priesthood and the sacrifice. The Lutheran and Calvinistic sects have retained a considerable number of Catholic doctrines and traditions. All that is true and good and Christian among them is Catholic; what is false, evil and anti-Christian is Protestant.

The Church as One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, although not formally and organically extended in the domain of schism and heresy, is virtually present to the denizens of this domain as the medium through which they receive all the light and grace, all the saving influence which comes to them from God. A heretic, Jew, or infidel, may teach the catechism to a Catholic child, but it is really the bishop who teaches in the name of the Church by the mouth of the tutor or governess who acts as catechist. A heretic may baptize, a schismatic may consecrate or ordain, but it is Christ who regenerates, offers and impresses the sacerdotal character, as Head and High-Priest of the Catholic Church. In the objective sense, therefore, there is *nulla salus extra ecclesiam*. Subjectively, no one who receives saving grace is *extra ecclesiam*. Every infant who is baptized is baptized into the Catholic Church, and remains a member of it so long as he preserves the grace of baptism. All who have faith are implicitly and virtually Catholics in that respect, and if they have also charity, being united spiritually with Christ, they are joined in spiritual bonds with all the children of God in Christ, with the whole Catholic Church. They

have inchoate salvation, and if they persevere will obtain finished and everlasting salvation in heaven.

One may object: That if these statements are true, we cannot preach to Greek schismatics, or to members of Protestant sects, that they are bound to enter the fold of the Catholic Church in order to be true and genuine Christians, and to save their souls. If they have the means of grace where they are, what need is there to leave the society in which they have been brought up, and perhaps to make great personal sacrifices, when there is no adequate motive? The only sufficient reason for preaching to all men the duty and necessity of joining the Catholic Church is: That grace and salvation cannot be obtained by any who are not in full external communion with the Church.

The objection, however, is inept and groundless. For, since schism and heresy are deadly sins, only those who are guiltless of wilful unbelief in the teaching of the Church, and disobedience to her authority, can be spiritually united to her communion and partakers of sanctifying grace. So soon as they know that they are in schism or heresy, their good faith ceases, and they become inexcusable. When the Catholic Church is sufficiently proposed to them, the only way in which they can save their souls is by submission to the teaching and rule of the lawful pastors.

When our Blessed Lord was a child at Nazareth, when He came forth with His head wet from the baptism of John, and began to preach the kingdom of God, all good Jews had the faith and did the works necessary to salvation, before they knew that He was their Messiah. As soon as they did know it they were bound to believe in Him. As soon as they knew Him to be God, they were bound to worship Him. When the commandment came they were bound to be baptized. When the Apostles' Creed was promulgated, and the Apostolic Church established, all Jews and Gentiles were bound to profess that creed, and to join that communion as the only means of salvation, as soon as they were sufficiently proposed to them—*but not before*.

It is the same now; and always has been since the creation of man. God gave the faith and the law to Adam and Eve in Paradise. After their fall, he gave them them the inchoate Gospel of Redemption. For the first thousand years, mankind had the primeval revelation, or religion and church. The tradition was handed down in the society of the children of God, until He came who was to be sent, the Expectation of nations. The nations who wandered away into all parts of the earth preserved some elements of this tradition. It is visible in their civilization, their culture, their philosophy, in all that is really good and great in their historical development. Two tendencies and movements are exhibited



in these pagan nations—one upward, the other downward. One is an aspiration and a striving after truth and virtue, a preparation for the Gospel which would be preached to them in due time. The other, a progress in degeneracy both intellectual and moral. For these nations, the only way of salvation was obedience to what faint light they had and to the law of their conscience. It is the same now for all who are beyond the pale of Christianity.

In that multitude who have wandered away from the Catholic Church, the same two tendencies and movements—one upward and the other downward—are manifested; one toward Catholicity, the other toward scepticism, nihilism, in the road of pure naturalism.

Of those who see the alternative, more or less dimly or clearly, between Rome and pure naturalism, some go upward, others in the opposite and downward direction. Those who go upward, follow that light and truth which still remain to them from the old Christian tradition. Those who go downward, follow the false principles and heresies of their schismatical position, and their sects, to their logical conclusion. Both are abandoning, in increasing numbers, the middle ground of what we may call by a sort of euphemism, Greek and Protestant orthodoxy. The most sagacious and important thinkers perceive and avow that this middle position is untenable.

When we say that the middle position is untenable, we do not mean to assert that those who occupy it have no good reasons for holding any positive truths, and have no certitude about anything. We mean that they are inconsistent, and hold two different and mutually contradictory sets of principles. One set, if consistently followed, leads to universal truth, to certitude of knowledge and faith within the utmost bounds of human capacity. The other set leads, logically, to error, uncertainty, universal doubt, nihilism, in the entire sphere of thought.

This set of principles has run its course to the end of its speculative and logical development. Protestantism is a failure, and is moribund. Infidel philosophy is dead and buried. No intelligent man can fancy for a moment that there is any vital principle adequate to cause the resurrection and revivification of mankind in Judaism, Mohammedanism, or in any form of heathenism. The Catholic Church is very much alive, and needs no resurrection.

Among that portion of the nominally Christian people who are separated from the communion of the Catholic and Roman Church, particularly the adherents of Protestantism, the principles of scepticism and denial have run their course. There is no further movement now possible for them except toward extinction or back again to the Catholic Church. Even those who choose to

follow the downward road toward absolute scepticism cannot possibly follow it to the end, since they cannot annihilate the world or themselves. They can go pretty far in denying or doubting truth and facts. They can even in words express universal doubt and denial. But they cannot really believe or even think what they say, much less can they convince other men that everything is a falsehood and an illusion or persuade them to pretend that they are convinced. However general and prevalent error and unbelief may have become, a vast quantity of truth and belief remains as a tradition of Christianity and civilization. And, consequently, as the trend of the sceptical principles of Protestantism has become manifest, a reaction has set in—an opposite and upward movement.

This movement can only be, as it actually is, toward unity and Catholicity. Let it be distinctly noted and remembered that the two opposite mental goals are knowledge and nescience, certitude and scepticism.

A characteristic mark of knowledge and certitude is always unity. There is but one mathematics, one logic, one geography, one astronomy, in so far as it is certain science, and not hypothesis. It is the same with other sciences in so far as they are certain.

Outside of this unity there is only ignorance. Unity implies Catholicity. It is the same knowledge and certitude for the universal world, for all mankind and for all time. There is also the mark of a certain something which has an analogy with sanctity. What is the sanctity of God? It is the agreement of His intelligence and will in the same term, the one absolute being which is named the True as the object of intelligence, the Good as the object of will, and is identical in both. God loves that which He knows to be the Best, and all His acts proceed from this source of knowledge and love.

The sanctity of the Church consists in knowing and willing what is best for mankind.

The end of all knowledge and science is the welfare of mankind. The devotees of even physical science are fond of calling it sacred, and assuredly a knowledge of geometry brings a man intellectually nearer to God. There is even something analogous to the note of apostolicity. In all branches of science, knowledge, art, culture, there are founders, masters, teachers, men of genius, who have had a mission, and are regarded with reverence. There is an authority in these matters which in some cases demands and receives an assent, a belief, which is unquestioning.

The laws of unity, universality, subordination to a moral and spiritual end and to a hierarchical order, pervade all creation.



The creation is a universe, it is one universe, it culminates in spiritual beings, it is constructed in gradations on a scale of ascent from the lowest to the highest, in a regular series of mutual interdependence. The human race is one, universal, descending from common ancestors, having common traditions, subject to a hierarchical order and authority. The foundations of the Catholic religion and Church, the supernatural order, rest upon this ground of nature. The Church is the human race raised to a higher plane, exalted to a higher life, organized under a more perfect hierarchy, transformed into a celestial kingdom; it is supernatural, but it has not superseded nature. Nature underlies it everywhere. Faith is supported and sustained by reason. Unbelief and scepticism are irrational and unnatural.

The strongest barrier against the philosophy—or, rather, sophistry—of doubt and nescience is in the world of nature by which we are environed. It forces its reality upon us with all the power of a thumb-screw or a red-hot iron. A man who is extremely anxious for his breakfast, or very fond of a glass of hot toddy, may talk or write against the reality of things; but it is, as Carlyle called Emerson's dreaming transcendental nonsense, "bottled moonshine." It has no effect on the minds of men and their practical common-sense.

The axioms and demonstrations of mathematics compel assent. The affirmations of the experimental sciences secure at least, if they do not compel, the assent of all reasonable and well-informed men in so far as they are only scientific inductions, and not mere hypotheses.

There is, therefore, a certitude which is universal in what we may call the philosophy of common-sense, and in the sciences which deal with the phenomena of sensible experience and the principles or laws upon which that reality to which sensible phenomena appertain is constructed. In the common mind this philosophy is practical, implicit and virtual, and in so far as it reaches into that domain of science which is beyond the ken of the common mind, it is founded on faith in the authority of the teachers of science. In the scientific mind it is explicit, speculative philosophy and knowledge.

The same remark may be applied to the fine and the useful arts. In these also there are certain and universal principles, tending to produce a catholic unity in judgment upon works of art and also in complacency in their excellence. Masterpieces in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music, eloquence and literature command a universal assent to their excellence and give pleasure in all ages and countries to all who have the intelligence and taste to appreciate their beauty. The best ships, the best guns, the

best bridges, the best machines, secure the universal verdict in their favor. In all things humanity tends to unity and catholicity, aspires after them, to a great extent attains to what it aspires after. Moreover, the end is always recognized as being in the moral order. And reverence is paid to all the great men who are the teachers and leaders of the human race, who are in some sense its apostles.

In all these things it is reality—objective truth—which the rational nature of man seeks after. When this is found, the subjective state of the mind is certitude, knowledge without doubt, rest and complacency in its proper good.

Scepticism undermines and overthrows the whole fabric; that is, in words and not in reality. For practically it is impotent.

The verbal formulas and shadowy theories of scepticism which are put forth by some scientists under the name of science are not really scientific and have nothing to do with science. They are the foolish utterances of men who wander out of their own proper domains to attack the principles and truths of metaphysics and theology. They recognize nothing as knowable except the phenomena of external nature with which they are conversant. For them the *noumena* are nullities—mere phantoms of the imagination. First cause and final cause are mere names, signifying nothing. The only excuse for them is that the men who have figured in the world as philosophers during the past three centuries have been charlatans and sophists dressed in the philosopher's cloak, by whose manipulations metaphysics and theology have been made to evaporate in a cloud of scepticism.

Descartes, Locke, Hume, Spencer, Kant, Fichte and Hegel have done their best or worst in this work of destruction. One effect has been to bring metaphysics and philosophy into contempt. Such philosophy is indeed contemptible. Its principles are sceptical, and therefore common-sense, everything that is real in the world, and all science cry out against it.

It is most extraordinary and inconsistent in scientific men to exclude the noumena from science into the unknowable, to deny and decry the value of Logic and Metaphysics. Logic and Metaphysics underlie all the sciences, furnish their principles and laws, and hold them in dependence. The noumena are the basis of the phenomena. Men and even scientists are rational beings; they possess the *ingenium curiosum* which seeks for the knowledge of things in their deepest causes. The more they learn of sensible phenomena, the more eager is their desire to find out their first and final cause, the more stringent is the necessity for a philosophy which is deep and high, solid and all embracing; the more imperative is the intellectual demand for logical and metaphysical certitude.



Philosophy has been, indeed, at a low ebb, wherever the disastrous influence of Protestantism has prevailed. A latent scepticism pervades it, even where sceptical doctrines have not been formally avowed. Nevertheless, many sound doctrines and conclusions have survived, and there has been a continual struggle and effort after a rational philosophy.

There is a rational philosophy. There is logical and metaphysical certitude. This rational philosophy culminates in a Theodicy or Natural Theology, a demonstration of the Being of God as First and Final Cause. It is not within my scope to develop and prove this thesis. For it is admitted and affirmed by all those with whom chiefly my argument is concerned. They are professed Theists and Christians. They believe in God, in Christ, in Christianity as a supernatural revealed religion. For them, therefore, the only question can be, how can we know and believe with certitude the genuine and authentic Christian religion? This is the anxious questioning of all those who in an imperfect sense are already Christians, who wish to be Christians in the full and perfect sense, and who are not at rest within the fold of One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, under the sovereign, infallible authority of the Holy Roman Church, the Mother and Mistress of Churches. And it is this question to which I intend to give the true and only rational and possible answer. All that I have hitherto said is only preliminary.

In nature and the entire domain of nature, reason and knowledge, the human mind finds essential certitude as the basis and centre of all that is knowable and thinkable, imaginable and conjectural, within the infinite space of the unknowable which surrounds it and extends to a boundless distance beyond it. This realm of nature is One, Universal, subject to a Moral and Hierarchical Order.

The Creator and Universal Sovereign of the world is One God; subsisting in a Hierarchy of Three Persons; Holy, the Infinite Good in himself; and in His creative act diffusing a participated good among all his creatures.

Whoever believes in One God, in whom is the infinite eternal plentitude of being, must believe that He is the First and Final Cause of the universe. All that He creates as First Cause He must by the necessity of His nature govern with goodness and wisdom by a divine providence for worthy ends, terminating in the chief and final end, in Himself. He must take the most care of His rational creatures, giving them a destination congruous to their exalted nature, and furnishing the means which are suitable to secure the attainment of their end, the fulfilment of their destiny.

If mankind had been placed in an order of pure nature, destined

to a purely natural beatitude, Divine Providence must have made ample provision for men that they might by the exercise of their reason know the highest truth and good within their scope, and by the exercise of their will be able to fulfil the purposes of their existence. God has actually created mankind for a supernatural destiny and beatitude, and placed them in a supernatural order.

This is negatively proved by the manifest fact that naturalism does not suffice for the aspirations of nature, or answer the questions of the soul. It is positively proved by the whole history of the human race from the beginning, bearing testimony to the existence of a supernatural order.

There is no need of reviewing that part of human history which went before the appearance of Jesus Christ on the earth. It suffices to look in the face this unique and most extraordinary phenomenon, the appearance of the supernatural and divine in a human form and environment.

The supernatural order evidently requires a supernatural religion. A supernatural religion requires a supernatural revelation. It is evident that such a revelation is not made to each and every individual singly and for himself. It must, therefore, have been given to the race as a common possession, through the medium of a divinely appointed teaching authority, and received by faith. In order that faith should be reasonable and obligatory, the authority which proclaims and proposes the revelation must be qualified to give reasonable and indisputable evidence that the revelation is truly divine and credible, and must make clearly manifest what the revelation is, *i.e.*, what are the truths revealed and proposed to belief.

The mind necessarily and justly demands certitude in faith as well as in science. And since faith is belief on authority, the authority which demands unquestioning faith must be infallible.

It is altogether congruous to the wisdom and goodness of God, that he should give a revelation intended and adapted for the whole human race; a supernatural religion adequate to the purpose of conducting entire humanity in all times and places on the road of its destiny to its final consummation. All Christians believe that Christianity is such a religion. They confess that the genuine Christianity must be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. That the professors of Christianity should be divided into differing and disputing sects, as if it were uncertain what the Christian revelation and religion really is, is plainly a great disorder and an abnormal state of things. Therefore it is, that the desire and the demand for Catholic Unity has become so general and imperative among those who have lost it. It is incredible that Jesus Christ should have come into the world as the Teacher and Saviour of



men, and that after nineteen centuries it should still be necessary to inquire, to search, and to dispute, in doubt and uncertainty, respecting the faith which He promulgated and the way of salvation which He established. Those who are divided, disputing, searching, and uncertain, must have wandered away from the genuine, authentic religion promulgated by Jesus Christ. That religion must contain within itself an infallible authority, and those who are taught by that authority must have certitude.

If God has constituted the human race in a supernatural order and given them a supernatural destiny He must give them a supernatural revelation. That revelation, in order to suffice for its purpose and to be obligatory on men, must have motives of credibility, such that it is certain—first, that it is truly a divine revelation, and, secondly, what the truth is which it discloses.

The primitive revelation was given to the patriarchs for all mankind. The nations having generally wandered away and lost themselves in the darkness of heathenism, it was necessary to provide a special revelation and religion for a chosen and peculiar people through Moses and the prophets. The Jews had infallible certitude in their faith and a perfect security that they were in the way of salvation; it was their mission to preserve the pure and genuine traditions of Monotheism and the Messianic Redemption until Shiloh, the Expectation of nations, should appear on the earth, found a Catholic Church and promulgate a world religion.

He did appear, and in His person the supernatural elevation of human nature and revelation of God and all divine truth was consummated in its ultimate perfection.

The historical evidence and the whole array of motives of credibility for the truth of the Gospel and of Christianity are very useful—but they are not absolutely necessary—in order to prove that Jesus Christ is the divine mediator between God and man. He accredits himself by simply showing his countenance and figure.

If a masterpiece of sculpture or painting be discovered, no matter when or where, it is enough to look upon it to see that it is a masterpiece and the work of a master. It may even be evident that it is the work of some one of the great masters whose manner is known by other works, so that all competent judges will agree that a mistake is impossible. It is the same if a poem, an oration, a metaphysical treatise be discovered, manifestly a work of genius of the highest order. If we suppose any masterpiece of whatever kind to be thus discovered, manifestly, and by the agreeing verdict of all competent judges vastly superior to all other works of its kind already known, it is plain that its author was a man of transcendent genius, superior to all other men who have produced works of the same kind.

The countenance and figure of Jesus understood in the ideal sense are actually present to our contemplation as reflected in the Gospels and in the faith of all of His disciples from the beginning. The form is human; but it is a humanity free from all that is peculiar to any race or time or type of human nature. It is an ideal type of sinless, spotless innocence, moral perfection, spiritual beauty, of transcendent loveliness and charm, having nothing similar to it in the picture-gallery of history.

We have found the masterpiece, but who is the master whose work it is? It is no creation of mere human genius, for it surpasses the highest capacity of the mind and imagination of man to conceive such an ideal.

The four evangelists were singularly unequal to the task of any original poetic invention of a high order, transcending the limits of their Jewish environment; and St. John is the only one of the four to whom we can ascribe in even a lesser degree the possession of genius. Moreover, the ideal presentation of the Life and Character of Jesus, the Divine Tragedy, set before us in their pages, is neither in either one of the gospels, or in all together, the original masterpiece. It is a copy or reproduction of the original, which the church of the first disciples had before them, either in their memory of what they had seen and heard, or in the narrative of the eye-witnesses who had seen the person, the life, death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus and heard His words. It is a portrait from life, a masterpiece which proves itself, without any need of identification, wholly above the highest flight of human genius, manifestly the work of God, as truly as the sun in the heavens.

The sinless innocence and consummate wisdom and sanctity of Jesus are manifestly supernatural. His human perfection and sublime character demonstrate His true and proper divinity, because He proclaimed it explicitly, died and rose again in attestation of His claim. It would be easy to enlarge on this theme and to place in the most brilliant light the evidence of the divinity of Jesus Christ from His human excellence. We need not attempt it, because we are addressing those who firmly believe it.

In Jesus Christ we have the Eternal Word of God proclaiming in person the divine revelation, the supernatural religion, previously made known by the prophets, who were His ambassadors and precursors from the beginning of the world. He is the infallible Teacher of mankind, and, having once come in person to supersede all subordinate messengers, He must remain forever the one Apostle and High Priest of God for all ages and nations, having no successor.

But although Jesus Christ could have no successor, He could



have a vicar, a vicegerent and representative on the earth. He must have, indeed, since He removed His bodily presence from the earth and has continued to exercise the office of Mediator, which He began here, in Heaven.

As Mediator, Jesus Christ is the sovereign of a mediatorial kingdom, over which He is sovereign prophet and sovereign pontiff, as well as sovereign ruler, because His kingdom is not only a political but also a spiritual order. The Incarnation was not a transitory act, but a permanent and eternal fact, the culmination of the plan of God, as First and Final Cause of the universe, the creative act carried up to the summit of metaphysical possibility.

The eternal Word came into the world in human form by His conception and birth from the Virgin, to remain in it. His work as mediator between God and creatures will be complete, in the consummation of His kingdom in the heavens, when the glorification of all the elect is accomplished. Until then, He must carry on the work which He began at his conception, continued by His life and death, resumed at His resurrection; He must carry it on, upon the earth, not by His immediate, visible presence and action, but by a mediate, virtual presence and action, through the apostolic church which He founded. The supernatural revelation of God culminated in the Incarnation. When this had been accomplished, there could be no regression to the elementary, imperfect methods done away with once for all. The Lord of the world having come in person to teach all truth, to finish the redemption of mankind, to impart the fulness of grace, He must remain on the earth until the end of the world, fulfilling the offices of Prophet, Priest and King. His visible presence being withdrawn, He must teach as Prophet through an infallible representative, offer sacrifice and impart sacramental grace as Priest through a sacerdotal order, and rule, as King through a hierarchy endowed with vice-regal authority. This is all summed up in the one terse expression, that the Incarnation must extend and complete itself. It is the joining of created to divine nature in unity of person. The strict and proper personal unity can subsist only in a singular and individual mode in Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word. But in a larger and analogical sense, there can be a specific and generic union of rational creatures to the Godhead, by grace, a union which is a sort of deification, completed in the glorified state of the adopted sons of God, both angels and men. The unity of this kingdom of God, the Church Triumphant, is an image of the unity in essence of the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, and of the unity in person of the two natures of Jesus Christ. The kingdom of God on the earth, the Church Militant, must resemble the kingdom of Heaven. It is the continuation and extension of

the Incarnation. Under one figure, it is the body of Christ, under another, His bride and spouse. It is and must be one, and its unity must be indivisible and indefectible. That it is Holy and Catholic no one will dispute. It is Apostolic, because Christ formed it by calling the apostles, and commissioning them to continue His work after His ascension.

The Church is the continuation of the Incarnation. It is the medium and instrument of the Incarnate Word, through which He continues to teach and sanctify, to redeem and save mankind, giving power to true believers to become sons of God by adoption. The mark of the true Church must be Unity, which includes Sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolicity. There is one God to the exclusion of a plurality of divinities, who are all either demons, or mere human heroes, or imaginary beings. There is one mediator, Christ, to the exclusion of all partners or rivals, whose pretensions are all a mere imposture. All duality of person in the true Christ is also excluded. The only-begotten Son of God is also the Son of David and Abraham and Adam, through Mary; One Person in two Natures.

In like manner the Church is One, to the exclusion of all sects pretending to be churches, singly and collectively. Without unity, it is an inconceivable entity. Given the circumference of a circle, there is but one possible centre. Given the centre and one radius, there is but one possible determination of every radius and diameter and of the circumference.

This unity is not a mere agreement in opinion and a concurrence in action among individuals or distinct societies. It is not a mere specific similitude in polity or relation through a common origin. It is organic unity, like that of a building, of a regiment, of a kingdom, of an animated body. It is the cause and not the effect of unanimity in faith, of concurrence in action, of the union of minds and hearts in different ages, among different nations, in the distinct but not separate parts of the entire sphere.

This organic unity is determined by the essentially Catholic, *i.e.*, universal nature of the Church, created to exist and be everywhere and in all ages; by its apostolic origin and polity, depending on an hierarchical authority which is all-pervading and perpetual; and by its inviolable sanctity as the indefectible, infallible teacher of the faith and law of Jesus Christ.

It is the Apostolic Church which is One, and which cannot therefore subsist in several separate, independent episcopal churches, united only by a merely human, ecclesiastical law.

It is the Catholic Church which is One, inasmuch as it is Catholic, and therefore one by an organic law of its essence which is divine and dominates through its universal extension.

It is the Holy Church which is One, and therefore its unity is



inviolable, indivisible, indefectible, perpetual, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, the indwelling, animating principles of its life.

This One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church exists as a historical fact, from the date of its creation by Jesus Christ, the Lord, until now. It proves itself by its very existence, by its own self-evidence. As Jesus Christ manifests himself by merely becoming visible, without any need of extrinsic evidence, so the Church is its own witness by being visible as One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic, and having no rival claimant. For, although sects pretend to sanctity, to a share in catholicity, to apostolic doctrine and succession, no one of them pretends to be the One Catholic Church, having supreme and infallible apostolic authority.

They have no idea of Unity. What they call unity, is only union, and they complain that it is lost by division. They cry out for reunion, by compromise, for an alliance of churches, unless they have sunk into sectarian apathy and a dull indifference to the universal interests of Christianity and humanity.

In the very highest idea prevalent among them of the Church, there is no principle adequate to the creation and preservation of Organic Unity. That principle is a universal, supreme and infallible authority, to which all parts and members of the church are subject.

Even that lower kind of unity which binds together, *e.g.*, the Protestant bishops of the British empire, demands the subjection of particular dioceses to a general authority. Metropolitan bishops and sees have always been the centres of ecclesiastical circles, *i.e.*, of provinces and patriarchates. These provinces being provinces of an ecclesiastical empire, coextensive with the world, must be subordinate to some supreme authority, to a primacy vested in a supreme see and bishop, or in a council. An ecumenical council, sitting in permanence or at frequent intervals, is a manifest impossibility, and such a parliamentary regimen for the ordinary, constant government of the church is utterly inadequate. A primate see, and a primate, seem to be as appropriate and as necessary for the universal Church as for a province or a patriarchate. But, if it had only authority and power from the grant of the universal episcopate, or the sovereign state, it would not answer its purpose. A confederation of churches throughout the world could not have been made, a primacy could never have been conferred upon one episcopal see; and if such an extraordinary enterprise could have been undertaken and accomplished during the period which elapsed between the middle of the first and the end of the third century, it could not have been permanent. Much less could it be possible to form a confederation of the Roman Church with the Greek and

Protestant churches ; with a common faith, a common law, governed by a universal authority. If it could be done, such a church would be totally inadequate, because it would lack divine authority. It could not enforce supremacy over the reason and conscience. Such a religion would not be Catholicism, it would be Protestantism. Protestantism, it has been proved over and over again, must revert into Naturalism, and Naturalism rests on a thin crust over the abyss of Nihilism.

There is a Church, One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and *Roman*, which has subsisted in individual unity since the first mission of the Apostles. Its continuous existence is a miracle, and the evidence of its divine origin and authority. Great numbers of its prelates and members have fallen away from it, but it has never been divided or suffered a loss of its integral unity. The dangers from within and without, which have threatened its destruction, have only served to prove that it is a supernatural creation. Rome is the true antithesis of Naturalism. And this topic we hope to treat more fully in another article.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

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### GEORGE WASHINGTON.

1. His Religious Character. 2. Champion of Religious Liberty. 3. History and Effect of the Religious Liberty Clauses in the Constitution, in the enactment of which Washington took a leading part.

THE union of purity of character with splendor of achievements wins our admiration. When to this rare combination are added great personal virtues, even in the natural order, elevation of thought and action, dignity of manner and carriage, simplicity of life, lofty aspirations, true and active yet modest patriotism and loyalty, every civic and moral virtue characteristic of the sage and of the Christian hero, then the sentiment of admiration matures, fructifies into manly desire for active imitation. When, still more, to the splendid combinations of mind, soul and heart are superadded eminent services to country and to race, the noble duty of gratitude pervades a nation and its citizens. The world unites in the general verdict. It is thus that are attained the honors of human and civic apotheosis.

These qualities of perfect character and exalted life were singularly blended in George Washington.



It is thus that his character is studied by sage, historian and philosopher. To Americans his life is the lesson of the nursery, the college, the field, the cabinet, the forum and the deathbed. Admiration, imitation and gratitude mingle in one blended pæan. We of the present generation see historically at once a nation emancipated; a government founded on the principles of justice and equality; an administration conducted with wisdom, vigor and benevolence; resulting in the perpetuation of human liberty and the blessings of law, security, prosperity and happiness. The principal author of all this, under God, was Washington. All is summed up in the tribute of a nation's love—Father of his Country:

PATER PATRIÆ!

In ancient Greece and Rome such a man would have been worshipped as a god; with us he is venerated as a Father. He may belong to a nation while accomplishing his providential mission; when his mission is accomplished, his example, his virtues, his maxims become the common heritage of mankind.

An anecdote is told to illustrate how the world claimed this priceless boon. A distinguished citizen of France, a country whose gallant sons had fought and triumphed under Washington, when sending an official communication to this illustrious American, disdained to put the address of any post-office, or city or country on the document; he addressed it simply to George Washington. It reached its destination.

It was in this same spirit of universal appropriation of Washington that a pre-eminent countryman of Washington said: "At an early stage of the American Revolution, while Washington was considered by the English Government as a rebel-chief, he was regarded on the continent of Europe as an illustrious hero." Such was the language of Daniel Webster, addressed to the Austrian Government in the famous Hulsemann Correspondence. Such was his universal adoption by the human race that Fisher Ames said of him, that "he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." So, too, on February 22, 1832, Daniel Webster, at the celebration held at the City of Washington, again said of him: "That name, descending with all time, spreading over the whole earth, and uttered in all languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty."

Senator Robbins, of Rhode Island, on the same occasion, said:

"I believe there is no people, civilized or savage, in any place, however remote, where the name of Washington has not been heard, and where it is not repeated with

the fondest admiration. We are told that the Arab in his tent talks of Washington, and that his name is familiar to the wandering Scythian. He seems to be the delight of human kind, as their beau ideal of human nature."

There is another man, a contemporary of Washington, one who knew him well, a witness of his life and services, whose estimate of the Father of his Country, upon the broad basis of cosmopolitan appreciation, we should here cite—that witness is the first American Catholic Bishop, John Carroll. In his eulogy, delivered in St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, on the first 22d of February following the death of Washington, the patriot-prelate, after saying that the most sanguine American "dares not promise again to his country the union of so many splendid and useful virtues as adorned this illustrious man," says further: "Whether we consult our own experience, by bringing into comparison with Washington any of our contemporaries most eminent for their talents, virtues and services, or whether we search through the pages of history to discover in them a character of equal fame, justice and truth, we will acknowledge that he stands supereminent and unrivalled in the annals of mankind, and that no one before him, acting in such a variety of new and arduous situations, bore with him to the grave a reputation as clear from lawless ambition and as undefiled by injustice or oppression; a reputation neither depressed by indolence nor weakened by irresolution, nor shadowed by those imperfections which seemed to be the essential appendages of human nature, till Providence exhibited in Washington this extraordinary phenomenon." Again, in 1794, writing to Archbishop Troy on the intrigues of French revolutionary agents in the United States, Archbishop Carroll says: "To expose the mischief meditated by and fomented through the machinations of these societies, we stand in need of the firmness, the undaunted courage, the personal influence and consummate prudence of that wonderful man, our President. It is impossible for a person not thoroughly acquainted with our situation to know how much depends, at this time, on one man, for the happiness of millions."

These passages are not quoted as so many eulogies on Washington—none ever spoke of him except in eulogy. His praises are in every mouth. His fame has passed beyond the realm of eulogy. But it will be readily perceived how important this is in holding Washington up to our own generation for imitation and gratitude, to show how the ideal man, the model citizen, the peerless patriot, challenges our highest admiration and gratitude in the exercise of certain qualities and the practice of certain courses, resulting, it is true, logically from that broad humanity, from that just and unerring judgment which made the world claim him for its own, but which now and here have a cru-



cial bearing upon our theme. I claim, therefore, that this great man so thoroughly in touch with our common humanity, so pre-eminently capable of judging of the highest duties, interests and rights, was :

1. A sincerely religious and devout man.

2. That, while he was the champion of human liberty and a sincere Christian, he was also free from all religious or sectarian prejudice and bigotry and an equal and unequalled champion of religious liberty and of the rights of conscience.

The most graceful and imposing feature in every great character is its symmetry. It adds a charm to human personality and individuality, just as unity of design, correspondence, due proportion, adaptation of form and color of each member to the whole, in majestic temples, like St. Peter's, at Rome, convey an indescribable sense of harmony, consistency, truth, repose, grandeur. Washington's character was remarkable for its symmetry. Napoleon's was remarkable for the absence of this quality. Washington's symmetry of character is grandest in the union of a sincere sense of religion with strong convictions in favor of religious liberty and its consistent logical and magnanimous practice. It could not be otherwise. For the man who feels the obligations of religion upon his own conscience must see the same obligations upon the conscience of his neighbor. It is thus that the truly religious man must logically be a respecter of religious liberty in the circumstances in which Washington was placed. Because if he feels bound to worship God according to the convictions of his own conscience other men are equally bound to do the same. Hypocrisy, or constraint, is equally abhorrent to religion. The obligation to do a thing, such as to worship God, carries also the right to do it. This is religious liberty accorded under the constitution framed by the convention over which Washington presided.

Much as has been written and said, many as are the monuments and statues, in commemoration of Washington, his religious life and character are but little known and appreciated. And yet this was the foundation of his greatness, the source from which his many noble traits and virtues flowed, the power that ennobled his motives, strengthened his will, guided his judgment, enlivened his actions, and secured his success.

From his earliest youth a deep sense of religion pervaded the character and actions of Washington and he manifested extraordinary sentiments of honor and duty. Parental obedience and filial love were beautiful traits in his life. His love of truth has become proverbial. At the age of seven, while he joined with hearty zest in the games and sports of his companions, he became their model by his good example. He was a natural leader of

men. He organized his schoolmates into juvenile military companies and led them through parades, reviews and battles. He was always elected their captain. The highest tribute his companions could pay to his worth was to be chosen the judge and arbiter in their youthful disputes. He was companionable and cheerful, yet grave and dignified. He was a swift runner, a long leaper, expert at quoits and at tossing the bars. He could ride and control the most fiery horse and was an accomplished horseman. He was methodical, observant, studious, painstaking and industrious. At the age of eleven years such was his desire to do what was right and avoid what was wrong that he prepared a remarkable code of conduct for himself, which he entitled "A Hundred and Ten Rules for Behavior in Company and Conversation." These maxims of the boy of eleven years have been preserved as a wholesome, though quaint, admonition even for men. I will repeat a few of them :

1. "When a man does his best, tho' it succeed not, blame not him that did it."
2. "Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit, if your stockings set neatly and clothes handsomely."
3. "Think before you speak ; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly."
4. "Be not curious to learn the affairs of others."
5. "Speak not evil of the absent—it is unjust."
6. "Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals ; feed not with greediness ; lean not on the table ; neither find fault with what you eat."
7. "Be not angry at table, whatever happens ; and if you have reason to be so, show it not." "Put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers ; for good humor makes one dish a feast."
8. "Let your recreations be manful, not sinful."

It is no wonder that with so remarkable a boyhood Washington became supereminent among the great and good—"the boy was father to the man."

Natural religion, enlivened by his belief in a personal God, his profound recognition and worship of Jesus Christ as his Saviour, a conscientious correspondence with the lights he received, made his youth a model for his companions, an example for the youth of our Republic. He conformed to the Protestant Episcopal ritual, for from his youth he knew no other. He attended the public services of that church, and went with his grandmother and afterwards with his mother as a boy to partake of the Episcopal communion. During his whole life he was exact in attending some form of public service, and in the midst of his military campaigns he was known to be in the habit of riding ten or twelve miles to church. Habits of prayer were marked throughout his whole career, both in time of war and in his retirement at Mount Vernon. In 1764, at Fort Necessity, during the French and Indian War,



Aaron Bancroft says that he rode regularly on Sundays a great distance to church; and one of Washington's aids related that the commander read the prayers and passages from the Scriptures himself on Sundays in the absence of the chaplain. It was of this early period of his military career that Washington Irving writes the following passage: "William Fairfax, Washington's paternal adviser, had recently counselled him by letter, to have public prayers in his camp, especially when there were Indian families there; this was accordingly done at the encampment in the Great Meadows, and it certainly was not one of the least striking pictures presented in this wild campaign—the youthful commander, presiding with calm seriousness over a motley assemblage of half equipped soldiers, leathern-clad hunters and woodsmen, and painted savages with their wives and children, and uniting them all in solemn devotion by his own example and demeanor."

In the midst of defeat and disaster, at the fall of General Braddock, Washington buried his dead commander at night, and by the light of a torch he read the funeral service over his remains. At Valley Forge and at other critical points in the Revolutionary War, Washington was known to retire frequently to his tent for private devotions, and members of his military staff on entering his marquee, were known to have found Washington on his knees, beseeching the God of battles to bestow victory on the patriot arms. On one occasion, if not more, Washington was seen in the field of battle, availing himself of a moment's respite from the immediate direction of the troops, on his knees behind a tree, engaged in prayer. Jared Sparks unites with Washington Irving in the testimony as to Washington's custom of having public prayers in camp during his military campaigns. His efforts for the improvement of the morals of his officers and soldiers were zealous and untiring. "Avoid gaming," was one of his constant maxims to his companions and followers in arms. Of his own efforts to suppress vice in his armies, Washington has himself said, "I have, both by threats and persuasive means, endeavored to discountenance gaming, drinking, swearing, and irregularities of every other kind." Again he addressed to his army these words, "At this time of public distress, men may find enough to do, in the service of their God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality."

The religious character of Washington is strikingly illustrated not only in the devout actions and practices of his whole life, but also in a most remarkable manner in his writings, conversations, correspondence, speeches and official documents. Whenever he alluded to God it was in terms of edifying reverence and piety. He seemed from his writings and maxims, no less than by his conduct, to walk always in the conscious presence of the Deity. In

alluding to God he was constantly in the habit of using such terms as "Omnipotent Being," "Great Ruler of Events," "Divine Government," "Almighty God," "Great Ruler of the Universe and Sovereign Arbiter of Nations," "Great Lord and Ruler of Nations," "God our Benign Parent," "Great Author of every public and private good." Among the constantly recurring sentences and speeches showing that he walked always in the presence of God, were the following sublime words: "I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine Munificence." How sublime was his religious sense, when he said, "Let one with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion." Again he said, "When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence." And again, "The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and mortals must submit." Those scientists of our day, who refer all things to physical and natural causes or chance, should read the following tribute of one of the greatest of men and clearest of intellects to the Creator. "It is impossible to account for the creation of the universe without the agency of a Supreme Being. That great and glorious Being is the beneficent Author of all good that was, that is, or that will be." "It is impossible to govern the Universe without the aid of a Supreme Being, it is impossible to reason without arriving at a Supreme Being." Mr. Shroeder, in his "Maxims of Washington," has preserved for posterity the following among the noble Christian lessons from the Father of our country: "There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity." "The consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected, will always continue to prompt me to promote the progress of the former by inculcating the practice of the latter." "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of Celestial fire, called conscience." "A good moral character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous." The ascetic aspirations of saintliness could not give utterance to more spiritual maxims than the following ones: "Speak not evil of the absent, it is unjust." "To persevere in one's duty and be silent, is the best answer to calumny." "Under such discouragements the good citizen will look beyond the applause and reproaches of man, and, persevering in his duty, stand firm in conscious rectitude, and in the hope of approving Heaven." These numerous maxims are taken from his various writings.

While posterity seems to have been dazzled by the splendor of



Washington's military and civic career, it must be acknowledged that they have greatly overlooked his private virtues and Christian character. The fame of the general and the statesman seems to have shut out from our view the extraordinary purity of life and the virtues of the Christian. While historians have dwelt upon his public career, I feel a special pleasure in reproducing, for the good of our own age, the testimony of his illustrious contemporaries to his high moral sentiments and his religious convictions and observances. Men, who lived when he lived and felt the charm of his ethical and moral maxims and conduct, statesmen, moralists, jurists and philosophers, have united in paying the highest tributes to Washington as a good man and a conscientious Christian; one who availed himself earnestly and conscientiously of the lights he enjoyed and of the education he had received; while he, by his own self-culture, self-instruction and self-discipline, developed the exemplary practice of a high and admirable religious life. Such was the spontaneous testimony of all his most eminent contemporaries of every faith, including eminent Catholics. A few only of the citations from distinguished sources need now be cited from the countless authorities at hand.

Chief Justice Marshall, an intimate friend of Washington, wrote of him: "Without making ostentatious professions of religion, he was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, and a truly devout man." The Rev. J. Freland, in December, 1799, said: "The virtues of our departed friend were crowned with piety. To Christian institutions he gave the countenance of his example; and no one could express more fully his sense of the Providence of God, and the dependence of man." Lord Erskine, the eminent English jurist, in 1795, wrote to Washington himself: "I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world." The Marquis De Chastellux, a distinguished French officer, who served in our Revolution with Washington, and afterwards corresponded with him, said of his illustrious chief: "Soldiers, magistrates, and people, all love and admire him; all speak of him in terms of tenderness and veneration." General Henry Lee, one of his own officers, a patriot, and an illustrious Virginian like himself, used these remarkable words on December 26, 1799, shortly after his death, in regard to his peerless commander-in-chief: "Vice shuddered at his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand." Jared Sparks calls him "a Christian in faith and practice." The Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, D.D., President of the College of New Jersey, and a contemporary of Wash-

ington, thus describes his death: "Our hero was the same at that moment, as in all the past, firm; confiding in the mercy and resigned to the will of Heaven." Mr. Shroeder, who collected and published the maxims of Washington, political, administrative, military, moral and religious, speaks of Washington's life as having been marked by Christian charity, and kindness to the widow and the orphan. Washington, from the beginning of the serious attack of his last illness, which only lasted a few days, felt that he should die; he united with that illustrious lady, his wife, Martha Washington, in many acts of devotion in preparation for death; he thought of every member of his family, and blessed them all; and at the supreme moment he closed his own eyes and disposed his body with dignity in death. Mr. Schroeder mentions Washington's last prayer, at the moment of giving up his great soul: "Father of Mercies, take me to Thyself."

The benevolence and charity of his nature were manifested in his views on slavery. He lived in the heart of the slaveholding interest, and the whole community was pro-slavery. As early as 1786, before we have any record of an abolition society in Massachusetts, he wrote to Mr. John F. Mercer: "I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." Again, in 1794, he wrote to Mr. Laurence Lewis, his nephew: "I wish from my soul that the legislature of this State could see the policy of a gradual abolition of slavery. *It might prevent much future mischief.*" Surely, nothing could be more prophetic than these words. Would that we had taken the warning in time. In his will, he provided for the manumission of his own slaves, and he made provision for the support of such of his slaves to be manumitted, who, from age, infirmities, or infancy, might not be able to support themselves. Thus, he resembles the illustrious Las Casas, the Catholic bishop of Chiapas, in Mexico, in 1544, the protector and liberator of the American Indians, in the sixteenth century; both were slaveowners; Las Casas by the gift of his father, Washington by inheritance. History shows that the greatest liberators have sprung from times, countries, and states of society, in which slavery prevailed. It is an evil which, when left alone, will abolish itself. But the slave trade, which still in Africa disgraces our century, needs a different treatment. That must be prevented by the united armed intervention of all Christian nations. In the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January, 1890, we have given a detailed account of, and plans for, the accomplishment of this result. We have ventured to call the good cause *The New Crusade of the Nineteenth Century*.



As Americans and Catholics, we can but feel profoundly interested, and proudly gratified at the appreciation and opinion entertained and expressed concerning George Washington's religious character by his illustrious contemporary and friend, our own patriot-prelate, the patriarch of Catholicity in America, the first American Bishop, John Carroll. When the patriot cause in America made issue with British oppression, and the struggle was inevitable, Dr. Carroll, then in England, hastened home to Maryland to join common cause with his countrymen, and to share their uncertain fate. You know the services he rendered to the struggling cause of liberty. It is a pleasing circumstance that the beginning of the American government under the Constitution and the foundation of the American Catholic Church Hierarchy occurred near about the same time, twin giants of liberty and religion. Washington and Carroll! The inauguration of General Washington as first President, and the consecration of Dr. Carroll as first Catholic bishop occurred near together. Those memorable years, 1789 and 1790, are now, and forever will be, hallowed years with our country, and our Church. George Washington was inaugurated as first President on March 30, 1789; John Carroll was appointed first Catholic bishop by Papal Bull dated November 6, 1789, and was consecrated on August 15, 1790. Who so competent to pass judgment on the excellence of Washington's religious character and virtues as Archbishop Carroll, himself a patriot and a man of God?

On February 22, 1800, Archbishop Carroll, in compliance with the general recommendation of Congress, delivered an oration on Washington, at St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, then the pro-Cathedral. In his oration the great bishop found language unequal to the excellence of Washington's character; eloquence was inadequate to describe such virtue. He speaks of the veneration of Catholics for Washington's exalted virtues, and pays a glowing tribute to his "virtuous life." He said that Washington's uniform language, publicly and privately, was an "acknowledgement of a superintending Providence, preparing, regulating and governing all human events for the accomplishment of its eternal purposes, and predisposing the instruments by which they were to be effected." He contemplated human events "in the Christian piety and the philosophy of a sage." A practical belief in "a supreme intelligent Being," became "the polar star" of Washington's life and administration. "He was to himself a luminous proof of Providence in preparing and adapting his body and mind to suit the destinies of his life." "Contemplating," said the illustrious prelate, "as much as is allowed to feeble mortals, His divine agency in preparing the means and conducting the progress of the

American Revolution, we may presume to say, that heaven impressed a character on the life of Washington, and a temper to his soul, which eminently qualified him to bear the most conspicuous part, and be its principal instrument in accomplishing this stupendous work." The good prelate then traced in every part of Washington's life from his birth to his death "the evidence of this providential interposition," and then states that "such was the training and education by which Providence prepared him for the fulfilment of his future destinies." He said that the guardian angel of Washington infused into his soul the sweet spirit of benevolence together with heroic fortitude," and he exclaimed "Would to God that the principal authors and leaders of the many revolutions through which unhappy France has passed . . . had been influenced by a morality as pure and enlightened as that of Washington." "It remained for him, after abdicating public employments, to exhibit in the shades of retirement those private virtues which are the true foundations of national prosperity." "Washington fulfilled the destinies of that Providence, which had formed him for the exalted purpose of diffusing the choicest blessings over millions of men, and preparing the same for millions yet unborn." The sacred orator then applied to Washington the language of inspiration and of prophecy, as found in those majestic and sublime passages of the eighth chapter of the Book of Wisdom, concluding with these striking words, which, together with the whole passage, the eloquent preacher now placed in the mouth of Washington, "*to be allied to wisdom is immortality.*"

Advancing to our second proposition, we would ask how could such a man, such a Christian, such a statesman, as illustrious contemporaries have thus described him for us—how could such a man as Washington be a bigot? Impossible! How could such a man, already the champion of civil, political, national and personal liberty—how could he be otherwise than the champion of religious liberty?

We would like to see Archbishop Carroll's admirable eulogy of Washington committed to memory and pronounced in every Catholic school in America on every 22d day of February, until the end of time. In it the reverend prelate traces, in the many circumstances of Washington's youth and education, the hand of Providence preparing him for his country's liberation. So, too, do we find most remarkable incidents in his youth and later life, by which his mind and character were so broadened, enlightened and inspired with that wisdom, which he so cultivated in the manner set forth in the Book of Wisdom, that he was prepared to lead as the champion of religious liberty. The most generally oppressed and disfranchised religious body in America at the time



of the American Revolution, and of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, was the religious body of which we are members—the Catholic Church. All odious and unjust vestiges of religious bigotry and of unchristian legislation were swept away by the combined influence of the American Revolution, the leadership of Washington, of public opinion, the Constitution of the United States and the presidency of Washington over the Constitutional Convention. Catholics even now have to struggle for religious liberty and freedom of worship bills for children and prisoners in public institutions of the States. The principles of freedom of conscience and of religious worship, inasmuch as all men were endowed with souls, consciences and rights, apply equally to all men, whether prisoners and convicts, to children and juvenile delinquents in houses of refuge, of correction or reformatories. The right is inalienable and non-forfeitable. No crime *whatever* can forfeit this right. How, then, does it comport with our traditions, our veneration for the principles of Washington, our bills of rights and constitution, that at this day, more than a century after the American Revolution and the adoption of our national and many of our State constitutions, there is need for demanding liberty of conscience and freedom of religious worship in behalf of prisoners or children confined in institutions on American soil. A religious liberty bill, after repeated defeats, has just passed the Legislature of New York. A person by crime may forfeit his liberty, his property, his offices; but he can never forfeit the right, any more than he can escape the obligation, of saving his soul. He can never forfeit his right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. God demands the homage of His creatures; they must be free to render it.

The influences and training in the school of religious liberty commenced with Washington when he was a boy. His father died on April 12, 1743, when George was only twelve years old. His oldest brother, Lawrence Washington, took the place of his father, and George looked to that noble and generous brother with unbounded respect, veneration and love. Washington Irving said that George owed to his brother "much of his moral and mental training." The intolerant law of Virginia, which had, in 1629, driven Lord Baltimore from its shores because he was a Catholic, and had practically restricted its population to members of the established church, drew from Lawrence Washington, the foster-father of George Washington, the following declaration of his views on that subject: "It has ever been my opinion, and I hope it ever will be, that restraints on conscience are cruel in regard to those on whom they are imposed and injurious to the country imposing them. England, Holland and Prussia I may quote as ex-

amples, and much more Pennsylvania, which has flourished under that delightful liberty so as to become the admiration of every man who considers the short time it has been settled. . . . This colony (Virginia) was greatly settled in the latter part of Charles the First's time and during the usurpation of the zealous churchmen, and that spirit which was then brought in has ever since continued ; so that, except a few Quakers, we have no dissenters. But what has been the consequence? We have increased by slow degrees, whilst our neighboring colonies, whose natural advantages are greatly inferior to ours, have become populous."

The enlightened preceptor had passed to his grave, the thirteen colonies had struggled for their liberties, George Washington had become the foremost man in the great drama of American emancipation—true to the traditions of his family, to the lessons of his elder brother and to his own nature and convictions, he uttered these noble words: "While just government protects all in their religious rights, true religion affords government its surest rights." This comprehensive declaration of Washington proclaims at once the obligations of the conscientious citizen to his government, and the duty of the government to protect the citizen in his equal rights of conscience, religion and the free worship of God.

We next see Washington, as commander-in-chief of the American army, publicly exerting his whole military power to protect the Catholic soldiers in his army from the insults of a bigoted and ignorant populace—a beautiful incident, to which I will more particularly refer in another article, on Washington's relations with Catholics.

The next signal service of Washington as a champion of religious liberty was when he presided, as its president, over that august body, the convention, that framed the Constitution of the United States. It is well known that he took a profound interest and impressed his liberal views on every provision of the Constitution, was in counsel with the members, and greatly influenced the decisions of the convention. The result was the declaration against all religious tests under the government of the United States. "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." This clause was adopted by a large majority and with but little debate. This great result, the throwing open of the doors of Congress, the office of President, of the Supreme Court, and the whole of the Federal offices of the government throughout the Union, to Catholics and to the members of every religious society in the land was the voluntary act of a just and free nation. Catholics were entitled to it and through Washington and his colleagues they obtained it. It was fifty years later, and only after the gi-



gantic and herculean efforts of Daniel O'Connell and of the Irish people at his back, that the doors of the British Parliament were opened to Catholics and to the members of every creed by the famous British Emancipation Act.

The broad mind of Washington went further than the Constitution on the question of religious liberty. During the sittings of the Constitutional Convention, on August 15, 1787, Washington wrote to Lafayette: "Being no bigot myself to any mode of worship, I am disposed to indulge the professors of Christianity in the choice of that road to heaven which to them shall seem most direct, plainest, easiest, and least liable to exception."

In addition to the clause against all religious tests for office some members of the Constitutional Convention were in favor of introducing a clause in favor of religious liberty into the original Constitution. Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina—honor to his name—proposed it to the convention, and some debate took place thereon. But the result was simply the insertion of the anti-religious test clause. After the adjournment of the convention that instrument was submitted to the thirteen States for ratification, and the ratifications of nine States were made sufficient to carry the Constitution into effect. The subject of the Constitution now became the burning question of the day throughout the country. It was a sublime spectacle to see an infant nation, great in its infancy, which had just achieved its liberties, engaged in the great work of devising the best plan for their preservation. All the States united in supporting the clause against a religious test for office; but some earnest and devout Christians thought that the Christian religion should at least have received some recognition in the Constitution. Thus, when Washington visited New England in 1789, the Presbytery of Newburyport addressed these words to him:

"Among the objections to the Constitution we never considered the want of a religious test, that great engine of persecution in every tyrant's hands; but we should not have been alone in rejoicing to have seen some explicit acknowledgement of the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent, inserted somewhere in the Magna Charta of our country."

Washington replied to this suggestion with characteristic frankness:

"The path of true piety is so plain as to require little political direction. To this consideration we ought to ascribe the absence of any regulations respecting religion from the Magna Charta of our country. To the guidance of the minister of the gospel this important object is perhaps more properly committed."

Neither the first temporary form of union among the colonists, which was the Federal Convention, nor the second, which was the

"Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union," contained any mention of religious liberty or a religious test. Upon general constitutional grounds we should say that under neither of those forms of union could any legislation have taken place by Congress on these subjects. So also it would have been equally unconstitutional for Congress under the Constitution, even without any provisions on the subject, to have passed any such laws; because the Constitution was a specific grant of delegated powers, and unless such a grant of power to legislate on the subject of religion or a religious test was expressly made, it must necessarily be understood as not granted, but as reserved to the granting power, the States, or the people thereof. This principle was afterwards expressly embodied in the Constitution by the Tenth Amendment, which provides that

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States respectively, or to the people, are reserved to the States."

The further effect of this article upon the question of religious liberty will be noticed hereafter. One thing, however, is certain, that unless the power were expressly given to Congress to legislate on religion or a religious test they could not do so; and no such grant of legislative power was given, or ever proposed to be given, to Congress by the Constitution.

But not content with this implied, though quite certain state of constitutional law, the States when voting on the Constitution, decided to introduce an amendment into the Constitution expressly prohibiting all legislation on the subject of religion. The First Amendment of the Constitution, accordingly, as it now stands a part of the organic law, reads thus:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This was not in the original *Constitution*. It is there now by amendment.

Now it is very interesting to trace the history of this clause, the First Amendment of the Constitution. Various origins have been attributed to this noble provision of the Constitution. The late learned and Revd. Dr. Charles I. White, in his appendix to Darraz' "General History of the Church," which was published with the sanction of, and with an introduction by the late Archbishop Spaulding, of Baltimore, traces its origin to a Catholic source. Dr. White stated that the Catholics of the country at that time, through the Right Rev. John Carroll, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, George Meade (the father of the late and distinguished General Meade of the United States Army, the hero of Gettysburg), Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch, all representative Catholics, presented through Bishop Carroll to the first Congress



assembled under the adopted Constitution a memorial "representing the necessity of adopting some constitutional provision for the maintenance of civil and religious liberty, the purchase of which had cost so much blood and treasure among all classes of citizens." Rev. Dr. White states that this action of the Catholics was suggested and stimulated by their "calling to mind the trials and persecutions of former times"; that through the influence of General Washington the memorial was favorably received, and that "it resulted in the enactment of the first article of the Amendments to the Constitution." He adds that "it was the most effectual barrier that could be raised against the revival of the persecuting spirit which had disgraced nearly all the colonies." After a careful search for the truth of this account, however gratified we should feel at verifying it, we must concur with such learned Catholic historical scholars as Dr. Shea and Father Lambing that the account of Dr. White lacks historical confirmation.

We will now give the origin of the Religious Liberty Clause. We feel no little pride in finding that Catholics had a share in it—at least by swelling the current of public opinion in its favor. All prominent Catholics publicly advocated it. The Right Rev. John Carroll, our first bishop, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton made public declaration of their advocacy of religious liberty. The former, in his published defence in the *New York Gazette*, declares that if religious liberty is not guaranteed, "in vain then have Americans associated into one great national union under the express condition of not being shackled by religious tests, and under a firm persuasion that they were to retain, when associated, every natural right not expressly surrendered." Charles Carroll of Carrollton, just prior to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, expressed similar sentiments in answer to Daniel Delany, who taunted the distinguished Catholic with his being a graduate of St. Omer's, and with his inability to vote for the smallest officer in the very state where Calvert had proclaimed religious liberty for all Christians. In the Constitutional Convention the two Catholic members, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Daniel Carroll, sustained every movement in favor of religious liberty. Thus the position of Catholics was as well known in relation to religious liberty as it was in relation to independence, when Charles Carroll, signing the Declaration of Independence, added to his signature the name and title of his own homestead, and signed Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

The convention which framed the Constitution assembled in Philadelphia, under their elected president, George Washington, in May, 1787. At the organization of the convention, in which there were two Catholic delegates, one of them, Thomas Fitzsim-

mons, from Philadelphia, was present, and Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, a few days afterward entered the hall. The first movement towards religious liberty came from South Carolina, through its delegate, Charles Pinckney, whose proposed form of government for the United States embraced a clause that "The legislature of the United States shall pass no law on the subject of religion," which elicited no opposition, but which, however, was actually omitted from the adopted Constitution. But when the convention reached the sixth clause, prescribing the official oath for Federal and State officers, this same noble delegate from South Carolina proposed the clause requiring no religious test for holding office under the United States. This led to debate, but not to opposition, for many thought such a clause unnecessary, as in fact and in constitutional law it was not necessary. But in the mother-country a religious test was required which excluded Catholics, and even in New York at that time Catholics were excluded from office, not by name, but by an oath which, as they could not conscientiously take it, excluded them from office under the government of that State. The introduction of the clause, therefore, was carried as a wise precaution or preventive. There was but one State that voted against it, North Carolina, while Maryland, by a majority of its delegates, refrained from voting, the Catholic delegate from Maryland, Mr. Carroll, however, being in favor of it. While most of the States adopted State Constitutions excluding all religious tests, it was not until recent years that all vestige of this disgraceful test entirely disappeared from our State Constitutions.

New Hampshire, a State distinguished by the illiberal character of its statutes against Catholics, then and for many years afterwards, and even to our own days, took a leading part in originating this clause. This State ratified the Constitution with the clause against religious tests in it by a small majority, on June 21, 1788, and Virginia, whose colonial legislation against all religions, except that of the English Church, as already mentioned in the quotation from Lawrence Washington, now, under the influence of public opinion, guided by George Washington, her first citizen and President of the Constitutional Convention, ratified the Constitution on the same day. New Hampshire has the honor, by an hour or two in advance of Virginia, of being the ninth State to ratify, and thereby her vote completing the requisite number for making the Constitution the organic law of the land. Virginia, though ratifying on the same day, but an hour or two later, became the tenth ratifying State. New Hampshire on her ratification went further, and, fearing that at some future day Congress might legislate against the religion of New Hampshire, recommended that "Congress should make no laws touching religion, or infringing the



rights of conscience." Thus a Statè, whose statute book contained "laws touching religion or infringing the rights of conscience," desired to monopolize this odious distinction, and to prohibit that power to Congress. The motive attributed to New Hampshire for this singular but good action, is the fear that some other religious body different from or opposed to the religion of a majority of its own inhabitants might gain a majority in Congress, set up a State religion, and persecute the religion of New Hampshire. In Maryland there was a Catholic minority in the Legislature, and they proposed the same amendment, but with them religious liberty was traditional and formed the basis of their original colonial government under Lord Baltimore in 1634 and 1649, one hundred and fifty years before. So, too, in the Pennsylvania Legislature there was a minority, who proposed the same amendment, and they too found both the principle and the example for it in the religious toleration proclaimed by William Penn. New York also proposed that an amendment be inserted in the Constitution for securing religious liberty, free speech and a free press. When the first Congress met, proposed amendments were sent in from the States to the number of two hundred and one; Congress reduced the number to twelve, and the States afterwards ratified ten, the first of which was the article in question, in favor of religious liberty. I feel some satisfaction in the fact that New York, my own city, was the place where this glorious statute of religious liberty was passed by Congress. I feel each day a thrill of patriotism as I pass the spot where Congress then assembled; and there, too, on that same hallowed spot, the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, Washington was inaugurated as first President. A beautiful bronze statue of Washington representing him in the act of taking the oath as first President, has been erected there by the City of New York.

What then is the present status of religious liberty under the Constitution of the United States? If the anti-religious test clause and the clause against legislating on religion had been omitted altogether from the Constitution, it would still have been unlawful and unconstitutional for Congress to have done what is forbidden by these clauses; for the reason that the Constitution, being an instrument of specific powers granted, these powers thus prohibited could not have been exercised unless they had been among the express grants of power. But no one ever proposed to give Congress the power to require a religious test oath, or to establish or restrict religion; and even if it had been proposed, the Convention would not have considered them; and even if the Convention had adopted them, the Constitution with such powers granted to Congress would never have been ratified by the States. It would seem,

therefore, to follow, perhaps, that it was an act of supererogation to insert such clauses in the Constitution. No; this is not entirely so. The first advantage gained by inserting them was to guard against any however improbable usurpation of such powers by Congress as might be possible under a representative government in times of great religious excitement or delusion. The second advantage was that the insertion of them would prevent such powers being exercised by Congress under any of the constructive grants of power; in other words, such powers could never be regarded as constructively granted, since they were expressly prohibited. The third advantage consists in the insertion of a declaration of the great principle of religious liberty in the Magna Charta of the country; it committed the government and the people of the United States to this principle of religious liberty; it created a moral sentiment in favor of religious liberty; its fruits were afterwards witnessed in the repeal of proscriptive legislation against Catholics in the States.

But as we have already seen that all powers not granted by the Constitution to Congress were reserved to the States or to the people thereof, the power to enact a religious test for holding office under the States and the power of establishing State religions and of interfering with the free exercise of religion in the States, though we Catholics hold it to be against natural right, was claimed as still existing in the States and in the legislatures thereof, and such powers had in most of the States been actually exercised to a greater or less extent, at the very time the Constitution was framed. This certainly proves that the guarantees against religious persecution were very imperfect and very limited. Catholics might hold office under the United States, while they might be, and were in fact, in some cases, excluded from holding office in the States; a Catholic might be President of the United States, while he was or might be disqualified by his religion under State statutes for the lesser office of Governor of a State, or even of a constable. It is surprising, humiliating, to recall how much was done in some of the States against religious liberty. But, could the Constitution have prevented this? Yes, it could. If the clauses relating to this subject of religious tests and religious liberty had been so worded as to read thus: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States, or any of the States; neither Congress, nor the States, shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"; then the work would have been complete, and all men in this land of liberty would have stood upon a perfect and guaranteed equality before the law in respect to their religious faith and worship. The omission consisted in not prohibit-

ing the States to do what the United States was forbidden to do. Many other powers were thus prohibited both to Congress and the States, and these powers in regard to religion might have equally been so prohibited to the States. Prudence alone dictated abstaining from attempting to do too much at once. In the then state of the public mind against Catholics, the insertion of such a prohibition in respect to the States, might have endangered the ratification of the whole constitution. We might here mention a fourth advantage in inserting these clauses in the constitution as they are—such insertion so moulded public opinion as to lead to the repeal in almost every State of all laws requiring a religious test, or legislation concerning religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. Washington was president of the convention. All knew where he stood. Thus, Washington and his wise colleagues secured, by means the most direct then possible, by means most effectual in actual results, the glorious boon of religious liberty for all who tread the sacred soil of America. Citizenship is not necessary to the enjoyment of religious liberty in America. Whoever comes to our hospitable shores, from whatsoever land he may come, and whatever may be the law of his own country, and whatever may be his condition, even prisoners and convicts, and whatever be his age, sex, color, faith, or nationality, as soon as he lands on American soil, is protected by the broad ægis of universal emancipation.

Washington's diary, September 17, 1787, states, that on the completion of the constitution and the adjournment of the convention, he, the president of the convention, "retired to meditate on the momentous work." To Lafayette he wrote that he regarded the constitution, adopted under such circumstances, as "little short of a miracle."

With Judge Story, may every American repeat the dying prayer of Father Paul, "Esto Perpetua," May it be perpetual!

A century has tested the wisdom of that constitution. What greater boon could our country have won by its free suffrages? What grander spectacle does history present? He who presided at its creation, as first president, proved its wisdom by its practice. Such was the Father of our Country—George Washington!

RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL.D.

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## RIMES CLÉRICALES.

THE Abbé Ludovic Briault produced, a few years since, a volume of verse bearing the above title, which will serve here as a thread to connect a few extracts from his volume done into English verse, with some rambling remarks suggested by their titles and treatment. Does the reader ask, Who is the Abbé Briault? If so, let him be answered in the rather naive language found in an advertisement (on the cover of the same volume) announcing the early publication of a prose work by the same author: "Au Lecteur: M. Ludovic Briault, qui est poète et fin littérateur à la fois, a voulu consacrer au service du bien, du vrai et du beau les nobles facultés que Dieu lui a données en naissant. Soit qu'il parle en vers, soit qu'il écrive en prose, il est un maître en l'art de bien dire. Ses peintures agréables, chaudes et faciles, égayent, enchantent, délassent l'esprit et le cœur. . . . Son livre, "Rimes Cléricales," rempli d'une humeur toute Française, curieux déjà par son titre si piquant, abonde de ces surprises. C'est bien là le poète toujours aimable, toujours élevé, parce qu'il reste toujours profondément Chrétien. . . ."

It is quite true, as this notice informs us, that the title does not lack a certain piquancy. Without venturing to anticipate the opinion of the reader, we may also confess that the poems have exercised not a little attractiveness for us—sufficient, at least, to impel us to the drudgery of translation. A larger apology, however, for the work of translation lies in the fact that there is little or no verse in English of precisely the same character as these verses of the Abbé. It may be, that, as the above advertisement hints, it takes a Frenchman to be able, with the charming brilliancy of his style, the open freshness of his heart, his sublime confidence in the power of a wholly personal theme to interest a host of unknown readers, and his bonhomie in general, to write such poetry. Émile Souvestre, in his "Un Philosophe sous les Toits," dashed off a simple record of his bird's-eye view of the street, of the scanty furnishings of a poor attic, of the kindly, but very common, impulses of the human heart, and his unpretentious little volume forthwith became a classic. Its English translator very happily styled it, with an entirely justifiable play upon words, "An Attic Philosopher," for the Attic salt of genuine wit, in its old sense, is what gives the appetizing savor to this simple repast. Xavier de Maistre knew how, by a similar freshness in title and treatment, to make of his "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," a delightful classic. It would prove, doubtless, an interesting study to inquire into the elements of such a peculiarly French wit and literary felicity in

the choice of subjects and styles. The fact of its existence is noted here in passing, in order to call attention to its general absence in English. Our literature will furnish us with the names of many exquisite versifiers and poets who have been clergymen; but it will give us hardly one name to illustrate the English equivalent of this French possession. Our Abbé writes a poem on "Mon Église." George Herbert, the melodious Anglican parson, who sang such sweet religious strains in the early part of the seventeenth century, wrote poems on "The Church Porch," "Church Lock and Key," "Church Floor," etc. But the Abbé writes *literally* of his church, an old half ruined relic of the times of the Templars, visited within as well as without, of every wind and rain of heaven; while the parson uses all his titles alone in a figurative sense. The one sings of concrete realities, the other of abstract ideals. The one seems to take it for granted that his unknown, and not very inviting ruin, will prove interesting to the reader, albeit only in a pen-picture; the other preaches a poetical homily (always a dangerous experiment in literature), on a rather prosy text. The Abbé tells us all about himself in a charmingly unconstrained fashion, without the slightest suggestion of self-consciousness. He is a priest, but he is not preaching—just now. He wants to interest you, and somehow he succeeds, in his own little cares and duties, in his financial embarrassments, in his house, in his kitchen, in his parlor, in the dear old fellow that watches over his establishment—his dog Black, and in the lightfooted pony, trained by his own care, in whose honor he writes his prettiest poem—his "Bichette." He is a *curé de campagne*—a pastor in the fields! When he invites you into his parlor, it is for the purpose of a chat, not of a sermon.

We have too little of this fresh sweetness in English. The clergyman sitting down to write verse, finds it hard to realize that he is not in the pulpit. Lacking all the frigidity of self-consciousness, he is, in his private character, the most engaging personality; but, worshipping at the shrine of the Muses, he is too apt to don the learned sock, and do some unconscious strutting. Father Ryan could have avoided this tendency, if he had chosen such simple themes as the Abbé; but his subjects were generally conceived in too "poetic" a mood. In much of his verse he managed to reach the heart in his very simplicity of feeling and diction; but not seldom did his love for the jingle of continuous rhyme, and his free use of "purple" words, defeat the quasi-careless style required for simple description. Strange to say, the nearest and best approach—indeed, we should call it rather realization than approach—to this charming carelessness and exquisite simplicity of clerical verse, is found in "The Country Pastor's Week," written,

not by a cleric, but by a layman—the gifted and polished littérateur, Mr. Maurice Francis Egan. This series of realistic poems does in truth “hold the mirror up to nature,” with just enough of the sublimating touch of the poetic instinct to relieve the crudeness of mere description.

Perhaps the reason why such poetry is so rare is because it is, in reality, difficult. It will not admit of the ordinary poetical “properties.” Purple patches are especially irritating, if seen there; any straining after rich phraseology especially repelling. And still the poetry may not degenerate, for lack of ornamentation, into crude prosiness, but must receive just sufficient, but very delicate, finish, to warrant clothing the thought in a metrical form which advertises to the reader that he may reasonably expect poetry and not prose, in thought as well as in expression. The following translations are offered, not in the vain supposition that they will supply the need, or even help to supply it, but that they may serve as faint suggestions of the manner in which such themes might be treated—as sign-posts to indicate pathways still untrodden by the clerical verse-maker.

The Abbé prefaces his volume with a few verses “to the reader,” somewhat after the fashion of a man who has securely button-holed you, and with undoubting faith in his power to interest you, tells you who he is, and what he purposes doing. He quietly lets you into the secret of the criticism he deprecates, as well as the plea he offers in defence. There is something touching in the necessity he surmises, of protecting himself against the raillery of his friends. Human nature is human nature the world over! And men will forever find in the poetic efforts of the clerical tyro the first evidences of a weakening intellect—until success justifies his Jamesonian raid into the gold-fields of the jealous muses. This is the only subject, as far as we have read his verse, that can disturb his equanimity into a slight approach to polemic bitterness. But it was quite unnecessary for him to string together so many illustrious names of priestly and lay poets: he might have contented himself with the simple assertion of the splendid fact that nearly all of the Fathers of the Church wrote verse, or quoted it with approbation. The finest literary treasures of the elder, as well as the mediæval, Church, are in verse. Almost the whole Divine Office is poetry, either Hebrew, as in the Psalms, or Christian, as in the vast treasury of the Hymns. Indeed, it seems to be a beautiful characteristic of the tenderest and best asceticism, to express itself always in poetry, and very frequently even in verse. And this is reasonable; for the Saint looks upon man and nature with the uncontaminate mind of childhood, and sees Heaven everywhere. St. Francis of Assisi calls on the



feathered songsters to praise God in their grateful choirings. St. Francis of Sales reads sweetest lessons of piety in the widely opened page of Nature. St. Ambrose writes imperishable lyrics, and proves their inspiration by the endless poetry which followed his metrical form, and, as far as possible, his style, in the hymns called *Ambrosiani*. St. Venantius Fortunatus contributed poems to the Breviary, and the pious Sedulius a verse even to the Missal. The composers of the grand Sequences wrote their fine spirit over the sweetest pages of Catholic devotion. The great mediæval song of praise, rising from every monastery, and glorifying every cell, shall be a monument to the power of piety, more enduring than brass. The poetic temperament is a sign, not of a maudlin piety, but of a vigorous love. It is the product of a faculty which De Quincey bids us trust even against the utterances of the intellect itself. The history of the intellect has been far removed from a narrative of triumphs. It has been a demonstration, as well within as without the Church, of the narrow limitations of intellectual investigation. The "philosophers" of all lands and of all ages, have been as so many children at play,—building up and pulling down their own little fabrics. They shout with delight, and advertise to all their success in the building process with a vanity truly childish, and gnash their teeth and beat the earth with a frenzy of rage also truly childish, when the insecure fabric has fallen to ruins at the first unfavorable gust of wind. The theologians have not been at all times more happy. Authority has been compelled to step into the arena of heated disputation, not for the purpose of awarding the laurel of victory, but as a bystander would, to part the angry combatants. The pathway of the imagination, on the other hand, has not been marked by ruins. It builds palaces of thought which endure, which age after age seem only to find a firmer foundation, which grow still more lovely in the mellowing autumns of the centuries. Though the Sophists die, Sophocles shall live. Though the strife of Thomist and Molinist be forgotten, if they have sung songs, their names shall endure. Though the disciples disagree over the theses of the Angelic doctor, they will join voices in the chanting of his Eucharistic lyrics. If intellect speak in ambiguous terms to intellect, the heart speaks to the heart in no uncertain tongue. This thought has been beautifully crystallized in the motto of Cardinal Newman: *Cor ad cor loquitur!*

The translations are printed here beside the originals, for a double reason: first, because it would be an injustice done to the author's muse if a weak version in English should be thought to adequately represent the felicity and grace of the original; and secondly, because the present writer confesses to not a little appre-

hension lest his thesis be rather disproved by the awkwardness of a too great literalness crowded into a metre and a rhyming identi-

# AU LECTEUR.

Je ne suis duc, prince, ni roi,  
Mais un personnage très mince ;  
De par l'évêque de l'endroit  
J'occupe un tout petit emploi  
Au fond d'une pauvre province.

Je suis curé : le titre est beau,  
Et la mission est sublime ;  
J'ai charge d'âmes, lourd fardeau !  
Pour conduire à Dieu mon troupeau  
Contre le diable je m'escrime.

Ne pouvant toujours baptiser,  
Prêcher, marier, mettre en terre,  
Ni sur mon prochain dégoiser,  
N'allez pas vous scandaliser—  
Je fais des vers . . . pour me distraire.

Faire des vers . . . c'est indécent,  
Disait Veuillot, plaidant sa cause :  
D'aucuns, sur un ton moins plaisant,  
Répètent ce mot innocent  
De ce grand maître de la prose ;

Et prétendent—ah ! les bons clercs !  
Comme ils savent parler sans voiles !—  
Qu'il faut, pour composer des vers,  
Avoir la cervelle à l'envers  
Et vivre un peu dans les étoiles.

Bossuet, qui pensait autrement,  
En composa des myriades,  
Et Fénelon, esprit charmant,  
Bien des fois se surpfit rimant :  
Étaient-ce des cerveaux malades ?

Corneille, Racine, Boileau  
Vécurent-ils dans les nuages ?  
Musset, Laprade, Violeau,  
Lamartine et Victor Hugo,  
Sont ils fous dans tous leurs ouvrages ?

Après ces petits hommes-là  
Honneur de la langue française,  
Je puis bien me passer cela :  
Faire des vers par-ci, par-là,  
Et les chanter tout à mon aise.

Donc, aujourd'hui comme autrefois,  
Parmi les gazons et les mousses,  
J'aime à rimer au fond des bois,  
Dût dame critique aux abois  
Mettre tous ses chiens à mes trousses !

cal with the originals. If the English rendering fail, he wishes to rest his contention on the happy genius of the gifted Abbé.

## TO THE READER.

I am not duke nor prince nor king—  
A lowly man of little worth!  
Beneath my bishop's folding-wing,  
At times I work, at times I sing,  
In this poor corner of the earth.

I am Curé—a title fair;  
But fairer is my shepherd's rod!  
The charge of souls—a weight to bear!  
And so I strive, with all my care,  
To lead my little flock to God.

Yet can I not forever be  
Baptizing, marrying, burying;  
And so, sometimes (don't laugh at me  
While I confess it fearfully),  
To while an hour away—I sing!

“Guilty of rhyme! Why, that's absurd!”  
Said Veuillot, arguing its cause;  
But others take him at his word,  
And gravely echo what they've heard  
From the great master-voice of Prose.

They say, good men, nor ever doubt,  
(No mincing word their meaning mars!)  
That all who poetize must rout  
Their little brains just inside out,  
And live awhile amidst the stars!

Bossuet, who reasoned otherwise,  
Did many a rhymic theme rehearse;  
And Fénelon, of gentle guise,  
Found sometimes, to his great surprise,  
He had been guilty, too, of Verse!

Corneille, Racine, Boileau—did they  
Build habitations in the clouds?  
Laprade and Violeau, Musset,  
And Lamartine, and Hugo—pray,  
Are they the jest of jeering crowds?

After such little men as these—  
The honor of our Gallic tongue—  
I well can bear your pleasantries,  
And, feeling perfectly at ease,  
Leave not a single thought unsung!

And so to-day, as yesterday,  
When grassy perfume round me steals,  
I love to rhyme my soul away,  
Keeping Dame Critic still at bay,  
Though all her hounds yelp at my heels!



Now, let us hear the good Abbé describing his church. He does this duty with even more detail than the impatient tourist would brook from his native "guide." The age of the edifice, its historical and romantic associations, the "ruined cause" it declares in its blazonry of Fleur-de-lis, the poverty of the hamlet written broadly in its desolate and crumbling fabric, the patient despair of its anointed minister at his own inability to embellish the beauty of God's House and "the place where His glory dwelleth," and, last of all, the sombre moral he draws from the far-off years of his youthful purpose and the faded hopes of his youthful dream-

### MON ÉGLISE.

C'est une modeste chapelle  
Adossée à quatre piliers,  
Où la vent passe, où l'eau ruisselle,  
Et qui remonte aux Templiers.

Le portail mérite une halte :  
C'est un beau cintre surbaissé  
Surmonté d'une croix de Malte  
Et d'un blason fleurdelisé.

Ses colonnettes à volutes  
S'élançant gracieusement  
Le long de pierres presque brutes  
Dont est construit le monument.

Mais à part cela, tout le reste  
Est vulgaire, nu, délabré,  
Au grand chagrin, je vous l'atteste,  
Des paroissiens et du curé.

Jamais les riches de la terre  
N'ont fait ici le moindre don :  
C'est la tristesse et la misère,  
La solitude et l'abandon.

La voûte, sorte de soupente,  
Est faite de bois vermoulu :  
A travers on voit la charpente  
Et même un peu le ciel à nu.

Seule, une longue nef existe,  
Sans sculpture et sans chapiteaux :  
C'est froid, c'est humide, c'est triste,  
Plein de silence et plein d'échos.

Les fenêtres n'ont plus d'assise,  
Elles ont perdu leurs applombs ;  
La lumière entre dans l'Eglise  
Par deux vitraux veufs de leur plombs.

ing—the Abbé tells us the whole story with a sublime confidence that he will interest us and win our sympathy as well as our attention. Bleak and forbidding as the ruin must be in reality, we feel that we could worship there with more devotion after the perusal of this poem than we should have been able to do before. He has made the ruin picturesque; he has clothed its desolation with the glory of his long ministry at its altar, and has led us to behold its rude present in the glamour of its romantic past. If our wealth were commensurate with our sympathy, “*Mon Église*” should beckon the traveller from far-off journeyings to rest a little in its silent shade.

MY CHURCH.

’Tis a modest little church,  
Leaning on its pillars four;  
Rain and wind the ruin search  
Which the Templars thronged of yore.

At the portal let us pause:  
On the oval arch you see  
Malta’s Cross; and (ruined cause) !  
Blazonry of fleur-de-lis !

Its voluted columns small  
Burst in gracious symmetry  
From the inward curving wall  
Built of heavy masonry.

But, apart from this, the rest  
Common is, and unadorned;  
The sad truth I here attest,  
Priest and people long have mourned !

Never have the rich of earth  
Left within a single gift !  
Sadness reigns supreme, and dearth;  
Want alone its head may lift !

Worm-eaten planks and patchy moss,  
Such is the vault that bendeth nigh :  
You see bare timbers stretch across,  
With here and there a glimpse of sky !

Here in this single gloomy nave,  
Where neither grace nor art is found,  
But cold and damp—a very grave—  
Broods Silence, echoing every sound !

The casements, leaning from their course,  
Have now quite lost their olden plumb:  
While rays of light, with feeble force,  
Through the ancient windows come.

Trente bancs et soixante chaises  
Y sont offerts à tout venant ;  
Les tenons sortent des mortaises,  
Et le reste est à l'avenant.

Le tout est d'aspect lamentable,  
D'un effet tragique, émouvant,  
Plus encore que l'humble étable  
Où naquit le divin Enfant.

Sur l'autel un grand Christ se penche,  
Si beau, si résigné, si doux,  
Qu'on croit sentir sous sa chair blanche  
Son cœur encore battre pour nous.

A voir cette tête meurtrie,  
Ce flanc percé, ces bras en croix,  
Emu, malgré soi, l'on s'écrie :  
" Mon Dieu ! je vous aime et je crois ! "

Parfois le rouge au front me monte,  
Lorsque j'entre dans le saint lieu ;  
J'ai comme une sorte de honte  
D'être mieux logé que mon Dieu.

Ah ! que n'ai-je de la fortune !  
Je voudrais si bien restaurer  
Ma pauvre Eglise que pas une  
Ne lui serait à comparer.

Je le rendrais une merveille,  
Digne des plus nobles cités,  
Une chapelle sans pareille  
Qu'on viendrait voir de tous côtés.

Hélas ! durant ma vie entière,  
J'ai vécu si peu prévoyant,  
Qu'après vingt ans de ministère  
Je n'ai pas un denier vaillant.

Et qu'il faudra que le beau rêve  
Dont mon cœur aime à se bercer,  
Ici-bas tristement s'achève  
Sans jamais se réaliser !

Having with all appropriateness first shown us his church, the Curé next invites us into his modest rectory. We shall perhaps feel, before he has led us to inspect the upper story of his house, that it is rather himself than his rectory which interests us. For in truth, he has little to show us; but his confidence in our amusement does not bate a hair-breadth of its old vigor. But whether or not it be his rectory which rewards our curiosity, certain it is that we find ourselves not unwilling to see its every nook and corner. One-half of the world knows not how the other half lives—but not for lack of curiosity. It may be that the Curé attracts us



Thirty benches, sixty chairs—  
 One more or less I shouldn't miss :  
 The tenon from its mortise tears—  
 The rest is of a piece with this !

The tout ensemble, foot to head,  
 Pew to ceiling, seems forlorn :  
 Yea, more so than the humble shed  
 Where the dear infant Lord was born !

Above the altar a large Christ  
 So sweetly bending downward thus—  
 Beneath that white flesh sacrificed  
 I dream His Heart still beats for us !

His wounded head, His piercèd side,  
 His arms extended—all can give  
 Lessons of love for Him that died—  
 “ My God, I love Thee, and believe ! ”

How often did my face confess,  
 As in this holy place I trod,  
 A heartfelt shame, that I possess  
 A better dwelling than my God !

Ah ! had I gifts of fortune won,  
 Not idly should I dreaming sit :  
 This lowly church—there would be none  
 In all the land to equal it !

How should its form majestic swell—  
 Worthy to grace some city grand :  
 A chapel without parallel,  
 The envied glory of this land !

Alas ! I could not quite foresee—  
 So blind are they that tread the earth !  
 That twenty years of ministry  
 Should win me not a penny's worth !

So ends my lay, so dies my song :  
 The visioned hope, the golden gleam  
 I cradled in my heart so long,  
 Must die in nothing but a dream !

because he is so open and candid ; he so freely tells us all about himself and his house—“ *décrit sans mystère*,” as he ingenuously remarks towards the end of his verse. He is bubbling over with good humor and genuine hospitality. Our friends in New York could not pursue a surer path towards opening the inhospitable eyes of the typical Philadelphian, than by furnishing him with a letter of introduction to the Abbé. We should then begin, after the fashion of the French and the cosmopolitan New Yorker, to live outside of our castles in the open air, and the broad daylight.

## MON PRESBYTERE.

La maison est vaste et haute,  
On dirait presque un couvent;  
Elle est construite à mi-côte,  
Et bien a l'abri du vent.

Une grand'porte cochère  
Y donne accès par la cour  
Où picore, familière,  
La volaille, tout le jour.

De belles treilles vermeilles  
En tapissent les vieux murs  
Où frelons, guêpes, abeilles  
Font les yeux doux aux fruits mûrs.

Ma cuisine est sombre et basse,  
Aussi mon vieux cordon bleu  
N'y peut-il rester en place  
Après de son pot-au-feu.

Il lui faudrait tant, par mètre,  
De grand air et de soleil;  
"Le bon Dieu peut-il en mettre  
Dans un galetas pareil?"

C'est donc pour en faire emplettes  
Que dame Félicité  
Va tailler tant de bavettes  
Chez les voisins d'à côté.

Mon salon a deux fenêtres,  
Comme un salon de bourgeois;  
C'est au premier de ses maîtres  
Sans doute que je le dois.

C'était un ancien notaire  
Très myope, a ce qu'on m'a dit,  
Lequel ad hoc le fit faire,  
Quand la maison se bâtit.

Il n'a ni cachet, ni style,  
C'est un salon villageois;  
Quelques tableaux peints à l'huile  
En sont les pièces de choix.

L'ameublement se compose  
D'objets pris je ne sais où;  
D'un bahut en bois de rose,  
De deux fauteuils d'acajou;

D'un canapé Louis seize  
De vieux damas recouvert,  
Et d'un pouf sur chaque chaise  
Garni de reps a fond vert.

MY RECTORY.

My house is high and long and wide—  
 A convent, you would almost say :  
 Here, built half-way up the hill-side,  
 The roystering winds have little play.

A gate that spans the carriage-drive  
 Will give you entrance to the yard,  
 Where undisturbed the poultry strive  
 To live their lives by picking hard !

Through knotted vines one hardly sees  
 The arbored wall, from head to foot :  
 Where hornets, wasps, and honey-bees  
 Cast longing glances at the fruit.

Dark the kitchen lies, and low,  
 Where my chef (!) my cook so neat,  
 Never will her time bestow  
 On her soup and boiling meat !

She must have, by measurement,  
 So much sun, and so much air !  
 " Which the good Lord never sent  
 Into that old cellar there ! "

She has purchases to make !  
 So the old crone hies away,  
 And, for " auld acquaintance sake "  
 Gossips through the livelong day !

My parlor two grand windows has—  
 A parlor fit for bourgeoisie !  
 No doubt, its earliest master was  
 One of the rich fraternity.

I'm told by members of my flock  
 That some near-sighted notary  
 Caused it to be built ad hoc  
 And let in lots of light to see !

Now, nor " style " it has, nor " seal,"  
 Racy, rather, of the soil !  
 Now, the walls alone reveal  
 Some poor paintings done in oil.

Hear, then, how the room is dressed !  
 Objects bought I know not where.  
 Here's an ancient rosewood chest,  
 A mahogany arm-chair ;

Here's another ; damask there  
 Lines the sofa *Louis seize* ;  
 While a reps-puff on each chair  
 An inviting seat displays.



Ah ! j'oubliais la pendule,  
 Présent de mes écoliers,  
 Et, dans leurs fourreaux de tulle,  
 Deux paires de chandeliers.

Non loin du salon, à droite,  
 Et donnant sur le verger,  
 Se trouve une pièce étroite  
 Qui sert de salle à manger.

L'étiquette en est bannie,  
 On y mange sans témoins :  
 Si la vaisselle est unie  
 Les coeurs ne le sont pas moins.

La salle est toute petite,  
 La table est faite pour six,  
 Mais les grands jours où j'invite  
 On s'y loge jusqu'à dix.

Ah ! si peu qu'elle en contienne  
 Quand tous les couverts sont mis,  
 La verrai-je jamais pleine  
 De véritables amis ?

En haut se trouve ma chambre,  
 Bien exposée au levant,  
 Où, de janvier en décembre,  
 L'ennui n'entre pas souvent.

C'est là qu'avec un bon livre,  
 Ma plume ou bien mes pinceaux,  
 Je me sens heureux de vivre  
 Loin du monde et loin des sots.

Enfin, auprès de la mienne,  
 J'ai deux chambres à donner  
 Où, dans de grands lits d'indienne,  
 On dort bien après dîner.

Tel est, décrit sans mystère,  
 Dans ses détails importants,  
 Le modeste presbytère  
 Où je vis depuis vingt ans,

Où j'ai passé ma jeunesse  
 En me contentant du peu  
 Qu'en sa divine sagesse  
 Me mesurait le bon Dieu.

Où sans regrets, sans alarmes,  
 Sans souci de l'avenir,  
 Soldat tombant sous les armes,  
 Un jour j'espère mourir.

Our charming host has hardly finished dragging us through his modest dwelling, opening at once to our inspection both his

Ah ! my pupils' present-clock !  
 Hear how amiably it ticks !  
 And here, in an old tulle frock,  
 Stand two pairs of candlesticks.

Not far from here, upon the right,  
 And looking toward the garden-wall,  
 A little room will meet your sight,  
 That serves us as a dining-hall.

No critics there, with high disdain,  
 Shall mark your lack of etiquette ;  
 For, if our crockery is plain,  
 Why, all of us are plainer yet !

The dining-room is little, quite ;  
 The table—it was made for six.  
 But on "great" days, when I "invite,"  
 Around it ten or so I fix.

Though small, yet may I ever find,  
 When all the covers have been placed,  
 The tendrils of my love have twined  
 Round friends whose love is pearl—not paste !

Now, if up-stairs you will ascend,  
 You'll find my eastward-facing room,  
 Where, from the new year to its end,  
 Dull *ennui* cannot often come !

For here with pleasure books can give,  
 (And scissors handy—writing tools),  
 I feel I am content to live  
 Far from the world and from its fools.

And last, two rooms where friends may make  
 Themselves at home ; and snugly wrap  
 Their drowsy forms in quilts, and take  
 A quiet after-dinner nap.

Such is, with naught of mystery,  
 Just as to me it now appears,  
 The building that has been to me  
 A dwelling-place for twenty years.

Where I have passed my youth, and where  
 With little I have been content—  
 The humble life and frugal fare,  
 Which in His wisdom God has sent ;

And where, without regrets, alarms,  
 Or care for what may come, shall I,  
 A soldier, bearing still my arms,  
 Fall spent and worn some day, and die !

home and his heart, till he is seized with the idea of opening as well his ledger! Was ever "openness" like to this? Plainly,

he does not dread, à l'Américaine, the publishing of his accounts to the world—civil, social, or clerical. No spectre of income tax glowers at him from the office of the Minister of Finance—he is too securely within the limits of any possible exemption, his balance-sheet showing only debts! His frankness overpowers us; not so completely, however, as to stifle a small but kindly voice within us that whispers pathetic things. Our Abbé is a gentleman, both by instinct and by training; he is a scholar, both by sympathy and by culture. Refined and scholarly tastes require, nevertheless, ministrations doubtless far removed beyond his humble means. His day-dreams fade into vulgar realities; the commonplace everywhere and always jostles rudely the ideal. We are reminded of the Abbé Roux dreaming Provençal epics, and uttering his classic soul in polished epigrams, in the midst of a rude speech and a ruder people. The peasants of the Bas-Limousin were certainly a poor stimulus to his literary enterprise.

#### LE BUDGET D'UN CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

Neuf cents francs du gouvernement,  
Trois ou quatre cents francs de messes,  
Moins de présents que de promesses,  
Tel est tout notre traitement.

Douze ou treize cents francs, en somme,  
C'est peu pour joindre les deux bouts :  
Si l'on n'a pas d'autres atouts,  
On risque fort d'être un pauvre homme.

Et de traîner péniblement  
Une vie en jeûnes féconde,  
Et dont les heureux de ce monde  
Se moquent agréablement.

Un curé qui veut rester libre,  
Et ne pas grever son budget,  
Doit savoir faire, à son sujet,  
Mille et mille tours d'équilibre.

Hélas ! dure nécessité !  
Tous ne sont pas nés acrobates,  
Et pour retomber sur les pattes  
Du chat n'ont pas l'habileté.

Quand ils auront pris sur la masse  
De leur modeste traitement  
Tant pour les frais du vêtement,  
Tant pour aux impôts faire face,

Tant pour le boire et le manger,  
Le charbon, le bois de chauffage,  
Les frais de bureau, l'éclairage,  
Tant pour la servante à gager,



*Peccata*, the people of Tulle call them—a nickname, as M. Roux remarked in his “Thoughts,” containing an admirable meaning; for his peasants were, indeed, “sin, original sin, still persistent and visible.” There is probably only one Bas-Limousin in France; and the Abbé Briault is doubtless more happily placed with respect to surroundings. But although *ennui* rarely visits him

Ou, de janvier en décembre,  
L'ennui n'entre pas souvent,

we begin to suspect that this blessed exemption is due, not to his good luck, but to his strong will. It is somewhat difficult to look upon one's own pecuniary embarrassments with a humorous eye; but a strong will usually finds a sure way. And so the good Curé snaps his fingers at fortune, and moralizes on the wonderful feats of equipoise displayed by cats; it seems difficult to understand, but the cold fact remains, that they do manage to land always on their feet!

#### BUDGET OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.

Francs nine hundred from the State;  
Masses, add three hundred more;  
Gifts, I guess they're all in store;  
That's my income, up to date!

Twelve or thirteen hundred francs—  
Little 'tis to make ends meet:  
Surely, if the sum's complete,  
I shall join the poor-men's ranks!

Methinks already I've begun  
To feel the pangs of fasting-fare,  
Whereat the rich, with curious stare,  
Are quick to poke their little fun.

Is there a Curé that enjoys  
The knack of living? I begin  
To think he is an adept in  
Ten thousand feats of equipoise!

Now, that's not pleasant, I repeat,  
For men that are not acrobats,  
And still must grudge the power to cats  
Of always landing on their feet!

The budget of receipts is small:  
Now, from this modest salary  
Deduct expenses—let me see—  
So much for taxes, first of all:

So much for food, for poor attire,  
So much for coal and wood;—then write  
“Office expenses”; and then “light,”  
And then so much for servant-hire;

Tant pour les charges de famille,  
 Pour les aumônes à donner,  
 Et pour empêcher de jeûner  
 Le pauvre qui près d'eux fourmille ;

Alors, vienne le bout de l'an,  
 Comptant dépenses et recettes,  
 Que leur restera-t-il ? . . . Des dettes !  
 Tel est, hélas ! tout leur bilan.

Having told us all about himself, he next bethinks himself of introducing to our favorable notice his dear friends. "Black" is one of them—the first he mentions by name in his book. We can well fancy that Black is like his master—a good-natured fellow that at once makes himself at home with you, and expects you to favor him with a similar good comradeship. But he proceeds by a different method from his master's, to establish an *entente cordiale*. The master lets you nose about his house, while the dog noses about you. If you are a Martin Chuzzlewit, he will be your Mark Tapley, determined to restore you to good humor, and to a proper understanding of the unselfishness demanded of you by his own unobtrusive and inalienable devotedness to your person. The Abbé comments as feelingly as Dickens on the fine object lesson :

Près de lui les hommes,  
 Au temps où nous sommes,  
 Vraiment font pitié.

#### BLACK.

C'est un chien fidèle,  
 Un type, un modèle,  
 De tendre amitié :  
 Près de lui les hommes,  
 Au temps où nous sommes,  
 Vraiment font pitié.

Sentinelle sûre,  
 Sa voix me rassure,  
 Et quand vient la nuit,  
 Il est là qui veille,  
 Et dresse l'oreille  
 Au plus faible bruit.

C'est la bonté même,  
 La douceur extrême,  
 La docilité :  
 Bête sans pareille,  
 C'est une mervielle  
 Aussi de beauté

Sa tête allongée,  
 De noir ombragée,  
 S'éclaire au milieu,

Add to this household summary,  
 So much for alms from day to day,  
 To keep the hunger-wolf away  
 From the poor throng that waits for me.

So, add it up—expense, receipt—  
 And when the year is gone, I get  
 What's left of all—and that is—Debt !  
 So now you have my Balance-sheet.

The poet writes beautifully of his comrade. But he does not let his affection and his admiration for the beast bore you with long “dog-stories.” He tells you just enough to interest you, and then brings you out once more into the open air to show you his second friend, his “Bichette.” His enumeration of the good points of the pony is, however, not that of the jockey, but that of the gentleman who knows a good thing when he sees it, and takes it for granted that you can do the same. O that there were a few more such gentlemen in this boredom called life !

In his poem on “Bichette,” he employs a pretty metrical device which was perhaps suggested to him by Victor Hugo’s “Les Djinns.” As the movement of thought becomes more rapid, he increases the syllabic length of the lines, and ends with a double quatrain, as if all barriers were overthrown in the wild course of his winged steed. The allusion to the Prophet’s Mare would seem to indicate that if he had not Hugo’s volume before his eye he had it at least before his mind.

# BLACK.

That’s my dog you see,  
 Faithful type, to me,  
 Of affection deep ;  
 Side by side with Black,  
 There are men, alack !  
 Who could make me weep.

He’s my sentinel,  
 Ever watching well ;  
 In the night profound,  
 Seems he sleeping here,  
 Yet one wakeful ear  
 Notes the slightest sound !

He is true to me,  
 Full of sweetness, too  
 And docility ;  
 Neither does my Black  
 Aught of beauty lack,  
 As you now shall see !

His long slender snout  
 Darkly stretches out,  
 Save one whitish shot ;



Sur sa robe blanche  
Il porte à la hanche,  
Trois marques de feu.

Sa forme est splendide,  
Son œil est limpide,  
Son regard si doux  
Qu'il semble, ô mystère!  
Le regard d'un frère  
Se fixant sur vous.

Ardent à la chasse,  
Quelque temps qu'il fasse,  
Il est toujours prêt,  
Oubliant sa peine,  
A battre la plaine,  
Bois, chaume ou guéret.

Quand déboule un lièvre,  
C'est comme une fièvre  
Qui saisit son corps ;  
Il franchit l'espace,  
Et flairant la trace  
Du gibier retors.

Le suit, hors d'haleine  
L'atteint, le ramène,  
Après maints détours,  
Et malgré la ruse  
Dont le lièvre abuse  
Le poursuit toujours.

Enfin, le harasse,  
Jusqu'à ce qu'il passe  
Auprès du chasseur  
Qui, soudain, l'ajuste  
D'un œil sur, et juste,  
Lui perce le cœur.

Tel est Black, en somme,  
Qu'au loin on renomme,  
Certes, pas à tort ;  
C'est un chien de race,  
Vaillant et sagace  
Qui vaut son poids d'or.

Un gardien fidèle,  
Un type, un modèle  
De tendre amitié ;  
Près de lui les hommes,  
Au temps où nous sommes  
Vraiment font pitié.

#### BICHETTE.

La voyez-vous passer ma ponette légère ?  
Docile, elle obéit à la voix d'un enfant ;  
S'indignant du repos, elle frémit, et, fière,  
Frappe et pétrit le sol d'un sabot triomphant.

White his breast and paunch;  
The brand on his haunch  
Marked a triple spot.

Splendid is his form !  
Limpid, tender, warm—  
If his eye alone  
Fix itself on you,  
Why, it seems as true  
As a brother's own !

If the sport have place,  
Eager for the chase,  
He is ready, steeled  
To forget his pain,  
Beating up the plain,  
Wood, or stubble-field.

If he starts a hare,  
Ecstasy is there ;  
Trembling is his frame :  
See him swallowing space !  
Scenting well the trace  
Of the twisting game.

Where it leads, with breath  
Spent, he followeth ;  
Though the tortuous run  
And the doubling ruse  
His mad strength abuse,—  
Follows hard upon !

Till at last the prey  
Drags its weary way  
Towards the hunter's gun ;  
Who, with nicest art,  
Pierces the spent heart,  
And the sport is done.

Such is Black, my hound ;  
Let his praise resound,  
And his worth be told !  
Of a famous breed,  
Strong and bold—indeed,  
Worth his weight in gold !

Faithful dog is he,  
And a type, to me,  
Of affection deep ;  
Side by side with Black,  
There are men, alack !  
Who could make me weep !

#### BICHETTE.

You see her passing there—my pony, light and swift ?  
Her quick ear questioning the very slightest sound !  
She hates the restful stall, and rather loves to lift  
Four dainty shoes to beat the crisp and level ground.

Qu'elle est belle  
 Ma gazelle !  
 Tout en elle  
 Me ravit.  
 Quand je passe,  
 Sur sa trace,  
 On s'entasse,  
 On la suit.

La voyez-vous passer ma vaillante alezane ?  
 Elle sent ma présence et reconnaît ma main ;  
 Que je parle, soudain, son bel œil diaphane  
 S'illumine et me jette un regard presque humain.

C'est la compagne  
 Qui m'accompagne  
 Sur la montagne,  
 Dans le vallon ;  
 Nerveuse et fière,  
 Frappant la terre,  
 Broyant la pierre  
 Sous son talon.

La voyez-vous passer, l'œil en feu, ma cavale ?  
 La crinière agitée, ain si qu'un flot mouvant,  
 Elle hennit d'orgueil, car elle est sans rivale  
 Pour dévorer l'espace et pour fendre le vent,

Va, mon hirondelle,  
 Rapide et fidèle,  
 Vole à tire d'aile  
 Par monts et par vaux,  
 Docile à la rêne,  
 Dévore la plaine,  
 Montre toi la reine  
 Des autres chevaux.

Courage, courage !  
 Sur notre passage,  
 Les vents faisant rage,  
 Hurlent, éperdus.  
 Vole, vole, vole,  
 Que les fils d'Eole,  
 Dans leur course folle,  
 Par toi soient vaincus !

C'est le poudre, l'éclair, le torrent, le tempête,  
 L'avalanche tombant du sommet d'un grand mont,  
 L'ouragan déchainé, la jument du prophète,  
 Un rêve, un Djinn, un sylphe, un fantôme, un démon. . . .

C'est tout cela ! c'est mieux : c'est ma ponette aimée,  
 Ma joyeuse alezane, au corps luisant et fin :  
 C'est l'élève applaudie et par mes soins formée,  
 Ma gloire, mon orgueil, c'est ma Bichette enfin.



You can tell  
None excel  
My gazelle,  
My delight !  
In their track  
Men turn back  
Not to lack  
The rare sight !

My chestnut pony—there ! you see her passing by ?  
She feels my presence here, she knows the guiding hand !  
And if I speak, at once her limpid, flashing eye  
Sends such a glance at me as lovers scarce command !

Where'er I wend  
This faithful friend  
Will me attend,  
Nor keep aloof :  
With joyful bound  
She beats the ground  
Till it resound  
Beneath her hoof.

You see her passing now, with flaming eye—my mare ?  
And flowing mane that seems to leave long waves behind—  
She whinnies in her pride, for she's beyond compare,  
To swallow space, and cleave the soft reluctant wind.

Go, my swallow, go !  
Speed thy course as though  
Wings had borne thee so  
By the hill and vale :  
Docile to the rein,  
Swallowing the plain,  
Let thy flying mane  
Mark a meteor-trail !

Courage, courage, now !  
Show the breezes how  
Helpless from thy brow  
They must quick rebound :  
Fly and fly and fly  
Till the winds shall sigh  
In their course, and die  
In the vast profound,

Like dust, or lightning-stroke, or torrent, or the glare  
Of some white avalanche that pours its tide of death,  
Like hurricanes unchained, or like Mahomet's mare—  
A dream, a djinn, a sylph, a demon, or a wraith !

She's all of that, and more ! my pretty chestnut mare !  
My glossy-coated friend, my pony and my pet :  
She is my scholar—trained with an exceeding care :  
My glory and my pride : in short—she's my Bichette !

## LE SOUVENIR.

Malgré le sombre oubli dont la nuit m'environne,  
 Malgré les rêves d'or envolés de mon cœur,  
 Malgré l'astre fatal qui dans mon ciel rayonne,  
 Malgré l'espoir qui fuit, pour moi spectre moqueur,  
 Malgré ce que j'entends dans mon âme immortelle,  
 Malgré mes ans passés pour ne plus revenir,  
 Malgré ce que je sais, moi je reste fidèle  
 Au souvenir!

Oublie ! avez-vous dit à mon cœur en délire,  
 Les serments d'ici-bas sont ignorés des cieux ;  
 Brise sans murmurer les cordes de ta lyre,  
 Poète, que ton luth reste silencieux !  
 Qu'importe le passé pour ton âme immortelle !  
 Le présent, c'est la vie éclairant l'avenir. . . .  
 Oubliez ! oubliez ! moi je reste fidèle  
 Au souvenir !

Les ans pourront passer sur ma tête flétrie,  
 Mais sans vieillir mon cœur, mystérieux flambeau ;  
 Qu'importe le trépas à tout homme qui prie,  
 Pour lui le dernier jour n'est-il pas le plus beau !  
 Sur la terre tout meurt, l'âme seule immortelle  
 Comme Dieu qui la fit ne doit jamais finir ;  
 Tout revit dans mon âme, et je reste fidèle  
 Au souvenir !

As an example of his more stately verse, we have included a short poem, "Le Souvenir." It reads prosily enough. But it will serve as a foil to the preceding extracts, and will, perhaps, emphasize our contention, that an appropriate outlet for the clerical poet shows itself in the selection of distinctively clerical (not

## LE SOUVENIR.

Despite the shadowing glooms that round my pathway close,  
Despite the golden dreams gone fleeting from my heart,  
Despite the fatal star that in my heaven glows,  
Despite the hope that plays a spectre's mocking part,  
Despite the long laments that in my soul I hear,  
Despite the years fled past, that may no more appear,—  
Whether I dream or dree, yet shall I faithful be  
To Memory!

"Forget!" you bid my heart in its affliction dire;  
The vow sworn upon earth shall never pierce the skies;  
Break without murmuring the strings of thy poor lyre:  
Poet! no more thy lute shall laughter sing, but sighs!  
What boots it now—the Past—unto thy living soul?  
The Present, neither Past nor Future can control:  
"Forget! Forget!" you say; yet shall I faithful be  
To Memory!

The years may wing their flight over my blanching hair,  
My heart shall not grow old—mysterious lamp of life!  
What boots the passing hour to them that bow in prayer?  
For they shall smile on Death that comes to end the strife.  
All dieth upon earth; but mine immortal soul,  
Like Him who made it, lives, though endless æons roll—  
In it shall live again all that is dear to me  
In Memory!

necessarily devotional) verse. The field of poesy is wide enough to include all phases of life and sentiment. There is a place vacant in our literature, and verse which unpretentiously describes the engaging human side of priestly activity can fill it and adorn it with modest flowering of thought and feeling.

H. T. HENRY.

OVERBROOK.

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## BALFOUR'S PHILOSOPHY.

## PART II.

(SOME REASONS FOR BELIEF.)

THE first part of Mr. Balfour's philosophy (*Some Consequences of Belief*) consisted, as we saw,<sup>1</sup> of a singularly able and brilliant exposition of the consequences inevitably resulting from the acceptance of that system which he calls "Naturalism," and we "sensism," as regards morality, æsthetics and reason. Therein it was clearly shown that our ethical sentiments could be nothing but a fraud, our sense of moral responsibility an utter delusion, our artistic perceptions merely ludicrous, and our trust in reason without a shred of justification, if sensism were true.

But it was only the *results* of that system which were treated of. No attempt was made to examine into its foundations or to see whether it formed a self-consistent and intelligible whole. The author was for the time content with refuting "Naturalism" by a process of *reductio ad absurdum*, brought about by his demonstration of its tendency to "eat all nobility out of our conception of conduct and all worth out of our conception of life."<sup>2</sup> Apart from this indirect assault, the system was, for the nonce, taken for granted.

This course was pursued as the most useful for the author's purpose, and was, indeed, in harmony with the aim of his whole work, which, as he tells us,<sup>3</sup> is not

"Concerned with any mere curiosity of dialectics, with the quest for a kind of knowledge which, however interesting to the few, yet bears no fruit for ordinary human use. On the contrary, the issues that have to be decided are practical, if anything is practical. They touch at every point the most permanent interests of man, individual and social, and any procedure is preferable to a complete acquiescence in the loss of all the fairest provinces of our spiritual inheritance."

In the second portion of his book Mr. Balfour proceeds to examine the philosophic proof, the intellectual foundations, of the different systems which have most influence on the thoughts of the present generation of the English-speaking races.

His first chapter is occupied with testing the foundations and rationality of "sensism," with the result that he declares it to be "speculatively incoherent." Afterwards (in the second chapter)

<sup>1</sup> The AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW for 1896, p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> *Foundations of Belief*, p. 81.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 91.

he passes on to the not less important question which concerns the coherence and tenability of idealism in that form most commonly accepted in England now.

The doctrine which is everywhere promulgated by sensists is that all our knowledge consists of experience, and is made up of groups of sensations, vivid and faint, with, at most, the addition of enigmatical "feelings," of "relations between sensations." Of intellectual intuitions revealing universal and necessary *objective* truths, or of facts concerning the objects about us—known by intuition as "things in themselves," of reason as the basis of our mental life, or, as at the foundation of, and actually pervading, the material universe, they will hear nothing.

The sensist school is divisible into two sections. In the first (A), the materialistic section, the truth and reality of the ordinary "common-sense" apprehension of the material world (with its notions respecting the extension, etc., of the bodies which compose it, with their various other qualities and with physical forces acting on them) is accepted without question and without inquiry as to what, if any, philosophical truth justifies that acceptance.

This view is adopted with blameless simplicity by followers of every physical science who are not "sensists," because they are not consciously adherents of any kind of philosophy, and there is no need whatever that they should be such, since they can be admirable men of science without it.

Members of the second section of the sensist school (B) on the other hand, scorn the "common-sense" way of regarding the universe, holding that nothing is really and directly knowable by us but "sensations and sense-impressions and feelings of relation between them." Nevertheless, they freely employ the language made use of by the materialistic members of the former section and by unsophisticated "common-sense" followers of science, always, however, with the understanding that such expressions about things external to the mind should be taken to really denote nothing but complex groups of past and present "feelings." They are thus Janus-like, and can confront opponents with either one of two very different faces. While ordinarily employing the language and having the appearance of materialistic sensists of the first section, they are ever ready to turn and present to objectors their idealist countenance, and meet their objections with idealist phraseology. They, however, like the materialistic sensists, refuse to acknowledge the objective validity of those intuitions without which science is logically impossible, while they likewise affirm that sensuous experience is the exclusive source of all our knowledge.

Rational philosophy (*intellectualism*), on the other hand, far from slighting, or tending to undermine, the truths of physical science,

provides them with the best possible foundation and most complete vindication they can possess, and so satisfies the inquiries of those who seek to penetrate to the foundations of all thought and obtain a consistent *epistemology*, or science of the ultimate grounds of knowledge.

At the basis of all science must lie (1) self-evident, necessary and universal principles recognized as of *objective* as well as *subjective* validity ; (2) the clear perception of the certainty of reasoning logically conducted ; (3) the intuition (direct or reflex) of some facts as evident and objective—such as the existence of ourselves and an independently existing, extended, external world. Without the explicit or tacit (possibly unconscious) admission of these truths, science cannot advance one step.<sup>1</sup> Without them the truths of science, having no rational basis, can only be accepted through a blind, unreasoning credulity. By a singular retribution—one example amongst many of a Divine<sup>2</sup> irony—sensists are condemned to make appeal to a groundless “act of faith” in support of doctrines for which true philosophy provides a well-grounded basis of irrefragable reason.

Thus physical science becomes impossible, if we have no knowledge but what exclusively consists of sensations and sense-impressions.

Mr. Balfour well points out the impossibility, on such grounds, of giving a rational basis to the law of causation. Similarly, a conviction of the uniformity of nature is a necessary basis for all physical science. But that conviction can never be justified by any one's individual experience. As well might the experience of a butterfly's brief life enable it to obtain a conviction as to the working of the American constitution.

But, more than all this, science even refutes itself, if it has no better basis than actual and faintly revived sensations, for it tells us that our ordinary judgments as to the colors which objects display, or the sounds they emit, are mistaken judgments. Yet what better ground have we for trusting to our similar judgments as to the extension and other primary qualities of objects, if we possess no true intuition about them, and have nothing but “the evidence of the senses” to trust to? In that case, also, such words as time, space, cause, quantity, quality, relation, mental conviction, or perception, necessity, possibility, etc., would all be absolutely meaningless.

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<sup>1</sup> As we have very distinctly pointed out more than once. See *Nature* for 1893, and *Natural Science*, vol. i., pp. 497-501 (1892).

<sup>2</sup> He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall hold them in derision. The late Professor Huxley candidly avowed that all science was based upon a mere assumption.



Once grant, however, that we have "intellectual intuitions," and immediately the teachings of æsthetics, ethics, science, and religion, become alike upheld and justified. Deny them, and all these, and the physical sciences also, alike fall logically into utter ruin. Indeed, as we have elsewhere pointed out,<sup>1</sup> physical science is far more dependent on religion for support than is religion on every or any branch of physical science.

The intuitions and self-evident axioms which every consistent man of science is compelled to admit (if he would not stultify himself by basing all his knowledge on gross and palpable assumptions which he is utterly unable to justify), afford, as before said, a solid and ample support for science, art, morality, and religion, as we hope clearly to show in despite of Mr. Balfour's sceptical arguments, which we shall be compelled forcibly to controvert later on.

So far, however, we entirely agree with, and are very grateful to, Mr. Balfour, for the help afforded to rational philosophy, in this first chapter, entitled *The Philosophic Basis of Naturalism*, of the second part of his book. Its upshot and outcome, we believe ourselves to have already stated; but, modern mistaken views so largely repose upon a rash, and often unconscious, acceptance of sensism, that we think it well worth while to offer to our readers a more detailed consideration of his words.

Mr. Balfour well points out that the advocates of "Naturalism" seem blind to the need for a fundamental theory of natural knowledge, and appear to think they have done all that can be required of them by giving us theories about the growth of knowledge. They have dwelt on the *origins* of the convictions men entertain rather than on the *grounds* which justify such convictions.<sup>2</sup>

"They have substituted psychology for philosophy; they have presented us, in short, with studies in a particular branch or department of science, rather than with an examination into the grounds of science in general."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *The Nineteenth Century* for August, 1895.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 95 and 97.

<sup>3</sup> At p. 94, he says: "I doubt whether any metaphysical philosopher before Kant can be said to have made contributions to this subject, which at the present day need be taken into serious account." Here we think Mr. Balfour is singularly unjust to the scholastics. They could not possibly have known *facts* which are quite familiar to us at the present day; but what a mere fragment of scientific knowledge have we gained since the thirteenth century compared with the vast whole? What do we know even now of the Cosmos beyond the reach of our senses with all the adventitious aids we can obtain? How little can be said to be evidently true or even practically certain about it beyond vague and general conclusions based upon analogy? Cardinal Newman said truly enough that the Church is ever occupied in laying down and sustaining the first principles of religion and ethics. Philosophy is similarly occupied in laying down and sustaining the first principles of all science. Such first principles have been carefully studied by the schoolmen. They discussed fully and fearlessly the *fundamental* questions which alone strictly belong to the sphere of metaphysics, and as to the *nature* of corporeal things we have made no advance since their time. The schol-

"Admirable generalizations of the actual methods of scientific research, usually under some such name as "Inductive Logic," we have no doubt, had in abundance. But a full and systematic attempt to enumerate and then to justify, the presuppositions on which all science finally rests, are still wanting. The result of this is that when they are brought face to face with such problems, their proceedings become either pitiful or ludicrous according as onlookers may be more tender-hearted or more keen-witted. As Mr. Balfour says :<sup>1</sup>

"Can anything, for example, be more naive than the undisturbed serenity with which Locke, towards the end of his great work, assures his readers that he 'suspects that natural philosophy is not capable of being made a science'; or, as I should prefer to state it, that natural science is not capable of being made a philosophy. Or can anything be more characteristic than the moral which he draws from this rather surprising assertion, namely, that as we are so little fitted to prove theories about the present world, we had better devote our energies to preparing for the next."

Hume led on to similar results, save that they were greatly exaggerated and naturally less pious. He affirmed (as every one knows) that our knowledge consisted ultimately and exclusively of an unrelated series of vivid impressions (sensations) and faint revivals of them (ideas) and thence drew the logical but startling conclusion that we could know nothing more of our own continuous, substantial existence, than we could know of an external independent world—our asserted ignorance as to which had already been made familiar to speculative minds, by Bishop Berkeley. Of any objective, universal and necessary truths, we could know (according to Hume) absolutely nothing. Nevertheless as he, with curious inconsistency, professed an interest in experimental science, he proceeded to frame a fictitious basis for it by conjuring with two magic words (1) "association" and (2) "custom." The first denoted an alleged tendency in each individual to join together feelings which had been contiguous in time or place, and so to produce a sense of inseparability between feelings which had been invariably experienced together or in immediate succession. "Custom" was for him a collective term, denoting such association considered as not that of an individual, but as existing socially. We beg our readers carefully to note, these "associations" were supposed to be hung together on no string, and to be connected by no tie, since, according to him, there is nothing to serve as a basis of "associ-

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astics clearly laid down the important truth of an intuitional knowledge of extension, the denial of which has logically resulted in the various absurdities of idealism. See St. Thomas, *Summa Theologia*, P. I, from Quest. 65 to 75. St. Bonaventure in *Li-bros Sent.*, L. II, from Quest. 12 to 15, and Richard Middleton, Scotus, Roger Bacon, *Opus Majus*, Vincent of Bauvais, *Speculum Naturale*, etc.

<sup>1</sup> P. 95.

ation" and no persistent realities to act as a maintenance of "custom."

Who can believe that so acute a thinker as Hume could have failed to see through the fallacy with which he deluded so many minds. Surely he well merits to be called *The Mephistopheles of Metaphysics*. As to his followers, Mr. Balfour says:<sup>1</sup>

"Nothing in the history of speculation is more astonishing, nothing—if I am to speak my whole mind—is more absurd than the way in which Hume's philosophic progeny—a most distinguished race—have, in spite of all their differences, yet been able to agree *both* that experience is essentially as Hume described it *and* that from such an experience can be rationally extracted anything even in the remotest degree resembling the existing system of the natural sciences. Like Locke these gentlemen, or some of them, have, indeed, been assailed by momentary misgivings. It seems occasionally to have occurred to them that if their theory of knowledge were adequate, 'experimental reasoning,' as Hume called it, was in a very parlous state; and that, on the merits, nothing less deserved to be held with a positive conviction than what some of them are wont to describe as 'positive' knowledge. But they have soon thrust away such unwelcome thoughts. The self-satisfied dogmatism which is so convenient, and indeed so necessary a habit in the daily routine of life, has resumed its sway. They have forgotten that they were philosophers, and with true practical instincts have reserved their 'obstinate questionings' exclusively for the benefit of opinions, from which they were already predisposed to differ."

After sketching<sup>2</sup> the popular scientific views of physicists about atoms, molecules, etc., he then states the line of inquiry he proposes to pursue:

"Instead of asking what are the beliefs which science inculcates, let us ask why, in the last resort, we hold them to be true. Instead of asking how a thing happens or what it is, let us inquire how we know that it does happen and why we believe that so in truth it is."

He proposes, therefore, to inquire into the validity of the *grounds* supposed to justify assent, not into the *origin* of such assent as may have been given.

He points out,<sup>3</sup> truly enough, that the ultimate ground, as well as origin, of every truth, recognized as such, must be the individual reason of the man who considers it. It is

"His grounds of belief in his reason. . . . Must sit in judgment and try the case."

The empirical philosophy teaches that scientific theory of the world rests on "experience"—that is to say, the "evidence of the senses" behind which, it tells us, it is as impossible as unnecessary to go.

Here we feel it needful to enter a provisional *caveat* against the root of idealism, a further consideration of which will occupy us



later. About "sensations felt" there can, of course, be no controversy. Nevertheless by themselves they are utterly unknown and unknowable. To know them so as to recognize that we have any given sensation at all we must make use of *reflex cognition*,<sup>1</sup> which needs the intervention of what is altogether above our sensitive faculty, namely, the *intellect*.<sup>2</sup> The intellect in every such perception emits an implicit judgment (though it certainly does not draw an inference),<sup>3</sup> and thus the superior constituent of every one of our sensuous experiences is not sensuous, nor is there, strictly speaking, any such thing as "evidence of the senses," though there is plenty of "evidence *through* the senses." Sensation can neither "give" nor "appreciate" *evidence*, though it can become *evidence* which the intellect apprehends.

Mr. Balfour having stated that "Naturalism" founds all our knowledge on individual experience—"the evidence of the senses"—goes on to show that it stultifies itself by declaring that very evidence to be not only false but also necessarily and universally untrustworthy because of its "habitual inaccuracy."

He says:<sup>4</sup>

"We are dealing, recollect, with a theory of science according to which the ultimate stress of scientific proof is thrown wholly upon our immediate experience of objects. But nine-tenths of our immediate experiences of objects are visual; and all visual experiences, without exception, are, according to (the empirical philosophy)<sup>5</sup> erroneous. Color (as we feel it) is not a property of the thing seen; it is a sensation produced in us by that thing. The thing itself consists of uncolored particles, which become visible solely in consequence of their power of either producing or reflecting ethereal undulations, . . . the qualities of color . . . are mere feelings produced in the mind of the percipient by the complex movements of material molecules, possessing mass and extension, . . . When considered in transit (they are) at one moment nothing but vibrations of imperceptible particles, at another nothing but periodic changes in an unimaginable ether, at a third nothing but unknown, and perhaps unknowable, modifications of nervous tissue. . . . But what are we to say about these same experiences when we discover, not only that they may be wholly false, but that they are never wholly true? . . . By what possible title do we proclaim the same immediate experience to be right when it testifies to the independent reality of something solid and extended, and to be wrong when it testifies to the independent reality of something illuminated and colored?"

Now this contention is perfectly valid *against sensists*, but not against a rational philosophical system. What we regard as rational philosophy affirms indeed that the intellect is first roused to activity by the senses, of which it thenceforth continues to make use, but that it has the following essential powers:

<sup>1</sup> See AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW for January, 1896.

<sup>2</sup> It is the absence of this faculty in brutes which renders it impossible for them to recognize any pain they feel and so reduces their sufferings to a category altogether different from that of human feelings.

<sup>3</sup> See *On Truth*, pp. 92-96, 105.

<sup>4</sup> P. iii.

<sup>5</sup> As to color see our *On Truth*, pp. 97-129.

- (1) Of acting as a criterion of sense-perceptions.
- (2) Of recognizing its own activity.
- (3) Of knowing its powers of external perception, intellectual intuition, and ratiocination.
- (4) Of perceiving the objective as well as subjective validity of necessary and universal truths and their self-evidence.
- (5) Of knowing its own persistent, substantial existence.
- (6) Of apprehending extended, external, independently existing objects, known by it as things in themselves, and of recognizing its own intuition of extension.

Mr. Balfour proceeds to consider<sup>1</sup> the position of those empiricists who affirm that we can know nothing directly but mental changes. As this is manifestly a form of idealism, we will defer what we have to say about it till we examine our author's second chapter which deals with idealism.

The only remaining question which Mr. Balfour considers in his first chapter concerns the *principle of causation*. Can it be arrived at through sensuous experience, individual or general?

We cannot appeal to "experience" in general, because in so doing we should take for granted the existence of the world, of mankind, and of the testimony of mankind. According to sensism and the views of Spencer, Huxley, Mill, etc., they cannot be axiomatic or intuitive truths, but must be known by experience.

"But whose experience? Mr. Balfour asks.<sup>2</sup> 'Plainly it cannot be *general* experience, for that is the very thing whose reality has to be established, and whose character is in question. It must, therefore, in every case and for each individual man be his own personal experience. This, and only this, can (on the principles of sensism) supply him with evidence for those fundamental beliefs, without whose guidance it is impossible for him either to reconstruct the past or to anticipate the future.'"

But is it possible that an individual can, not from his intellectual intuitions, but merely from the past series of his feelings, vivid or faint, arrive at the law of universal causation and certainty as to the uniformity of nature? The question is absolutely absurd. Our actual sensuous experience, if it could by itself teach us anything, would, according to Mr. Balfour, seem to teach us the very reverse. Often enough sensations succeed each other apparently at random.

In fact, however, we do not notice this irregularity because we habitually attribute want of uniformity to some defect of observation. But, as Mr. Balfour asks:<sup>3</sup>

"What does this imply? It implies that we bring to the interpretation of our sense-perception the principle of causation ready made. It implies that we do not believe the world to be governed by immutable law because our experiences appear to be

<sup>1</sup> P. 113, section v.

<sup>2</sup> P. 127.

<sup>3</sup> Page 132.

regular; but that we believe that our experiences, in spite of their irregularity, follow some (perhaps) unknown rule, because we first believe the world to be governed by immutable law. But this is as much as to say that the principle is not proved by experience, but that experience is understood in the light of the principle. Here, again, empiricism fails us. As in the case of our judgments about particular matters of fact, so also in the case of these other judgments, whose scope is co-extensive with the whole realm of nature, we find that any endeavor to form a rational justification for them based on experience alone breaks down, and to all appearances breaks down hopelessly."

Mr. Balfour admits that his criticisms are incomplete because for want of space and to avoid unsuitable technicalities, much has been left out he might have urged. Nevertheless, he is confident, enough has been put forward, and he feels justified in assuming that

"A purely empirical theory of things, a philosophy which depends for its premises in the last resort upon the particulars revealed to us in perceptive experience alone, is one that cannot rationally be accepted."

But this reasoning, though fatal to empiricism and sensism, is in no way hostile or prejudicial to physical science which can quite as well be pursued and developed by adherents of another philosophy, or, consciously, of none. Most certainly, as Mr. Balfour says,<sup>1</sup> the man of science is in no way "obliged to take his first principles from so poor a creed" as sensism, Mr. Balfour's "Naturalism." The philosophy of sensism and physical science have no real bond between them, nor does the former at all aid to support or promote the latter. Our author is mainly indignant with this inane system, the baselessness of which he so well exposes, because it is ever seeking to obtain influence on the false pretence that it is allied to and has subserved science. He declares it to be "altogether intolerable" that it should claim credit

"on the strength of labors which it has not endured, of victories which it has not won, and of scientific triumphs in which it has no right to share. Who would pay the slightest attention to Naturalism if it did not force itself into the retinue of science, assume her livery, and claim, as a kind of poor relation, in some sort to represent her authority, and to speak with her voice? Of itself it is nothing. It neither ministers to the needs of mankind, nor does it satisfy their reason."

The arguments and upshot of this first chapter may be shortly summed up as follows:

The system which affirms there is no evidence that the universe is the outcome of reason or love, but that the ceaseless flux of phenomena (including organic and social development), is due to a blind and aimless determination,<sup>2</sup> and that the only source of all our knowledge is sensuous experience, is a system which is utterly

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<sup>1</sup> Page 134.

<sup>2</sup> P. 84.



devoid of every possible philosophic basis, and necessarily refutes itself.

Even physical science is impossible if we have no knowledge which is not exclusively due to sensations and sense-impressions. If it were deprived of other aid, not only would it be struck with paralysis, so that it could advance no further, but it would be entirely disintegrated—like a world in which the force of gravity had been suddenly annihilated.

If, on the other hand, we admit the principle of causation and the uniformity of nature to be truths which our minds apprehend from sources which are mainly not sensuous but purely intellectual, and which, when we apply them to the world of experience, reveal an orderly universe, a most important consequence follows. For thus we are forced to read an order and a reason into the profoundest depths of the essence and being of the universe, and when to these truths we add those which the intellect apprehends in the region of ethics (that right, wrong and moral responsibility exist), that order and reason must be acknowledged by every competent and unprejudiced mind to be nothing less than clear manifestations of God—a God of wisdom, power, majesty and judgment beyond all human conception, to adore and worship whom must be the highest privilege, and should be the greatest happiness of a rational nature.

Mr. Balfour's second chapter treats of idealism with special reference to some recent English writers, and especially to the writings of the late Mr. T. H. Green.

It is by no means an easy matter to make plain to men unacquainted with philosophy the main features of the idealism of the present day. It is, however, a most important subject on account of its powerful and widespread influence amongst minds of the highest culture, and the life of any Catholic might usefully be dedicated to the task of showing the curious and involved relations which exist between it and the rational philosophy of "Intellectualism."

The power latent in the English race of four centuries ago is made manifest to all the world by the existing English Empire, the wonderful republic of the United States, and the English-speaking nations now rapidly developing in Australia and South Africa. But perhaps the influence of English thought in the domain of intellect is more wonderful still. It was at one time commonly said that the ideas of the French philosophers revolutionized the world. They were really, however, little more than the disseminators of ideas which had their birth in England, which were really the intellectual offspring of Locke (however indigantly he would have disowned them), and which had great influence in forming the views and principles of Voltaire. German

speculation, again, has been a frequent theme of marvel and laudation. It has certainly been very remarkable and very thorough in developing the ultimate consequences of admitted principles.

But, after all, the whole of the philosophy of Germany and Holland, from Spinoza to Hartmann, has been a result of the mental seed first planted in men's minds by Berkeley. When we call to mind that Berkeley begot his parricidal child, Hume; that Hume set going the partially antagonistic, yet largely similar, system of Kant; that Kant begot Fichte, and Fichte produced Schelling and Hegel, and these again Schopenhauer and Hartmann, it seems impossible to deny that English thought, from Locke through Berkeley, has been far more influential than aught else in the domain of philosophy, save the Greek mind as manifested in Aristotle.

It is easy to laugh at idealism (which has a special attraction for philosophic youth) as it is easy to laugh at Dr. Johnson's refutation of it by the process of kicking a stone. Yet just as Johnson's act was the mute expression of a profound philosophic truth—the truth that we have an intuition<sup>1</sup> of extension—so the wide acceptance of idealism is partly due to the profound truth that our apprehension of the world above us is fragmentary and imperfect. "Grace supposes nature," and as the immortal Butler so well taught us, there is a deep harmony between what revealed religion teaches and what the calm and patient study of the world and its ways makes known to us.

Though God in revelation has amply taught us sufficient for our religious needs, yet we so learn but a minimum of religious truth as He knows it; similarly with respect to the world (which he has delivered to the disputes of men), he has provided us with all the faculties indispensable for its study and for our intellectual and moral welfare, yet we remain utterly unable to fully apprehend the meanest mass of matter. Our knowledge is quite inadequate to supply us with a complete knowledge of nature which, to our eyes, must be different indeed not only from what it is known to be by God, but from the aspects it may well present to intelligences far higher than our own.

It is certain that the material bodies about us must possess powers and qualities our senses are entirely unable to detect. Had

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<sup>1</sup> Of course the completeness and facility of our intuitions about extended bodies, which we have in adult life, are very largely due to the experiences we have continually had since childhood. This evident truth may be at the bottom of the contention of those who affirm that our knowledge of such objects is mediate and inferential. But as soon as a child can be said to have any intellectual perceptions at all, it has an intuition of extension. Were this not the case, no subsequent combinations of sensations could ever give us such a perception at all; as *no* inference is trustworthy unless it rests ultimately on intuition.

we a sense which would serve us with respect to "magnetism," as our eye-structure serves us as to "light," how modified might not the aspect of the world become? We rejoice in the beauty of wild-flowers and the gay plumage of birds, some of which delight us with their song; yet their colors and notes are not what they seem to us to be. Many persons fancy that in the absence of sensitive creatures there would be nothing but "darkness and silence," as if "darkness and silence" were not as truly subjective and as relative to us as are light and music. We will not take up space here by dilating on the substantial and objective truth which underlies such sense-perceptions because we have more fully gone into the question elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> but at once return to the consideration of Mr. Balfour's book.

We doubt if he sufficiently enters into the views of modern idealists to judge them quite fairly. It is true idealism began with the assertion that we could know nothing but sensations and ideas—generally interpreted as faintly revived sensations. Still it must always have been manifest to any one who would carefully examine his own mental state that his sensations were very rarely noted or attended to as such, but that his mind was almost always occupied, not with "feelings," but with "things." So it is not surprising to find that even Berkeley allowed that we might reasonably speak of "things" and habitually employ our notions of what we so spoke of as if they were what he said they were not—that is, absolute, external existences independent of any mind. Things were for him and are for most modern idealists stably associated groups of past sensuous experiences and not by any means the mere passing feelings of the moment. Berkeley denied, and idealists deny, that we can have any notion of an object save in terms of sense-perception, and this is so far true that we can have no conception of anything, however abstract, save by the aid of imaginations—*phantasmata*, as the schoolmen called them. The schoolmen, however, rightly and rationally distinguished between the intellectual idea, and the sensuous images we need in order to be able to entertain it. The idea "horse" does not consist of past feelings, though, without images of such, it cannot be sustained before an intellect which has its home in a material organism, of which it is the *form* or *principle of individuation*, in the Scotist sense of that term.

Nevertheless, idealism is, as Mr. Balfour says, a tempting system for the beginner in philosophy. He expresses a truth when he says:<sup>2</sup>

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"It is, I suppose, one of the earliest discoveries of the metaphysically-minded

<sup>1</sup> See *On Truth*, chap. x., pp. 114–116.

<sup>2</sup> P. 115.



youth that he can, if he so wills it, change his point of view and thereby suddenly convert what in ordinary moments seem the solid realities of this material universe into an unending pageant of feelings and ideas, moving in long procession across his mental stage, and having, from the nature of the case, no independent being before they appear nor retaining any after they vanish."

What he elsewhere<sup>1</sup> urges is also really undeniable—namely, that idealism is fundamentally out of harmony with physical science, although, of course, we do not for a moment pretend that idealists, remaining idealists, may not be first-rate scientific men. We strongly suspect, however, their intellectual nature to be too strong for them, and though they may be ever ready to represent the objects of their study and experience as complex groups of feelings, that they habitually, when at work or reasoning about them, really regard them as independent extended objects with special qualities and powers. We think so because, though it is easy enough to translate objects perceived into groups of feelings and relations between them, it is much more difficult to investigate and describe the actions of objects on each other (as *e.g.*, of the sun and moon on the tidal wave) as only relations between ideas and not as activities of external absolutely independent extended things which really affect each other.

There can be no question about the fact that observations and experiments are accepted by scientific men as real *objective* facts and occurrences, and the whole of physical science understood, as men of science themselves understand it, is based upon that way of regarding them. It would be ridiculous to pretend that when astronomers, chemists, and anatomists are tracing the motions of the heavenly bodies, or analyzing minerals, or ascertaining the course followed by a nerve or an artery, they remain all the time convinced that they are really investigating the relations borne by groups of past and present feelings to other such groups, and nothing more!

It is very certain, that, but for their conviction that they were dealing with independent realities, and discovering really objective truths, the physical sciences would never have attained their present degree of development.

Were this widely prevalent idealistic interpretation of experience true, the advance of science must have been simply due to a profound mistake. That error being cleared away, can we re-establish science on a basis of sensations and sense-impressions?<sup>2</sup>

It may be asserted, as Mr. Balfour says, (1) that "such feelings must have a cause," but the assertion cannot be accepted, for how

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Balfour's earlier work, chap. ix., and our *On Truth*, chap. viii., pp. 79-96.

<sup>2</sup> No one has more perseveringly tried to do this than Professor Karl Pearson, and no one has more signally failed in the attempt.

can the principle of causation be extracted out of a mere succession of individual experiences, when no intellectual intuition about causation is admitted? (2) It may be added that, "the hypothesis of a material world, as an occasion for our sensations, harmonizes with our natural convictions," but that must go for nothing, if, as idealists assert, the real world is not congruous with our natural beliefs. (3) The hypothesis is acceptable, because it "enables us to predict"; but such prediction is a consequence, or effect, and it is impossible for us to reason back, legitimately, from effects to causes, if we have nothing but a string of groups of feelings to go upon.

Mr. Balfour's conclusion is, that if nothing can be perceived beyond our mental modifications, then the result ought to be *Solipsism*. I am the world. Beyond me there is nothing, and I find that I am, myself, the creator of a universe of feelings; knowledge is wholly subjective, as Fichte taught, and it consists of a world of delusive dreams—dreams that can torture, since those who recognize them for what they are, know that from such dreams they can never wake.

Mr. Balfour begins his second chapter as follows:<sup>1</sup>

"The difficulties in the way of an empirical philosophy of science, with which we dealt in the last chapter, largely arises from the conflict which exists between the parts of a system, the scientific half of which requires us to regard experience as an effect of an external and independent world, while the philosophic or epistemological half offers this same experience to us as the sole groundwork and logical foundation on which any knowledge whatever of an external and independent world may be rationally based. These difficulties and the arguments founded on them require to be urged, in the first instance, in opposition to those (1) who explicitly hold what I have called the 'naturalistic' creed; and then to that (2) general body of educated opinion, which, though reluctant to contract its beliefs within the narrow circuit of 'naturalism,' yet habitually assumes that there is presented to us in the sciences a body of opinion, certified by reason, solid, certain, and impregnable, to which theology adds, as an edifying supplement, a certain number of dogmas, of which the well-disposed assimilate as many, but only as many, as their superior allegiance to 'positive' knowledge will permit them to digest." Besides these, "there is (3) a metaphysical school, few indeed in numbers, but none the less important in matters speculative, whose general position is wholly distinct and independent. . . . In their opinion, all the embarrassments which may be shown to attend on the empirical philosophy are due to the fact that empirical philosophers wholly misunderstand the essential nature of that experience on which they profess to found their beliefs. The theory of perception evolved out of Locke, by Berkeley and Hume, which may be traced without radical modification through their modern successors, is, according to the school of which I speak, at the root of all the mischief. Of this theory they make short work."

"An unrelated 'thing,' one which is not qualified by its resemblance to other things, its difference from other things and its connection with other things, is really, so far as we are concerned, no 'thing' at all. It is but an object of possible experience."

These opponents of Hume's views maintain the system which

<sup>1</sup> P. 137.

Mr. Balfour names *Transcendental Idealism*, according to which there is "a thinking subject" (the individual mind) which is the source of "relations"<sup>1</sup> and a world constituted by those "relations," and so, it may be said, created by that mind. This, according to Mr. Balfour, is "the central position of transcendental idealism."

Now what is said about "relations" is most true. No object can exist without "relations," nor indeed without "relations" due to its own activity.<sup>2</sup> But there are real objective "relations" the immense majority of which exist in independent objectivity and would continue to so exist were every mind annihilated. On the other hand it is surely absurd to regard the world as made up of relations without objects which are related.

The mind, in perceiving these objective relations, necessarily possesses corresponding mental acts perceiving such relations. These acts are "subjective relations" corresponding with the real and actual external objective relations which they represent (*i.e.*, made present) to the mind. Of course, such objective relations cannot be known by us without our having corresponding subjective mental perceptions of them, but our perceiving or not perceiving them is a mere accident of such relations and in no way affects them save as regards their being, or not being, perceived. A definite relation exists between a piece of rock and a volcano in eruption which ejected it, but this relation is substantially similar between a rock and volcano *perceived*, and a rock and volcano of the Antarctic continent which never have been perceived, or between a rock and volcano on the averted surface of the moon, if such things there exist. Multitudes of relations probably exist between heavenly bodies which existed before the formation of our solar system.<sup>3</sup>

But a claim is made for the idealism which Mr. Balfour here discusses, on the ground: (1) that it frees us from scientific and theological scepticism; (2) that it makes reason the very essence of all that is, or can be, the origin and goal of the world process;

<sup>1</sup> Since he says (p. 140) that these "ideas of relation, which are required to convert the supposed real or external experience into something of which experience can take note," are "unintelligible, except as the results of intellectual activity of some 'self' or 'I.' They must be somebody's thought, somebody's ideas."

<sup>2</sup> All the scholastics say that there is no being existing in the concrete which is merely passive.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Balfour asks (p. 144): "On what ground is it alleged these constitutive relations are works of the mind? If ordinary usage describes the more abstract thoughts (being, not being, causation, etc.), as mental products, . . . Shape and position are always considered as belonging to the external world. . . . not created by thought in itself." But real being, real causation, etc., are not products of thought only but have a real foundation in actually existing things.



and (3) that it establishes the moral freedom of self conscious agents.

Mr. Balfour, however, with reluctance criticizes<sup>1</sup> destructively these asserted advantages.

(1) As to theology, it makes of God either (when considered apart from nature), "a mere metaphysical abstraction, the geometrical point through which pass all the threads of possible experience (or as including nature, and so forming the absolute), having a part in all that is ignoble, base and bad, as well as their opposites—the inevitable outcome of Pantheism.

(2) As to our moral freedom, it is true that the "I" thus conceived of, is above causation, not in space or time, not subject to decay, nor simply passive with respect to its feelings and impulses. Nevertheless, it can never act or will otherwise than it is absolutely determined to act by its immediately anterior state, and ultimately by influences acting before it even existed. Such "freedom" is utterly devoid of "responsibility," and of every shred of ethical value.

(3) As to science, assuming that the world is constituted by relations (categories), we are supplied with no rules for applying one principle rather than another within the field of experience. As to the law of causation (for science, the most important category of all), "it cannot give us information as to what portion of that field, if any, is subject to it, nor tell us which of our perceptions, if any, may be taken as evidence of the existence of a permanent world of objects, such as is implied in science."

From all the foregoing considerations Mr. Balfour concludes that idealism restates, but in no wise solves, the old questions, though it states (if it does not also shroud) them, in a new terminology.

But idealists may well be asked to account for the following remarkable fact: If the basis of all *truth* consists in relations perceived by the mind, and essentially "mental," how comes it that the result of their work is the production of what idealists must term the greatest *falsehood* and universal *delusion*? For the common, the practically universal, belief of man is that there is a universe of real independently existing, objective, extended bodies, that they know many of them very well and are absolutely certain about the truths of their knowledge. Yet so to believe is, on idealist principles, to believe the most utter and baseless of lies! A philosophy with such a practical result hardly commends itself to the inquirer into ultimate tests and grounds of truth.

Mr. Balfour makes some remarks<sup>3</sup> which appear to us to call for a few words about the "self," the "I" or ego, in the double aspect

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 145-151.

<sup>2</sup> P. 155.

<sup>3</sup> Pp. 141-143.

of (1) presence in experience (the empirical ego), and (2) an underlying principle of unity, which is outside time, and can, therefore, have no history (the pure ego). We cannot, he says, affirm that they are the same, because they are divided by the whole chasm which separates "subject" from "object."

But one really distinguishing character of the ego is that it is *both* "subject" and "object." It is, in a sense, *subject and object identified*, though generally more thought of in one or other of these two aspects of its being at each successive moment. This character of the "self," the intuition of "extension" and the objective nature of "relations" are three of the most important truths of philosophy, and are utterly fatal to every form of idealism.

Mr. Balfour speaks of those who, in trying to evade difficulties (though they cannot thus solve them), "always speak of thought, without specifying *whose* thought." This seems to imply that the thought is God's, and that this we in some sense share if our being is not rather a mere mode of the Absolute or Divine existence.

Yet it seems certain, as Mr. Balfour says,<sup>1</sup> "that the very notion of personality excludes the idea of any one person being a 'mode' of any other."

He maintains that on idealist principles each one of us must "be driven to the conclusion that in the infinite variety of the universe there is room for but one knowing subject, and that this subject is 'himself' *i.e.*, 'Solipism.'"

He very adroitly refutes a position taken up by Prof. Caird<sup>2</sup> to the effect that the world of objects and the perceiving mind are opposites which require a higher unity, namely, God, to keep them together.

But on Caird's own principles God is a subject distinguishing himself from, while giving unity to, a world of phenomena. But if a subject and a world cannot be conceived of without postulating some higher unity in which their differences vanish, such a higher unity is again required for God and the world, and so again once more, and on and on in a *regressus ad infinitum*.

The outcome of idealism for Mr. Balfour, as we have already said, is "Solipism," which is obviously as inconsistent with science, morality and common sense as other forms of idealism, and this our author admits. He closes the chapter by professing himself unable "to find in idealism any escape from the difficulties which, in the region of theology, ethics, and science, empiricism leaves upon our hands."

Nevertheless in modern idealism we have a great advance and improvement upon the *practical* materialism of such teaching as

<sup>1</sup> P. 150.

<sup>2</sup> In his lecture on the "Evolution of Religion."

that of the late Prof. Huxley, the still surviving Mr. Spencer, and upon all forms of philosophy which do not differ in essence from that of Hume. It enlists our sympathies by what are often its lofty and noble aspirations, and its efforts, however fruitless, to find a firm basis for ethics, æsthetics, and religion.

There is also another aspect, under which, in spite of its fatal defects, the spread of idealism may be regarded with a modified favor. It is a revulsion from the implicit materialism of Locke and the sensists, towards (in certain respects) the scholastic philosophy.

It would be very wonderful and very consoling if the English-speaking race after initiating a philosophic impulse (three centuries and more ago) of such enormous force and spreading so far, should in the twentieth century, set going an analogous wave of rational philosophy.

Idealism has been and still is useful, possibly necessary, because a direct return from sensism to the system of the schoolmen is not to be thought of or, indeed, desired.

The faults of the later scholastics produced the revolt of "Sensism," and their failings must for the future be very carefully eschewed. The change from sensism to idealism is, so far as it goes, a vindication of reason in many important respects, and we may hope that when it comes to be seen how the truths it vindicates really demand those complementary verities which idealists do not yet see their way to accept, there may come for mankind (and for the Church) a glorious outburst in the field of intellect even exceeding that which produced and was carried further by the men who bore the glorious names of Thomas and Scotus, and who may be termed the Peter and Paul of the mind's mediæval efflorescence.

Mr. Balfour refers in a note on the first page of his second chapter to Dr. Bradley's interesting volume entitled "Appearance and Reality." We hail its publication as one sign of that restoration we desire and expect. It is most certainly not to be found there explicitly, for his assertion is that all things are forms and modifications of the ideal absolute, and his system is a bad form of Pantheism.

Nevertheless it contains many remarks which point in the direction we have indicated, and we hope one day to be able to treat of it at length, and endeavor to point out both its extraordinary shortcomings and its many merits.

We have before remarked, more than once, on the unsatisfactory nature of the constructive part of Mr. Balfour's philosophy, which is strongly inspired by the spirit of negation in spite of his sincere desire to affirm and uphold religion.



In his third chapter—entitled *Philosophy and Rationalism*—the cloven foot begins to appear.

He commences the chapter by referring to various ancient and modern systems of philosophy—those of Plato, the Stoics, the Neo-Platonists, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann, which he puts aside as now uninfluential.

But he makes one very strange remark :

“It would be difficult, perhaps impossible,” he tells us,<sup>1</sup> “to sum up our debts to Aristotle; but assuredly they do not include a tenable theory of the universe.”

Of course, as we said before, Aristotle, even as presented by the Scholastics, could not suffice to represent modern physical science, but “assuredly” he laid down the principles upon which alone “a tenable theory of the universe” can be created. But he proceeds at once from the Neo-Platonists to Descartes, without taking any account of the schoolmen, by which neglect he falls far behind even Huxley.

The manner and rapidity with which their work has passed in this country from utter contempt to a high degree of estimation is wonderful.

We are persuaded, however, that this is but the beginning of the appreciation they will ultimately receive as prejudice recedes and more general and intimate acquaintance is made with their work. Long ago the late Sir Richard Owen said to us, “I do not think the human mind will ever get much beyond Aristotle.” We are profoundly convinced that as regards *the principles* of science and philosophy, the human mind will never get beyond Aristotle as expounded by the Scholastics.

Mr. Balfour assures us<sup>2</sup> that the great historic systems of philosophy are full of interest for him, both on historical and æsthetic grounds and serving as by their failure to show that some proceedings are useless, they are well worthy of esteem.

But his more immediate business, he says,

“is to bring home to the reader’s mind the consequences which may be drawn from the admission that we have at the present time neither a satisfactory system of metaphysics nor a satisfactory theory of science.”

We deny, as strongly as possible, *both* these admissions, and unhesitatingly affirm that we *have* a satisfactory system of metaphysics and a satisfactory theory of science. Nevertheless, it is most true that the theory of science generally received and popularly accepted is *most* unsatisfactory :<sup>3</sup>

“The first man one meets in the street thinks it quite natural to accept the opinion

<sup>1</sup> P. 157.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 157-163.

<sup>3</sup> P. 164.

that sense-experience is the only source of rational conviction; that everything to which it does not testify is untrue, or, if true, falls within the domain not of knowledge but of faith."

This widespread readiness amongst us to accept these absurdities is the combined result of the teachings of such men as Mill, Bain, Comte, Huxley and Spencer, and of the inexpressibly baneful effects and fearful moral and intellectual havoc made by that vile heresy, "Protestantism," which has depreciated and discredited human reason and destroyed the rational basis for morality.

Mr Balfour continues:<sup>1</sup>

"If faith be provisionally defined as conviction apart from or in excess of proof, then it is upon faith that the maxims of daily life, not less than the loftiest creeds and the most far-reaching discoveries, must ultimately lean. The ground on which constant habit and inherited predispositions enable us to tread with a step so easy and so assured, is seen, on examination, to be not less hollow beneath our feet than the dim and unfamiliar regions which lie beyond. Certitude is found to be the child not of Reason but of Custom."

Custom! Here we have, indeed, a retrograde step—a retrogression to Hume! The passage quoted is also pervaded with error from the beginning to the end. "Faith" is *by no means* "conviction apart from or in excess of proof." The maxims of daily life, our spontaneous actions which we vary according to circumstances, do *not* lean on "faith" (in *any* sense of that word) or upon any blind faculty, such as "instinct" or any kind of non-rational impulse, but on definite and certain first principles and necessary and evident truths to which the competent philosopher can always trace them. This does not mean that they are evident *as* such principles and truths to the mind of every man who sees them, but their truth is quite well seen without that. In vain will the village grocer try to persuade the farmer's wife that if from sixteen ounces of tea two ounces are removed, the rest is none the less equal to a pound. She will be quite sure such is not the case, though she may never have heard the axiom that "a whole is greater than its part." Similarly, if a rustic has put his cart-horse in the stable, he will be quite sure it is not still between the shafts, though he may never have heard of the principle of contradiction—that "nothing can at the same time both be and not be." The intellectual light of such first principles illuminates the intellect of every sane man, be he civilized or savage—not, most certainly, as abstract truths, but as principles which reveal themselves to the mind in the concrete facts of everyday life, as practical motives for judging and acting. It is true that we cannot explain *how* these truths become thus practically apprehended in the objects and

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<sup>1</sup> P. 164.

actions we perceive through our senses; but then we are no less ignorant as to *how* we feel from sugar a sensation of sweetness, or from the vibrations of a violin a sensation of musical tone. We must never forget the adage *Ignorantia modi non tollit certitudinem facti*.

As we have said elsewhere:<sup>1</sup> How we get any knowledge at all, how we see objects, how we feel anything is most mysterious, and all our knowledge deeply considered is very wonderful. We know things and we know that we know them. *How* we know them is a mystery indeed, but one about which it is idle to speculate, as it is absolutely insoluble. The mystery of intellectual knowledge runs parallel to the mystery of sensation; we feel things savory, or odorous, or brilliant, or melodious, as the case may be, and with the aid of the scalpel and the microscope we may investigate the material conditions of such sensations. But how such conditions can give rise to the feelings themselves is a mystery which defies our utmost efforts to penetrate. Similarly, our experience of bodies, their qualities and powers, calls forth in us perceptions and inferences which are profoundly rational (not blind impulses), and their rationality is capable of being drawn out and explicitly shown to depend on principles, inferences and known facts which the mind perceives to be both objectively and subjectively certain because they contain their own evidence and need no proof. They are therefore undemonstrable—not “undemonstrable” because, like matters which have to be taken on trust because we can obtain no evidence for them, but because they are so luminously self-evident that they admit of no demonstration, nothing else being so clearly and necessarily true as they are. Mr. Balfour does not appear to see the force of these truths, and yet few have asserted more forcibly than he the necessity of self-evident truths as a foundation for all other truths.

Not recognizing that we have “a body of doctrine,” which is not only itself philosophically established, but to whose canons of proof all other doctrines are bound to conform, he asks:<sup>2</sup>

“Are we arbitrarily to erect one department of belief into a law-giver for all the others?”

After remarking the improper use here of the word “belief,”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *On Truth*.

<sup>2</sup> P. 165.

<sup>3</sup> The almost constant use by English metaphysicians of the term “belief, to denote knowledge,” leads on to the objectionable saying that we should “trust our intellectual faculties.” We do not *trust* that we feel what we feel, we *know* it with absolute certainty; and so when our reason tells us that “the whole must be greater than its part,” or that “nothing can at the same time both be and not be,” we *know* with absolute certainty that so it is, and there should be no more “trust” than when we have a piece of pudding in our mouth we should “trust” that it is there, or make an “act of faith” to that effect.



which should be exclusively used to denote the acceptance of testimony, we reply that most certainly we ought to erect one department of knowledge as our law-giver for all else, in the natural order, and that is the department of philosophy, which knows itself to rightly occupy that sovereign position.

Mr. Balfour begins this, his third chapter, by asking<sup>1</sup> the very necessary question: "*What is rationalism?*" Under that single term we shall see that he confounds together two things which are antagonistic and really poles asunder.

In the first place, he means by it:

"A special form of that reaction against dogmatic theology which may be said with sufficient accuracy to have taken rise at the Renaissance,<sup>2</sup> and culminated in Naturalism. 'Rationalism,' he tells<sup>3</sup> us, is 'Naturalism' in embryo as Naturalism is rationalism developed."

He also defines<sup>4</sup> "rationalism" as consisting

"essentially in the application, consciously or unconsciously, of one great method to the decision of every controversy, to the moulding of every creed. Did a belief square with a view of the universe based exclusively upon the prevalent mode of interpreting sense-perception? If so, it might survive. Did it clash with such mode, or lie beyond it? It was superstitious, it was unscientific, it was ridiculous, it was incredible."

Thus understood, rationalism is but another word for sensism and is at least practical materialism, though by no means all who have favored it have been conscious of its real tendency and final outcome. Rationalists, as a rule, Mr. Balfour observes,<sup>5</sup> eschew the search for first principles:

"The general body of rationalisers have been slow to see and reluctant to accept the full consequences of their own principles. The assumption that the kind of 'experience' which gave us natural science was the sole basis of knowledge did not at first . . . carry with it the further inference that nothing deserved to be called knowledge which did not come within the circle of the natural sciences. But the inference was practically, if not logically, inevitable. Theism, deism, soul, conscience, morality, immorality, freedom, beauty—these and cognate words associated with the memories of great controversies made the points at which rationalists who are not also naturalists have sought to come to terms with the rationalising spirit. . . . It has been in vain. . . . For these ideas are no native growth of a rationalist epoch. . . . They are the products of a different age . . . and however stubbornly they may resist the influences of an alien environment, if this undergoes no change, in the end they must surely perish."

This is one meaning he gives to the term "rationalism"—the exclusive dependence on sense-perceptions as the sole fountains of knowledge and building a deductive system thereon. In the

<sup>1</sup> P. 167.

<sup>2</sup> P. 168.

<sup>3</sup> P. 185.

<sup>4</sup> P. 170.

<sup>5</sup> P. 171.

next chapter, however, he makes use of it in a very different sense. He applies it to denote truly rational philosophy—a philosophy which probably recognizes that cognition has in one respect a sensuous origin, since the mind is first aroused to intellectual activity through feeling, and throughout life carries on that activity by the aid of imaginations derived from sense perceptions. But that philosophy, though thus initiated and aided, is based (as we have again and again pointed out) not on the sense-perceptions but on *first principles* and self-evident perceptions of truth and fact which constitute its ultimate court of appeal.

Such “rationalism” rightly promoted the advance of knowledge in the sixteenth century by directing attention to observation and experiments as efficient means of attaining truth (as Roger Bacon had done three hundred years before), and subsequently presided over the development of all the sciences whereof it is still and must ever continue to be (while human life lasts) its sole ultimate basis and support. But the same “rationalism” has played from old time and still plays a far more important part, for it is the ultimate basis of religion no less than of science. It supplies the absolutely necessary prolegomena of faith. If our reason was not valid and did not clearly show us its own validity, no one simple truth of religion, natural or revealed, could even be reasonably accepted by us.

The fourth and last chapter of this second part of Mr. Balfour's book is entitled *Rationalist Orthodoxy*, and is by far the most objectionable we have yet met with in our review of his work, as it is an attack on the basis of natural, and, therefore, also that of revealed, religion. Not that it is so meant. The one object of Mr. Balfour is to sustain both; but the basis he attempts to build upon is far too narrow and circumscribed for that temple dedicated to the divine wisdom which he so much desires to erect, seeing, as we before said, he does not build upon first principles but upon a mere inductive process. He begins by saying that it may be thought he has too closely connected rationalism and Naturalism and says<sup>1</sup> he may be asked:

“Why is there any insuperable difficulty in framing another scheme of belief which shall permanently satisfy the requirements of consistency, and harmonize in its general procedure with the rationalizing spirit? Why are we to assume that the extreme type of this mode of thought is the only stable type? Such doubts would be the more legitimate because there is actually in existence a scheme of great historic importance, and some present interest, by which it has been sought to run modern science and philosophy together into a single coherent and self-sufficient system of thought, by the simple process of making science supply all the premises on which theological conclusions are afterwards based. If this device be really adequate, no doubt much

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<sup>1</sup> P. 175.

of what was said in the last chapter, and much that will have to be said in future chapters, becomes superfluous."

It is superfluous; and the way he seems to sneer at "our ordinary method of interpreting sense-perception" is highly objectionable. Although men who are not metaphysicians trouble themselves little about "secondary qualities," and take their sensations to be more adequate than they are for revealing to us the whole truth concerning external objects, nevertheless, their interpretations form an amply sufficient basis for both science and religion.

The system he criticizes, he tells us,<sup>1</sup>

"divides theology into natural and revealed. Natural theology expounds the theological beliefs . . . arrived at by a consideration of . . . nature as . . . explained by science."

—dwelling on instances of adaptation, etc., following the lead of Paley.

But this is not at all the mode in which we Catholics arrive at the main truths of natural theology. We do so by building on first principles, and especially on ethical intuitions, including the freedom of the will. With the light thus gained, we survey the Cosmos, and perceive it to be orderly and instinct with that Reason and Purpose which our first principles lead us to expect, including the principle of causation.

We see the universe is one, and therefore could never have gained its orderly adjustment by any process of natural selection; and we see, also, that within it, is the goodness, intelligence, wile, and purpose, we know ourselves to possess, and which must therefore, pertain in an inconceivably higher degree to that cause which must have preceded the existence of the Cosmos, or ever have pervaded it, if that cosmos had been eternal.

Thus we come not only to the knowledge of God, but to a reasonable expectation that he will have granted some revelation of Himself to His rational creatures. We therefore look out to find such a revelation, determined to accept with the most profound gratitude a religion, should we find one which contradicts nothing we otherwise know to be certainly true, which tends to perfect our moral nature and to promote the welfare of mankind, and which is authoritative—asserting its right to guide and its power to guide us rightly. Knowing that by our power of free-will we can intervene and change the whole course of physical causation, which is for sensists a miraculous action, we naturally expect some such intervention—some miracles—to have attended and to attend such a revelation, nor should we be disposed to cavil at

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<sup>1</sup> P. 176.



any of its doctrines which go beyond what our unassisted reason could have attained to, if only they do not contradict anything which our intellect tells us is evidently true. We look abroad, and we see the Catholic Church conspicuous and teaching with no faltering voice. We examine its doctrines, and find them self-consistent, not contradicting our intellectual intuitions or logical deductions, while, as we submit ourselves and fall under its guidance, we find in it a sure and certain aid for all that is highest and best in us and a most efficient shield against debasing or otherwise evil influences. Thus the Catholic Church in its living power proves its own truth and affords us the best evidence in and by itself; not but what that evidence is further reinforced by the teaching of history and the voice of tradition.

Very different is the evidence of revelation as put forward by Mr. Balfour,<sup>1</sup> which he represents as based on written evidence—apart from any antecedent presumption—"for certain events which took place long ago in a small district to the east of the Mediterranean."

He adds that this religion is considered as revealed because promulgated by inspired teachers, shown to be such because they worked miracles, which are believed because of the historical evidence they possess.

Such arguments, he declares, "are not equal, by themselves, to the task of upsetting so massive an obstacle as developed Naturalism."<sup>2</sup>

They certainly are not; that obstacle is only to be upset by rational philosophy. Finally, he puts into the mouth of a disciple of Naturalism a series of very obvious objections to the Christian religion as supported by the feeble and doubtful arguments he puts forward as those of "rationalism"—the only arguments which the terrible curse of Protestantism has left at the service of those who are unhappy enough to have become its victims.

With respect to his supposed objections he asks :<sup>3</sup>

"And as against the rationalizing theologian, is not his answer conclusive? The former has borrowed the premises, the methods, and all the positive conclusions of Naturalism. He advances on the same strategic principles, and from the same base of operations, and though he professes by these means to have overcome a whole continent of alien conclusions with which Naturalism will have nothing to do, can he

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 177-182.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Balfour, however, declares (p. 178) that his personal opinion is that these arguments are good as far as they go. "An argument from design" will always have value, while the argument from testimony must always form a part of the evidence for any historical religion. The first will survive "natural selection," and the second "critical assaults." "But," he adds, "more than this is desirable."

<sup>3</sup> P. 18a.

permanently retain it? Is it not certain that the large expanse of his theology, attached by so slender a tie to the main system of which it is intended to be a dependency, will sooner or later have to be abandoned; and that the weak and artificial connection which has been so ingeniously contrived will snap at the first strain to which it shall be subjected by the forces of either criticism or sentiment?"

With these despairing and profoundly misleading words Mr. Balfour terminates his fourth chapter, and thus they form the actual conclusion of the second part of "The Foundations of Belief." Truly they might rather be called *the foundations of unbelief*.

His conclusions are utterly wrong, because of a profound error in his premisses. Natural theology does *not* borrow "the premisses, methods, and positive conclusions of Naturalism." It does *not* advance "on the same base of operations."

Natural theology is firmly planted on clear principles, which are universal and necessary, and carry with them their own evidence. Physical science ultimately reposes on the same evidence, but neither one nor the other is founded on or is logically consistent with the rationalism, which Mr. Balfour rightly repudiates as "Naturalism in embryo," the logical outcome of which is absolute scepticism and utter mental paralysis.

In the third part of his work Mr. Balfour proceeds to consider the *causes* which have practically resulted in the beliefs which men have accepted or now accept. And *practical* causes are indeed *most* important things. The human mind does not exist to contemplate itself, to recognize that it thinks, etc., and its powers were not given it as objects for reflection, but as impulses to elevate it to what it is called to.

To concentrate the mind upon itself altogether apart from any purpose thereby to serve higher practical ends, would seem to partake of the sin of pride, and its natural result is blindness. All great discoveries have been made in the objective, not the subjective order. Nevertheless, it may be most important that we should apply our minds to self-contemplation as an indispensable means of combating the opponents of philosophic truths, whether they be sensists or idealists.

And self-inspection is our necessary ultimate means, and our only means, of knowing what we know. But the "that" must ever be final. The "how" can never be so, for the answer to every "how?" must be a "that." Therefore, the question "how is knowledge possible?" is an absurd one, since after every explanation, it may be again asked, how is *this* knowledge possible, and so again we get a *regressus ad infinitum*.

We cannot get behind the intellect, and therefore no ultimate criterion of our intellectual powers is possible.

We can never justify reason, because we must employ reason in criticising and seeking to justify it, and so work in a circle. Not to trust our reason before we have justified it, is to be, as Hegel said, like the prudent *σχολαστικος* who would not enter the water till he had first learned to swim.

But the validity of our reason can be called in question by no one who sees the force of the assertion that "if we are deluded by our faculties, then our judgments cannot be trustworthy."

We cannot, however, *infer* Reason's validity from this or any other argument, because the self-evidence of the inference can be no greater than the self-evidence of our fundamental truths and first principles. On the solid basis they supply, science and religion both securely repose, as we hope to make still plainer in our review of the third part of Mr. Balfour's volume.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

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## SCOTLAND'S SERVICES TO FRANCE.

THE SCOTTISH GUARDS, AND THE SCOTTISH MEN AT-ARMS IN THE  
FRENCH SERVICE.

THE historic renown and the memorable achievements of the Irish brigades in the service of France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, down almost to the period of the French revolution, has long been a fascinating subject, especially for the Irish historian and annalist. The chronicle of the deeds of these exiled Irish soldiers forms one of the most unique chapters in European history. It is equally animating and pathetic. Naturally familiar to Irishmen at home and abroad, the story of the brigade never fails to enkindle in their hearts emotions of pride and patriotic ardor. Fired by the narrative, and inflamed by the memories aroused by the soul-inspiring career and exploits of these brave warriors, poets have wedded to immortal verse the story of their heroism and devotion. In it is blended the fury of war and the pathos of exile; the glamour of camp and court; the overpowering and passionate devotion to the old land, and the not less enduring hatred of their country's unrelenting foe; and through all these pages we see the characteristic qualities of the race—religious fervor, military ardor, patriotic devotion, commingled with the fun and joviality, the daring and love of adventure, the pride and the passion, the loyalty and fidelity which constitute the traditional inheritance of the race.

Fascinating though the chapter is, which brings before us the record of the services of these Irish soldiers on foreign fields in the armies of France, our self-imposed task leads us to recall the less familiar story of the Scottish Guards, known as the "Scots Men-at-arms," and "Scots Life Guards," who fought under the French king's banner two hundred years before the famous Irish brigades entered the same service and were enlisted under the same flag. The organization and identity of the Scots Guards on the muster-rolls of the French armies was maintained during nearly four hundred years, and extinguished only when the last of the defenders of the ill-fated royal family fell on the steps of the *Tuileries* before the furious mob in the revolution of 1791, in the attempt to save the king and dynasty to whose fortunes the gallant Scots Guards had ever shown the most unswerving loyalty. As was said of them by a French military writer: "Under the title of 'Scots Men-at-arms' one might write the history of the wars

waged by France from the days of Joan of Arc to the revolution."<sup>1</sup>

Unlike the Irish brigades, the Scotch troops were first ranged under the French banner, not as exiles, but as friendly auxiliaries and allies.

They came to the aid of France at a period of great and imminent peril to the life of that nation; when internal feud and English invasion exposed it to the danger of conquest and political extinction. The factions in France at the time of the invasion of that country by Henry V., of England, and the paralysis in the French royal councils, conspired to render the kingdom an easy prey to the resolute and valiantly-led invading forces. It was at this critical juncture that the French king appealed to the Scottish court for assistance; and accordingly, we find that in 1419 the first Scottish contingent was dispatched to France, under the command of Sir William Douglas; this force comprised 150 men-at-arms and 300 archers. Later in the same year, a more formidable force was organized under the Earl of Buchan, who landed 7000 Scottish troops—some writers say 10,000—at La Rochelle, in September 1419. This large and welcome force was transported in a Spanish fleet engaged by the French monarch for that purpose.

The English invading forces swiftly overran the country, overcoming all opposition; nor was it long before King Henry had made himself master of Paris. Indeed, he succeeded in forcing the imbecile Charles VI. to sign the disgraceful treaty of Troyes, by which Charles gave his daughter in marriage to King Henry, disinherited his son, and agreed to the union of the French and English crowns in the person of Henry V. and his descendants. Was ever national humiliation more complete? The cause and hopes of France rested with the young dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., who repudiated the treaty and engagements made by his royal but incapable father.

It was, moreover, at the request and in obedience to the urgent entreaties of the dauphin and his counsellors, that the Scottish regent and parliament decided to succor their ally across the sea against their, and France's, hereditary enemy—England.

Another Scottish contingent force of 4000 to 5000, under Sir John Darnley, crossed over in 1421—likewise landing at La Rochelle, then the only seaport in the possession of France.

The Scottish troops were not long in the field until they had an opportunity to confront in battle their ancient enemies. At the

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<sup>1</sup> As early as 1295, a treaty had been arranged between Scotland and France, by which each country bound itself to assist the other against England. This league was renewed in 1371. These, and subsequent alliances, were usually strengthened by marriage. The king of Scots generally accepting a French princess for wife.

siege of Le Mans, but more notably at the bridge of Baugé, the English, under the Duke of Clarence, met with a bitter defeat, the duke being killed and many of the chief captains taken prisoners. The Scottish forces were the principal combatants on the French side, and it was by the sword of the Earl of Buchan the Duke of Clarence was despatched in the battle.

It is said of these Scottish auxiliaries—as it was afterwards, two centuries later, said of the Irish—that they gave much trouble in camp and city.

When the news of the battle and of the gallant conduct of the Scottish troops reached him, the dauphin rebuked the maligners of his allies by asking, "What think you now of these Scots—mutton-eaters and wine-bags?" these latter epithets being the terms employed by the fault-finders. The dauphin capped the rebuke by conferring the baton and office of *constable*—the first military rank in the kingdom—on the Earl of Buchan, the Scottish commander. Henry V., having again invaded France—this time with the greatest army ever assembled under his banners—carried with him his prisoner, James I. of Scotland, thinking, doubtless, that he could thereby detach the Scottish forces from the French service. But to the summons from the Scottish king to cease hostilities the Earl of Buchan made answer that while their king was a prisoner they were not bound to obey him, and would not. This reply inflamed King Henry so much that he declared the Scots should be treated as rebels, and if they fell into his hands would be given no quarter.

After ravaging the country and achieving various successes in battles and sieges, Henry was prostrated by fever, and his death followed just as his army was in the full tide of conquest. This was swiftly followed by the demise of the crazy French king, Charles VI. The war was continued by the English under the Duke of Bedford, who defeated the French and Scottish forces at Crevant.

Three thousand of the latter were left dead on the field. The invasion was prosecuted with varying fortune. In 1424 Lord Douglas brought over another large army from Scotland to the aid of the falling fortunes of the French monarch—no less than 10,000 men-at arms, with knights, barons and lords "splendidly equipped."

On his arrival in France, Lord Douglas was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the French king further conferred on him the duchy of Touraine "for himself and his male heirs forever," and other dignities and domains were assigned to different Scottish lords and chiefs.

In a great and hardly-contested battle fought at Verneuil the



Scottish forces constituted the chief part of the French army, and although they performed prodigies of valor—suffering terrible losses—the English were victorious.

In this disastrous battle the Earl of Buchan was killed with the great Earl of Douglas and his son, and a considerable number of the Scottish nobility. Here, as at Crecy and Agincourt, the English archers and the terrible “cloth-yard shafts” decimated the ranks of the French army.

So signal were the services of the Scottish contingent, and so conspicuous the bravery and devotion of that nation in this last battle, that Charles conferred on the Scots Guards the highest honors and the most coveted privileges in testimony of his and the country's gratitude. By formal “letters patent,” under the seal of the kingdom, 8th July, 1425, he appointed the Scots Guards “la garde du corps du roy”—the king's royal body-guard—a distinction which carried with it special increased pay and many immunities and privileges. This distinction and these privileges continued the uninterrupted inheritance of the Scots Guard in France for upward of three hundred years. How faithfully and devotedly the trust was discharged during that long period the battle-fields of France and the continent, on which Scottish valor was conspicuous and Scottish blood freely poured out in the cause of the monarchy, shiningly demonstrate. In consequence of the exigencies and falling fortunes of the French king, new appeals were made to Scotland for aid. In the year 1428 a treaty was entered into between the French and Scottish rulers, by the terms of which Princess Margaret of Scotland was affianced to the French dauphin, and according to the treaty, 6000 men-at-arms were to be sent over to aid the French king; in that year the fortunes of France and the monarchy were at the lowest ebb. The armies and power of England were in possession of the chief cities and principal fortresses of the kingdom. Orleans alone resisted and held out against the English. With its fall, there would remain no hope for France, and the conquest of the country by England would be complete and, to all appearances, final. How the French king lost hope and heart, how he dawdled away time and opportunities, is well known. Never was France in greater danger of falling ingloriously before British prowess and becoming a permanent continental appanage of the English crown than at this juncture.

It was in this critical hour of despair and irresolution that Joan of Arc, the immortal “Maid of Orleans,” appears upon the scene to arouse by her enthusiasm and inflame by her example the spirits and warlike efforts of court and people.

In the beleagured fortress and city of Orleans were great num-

bers of Scottish men-at-arms, who had been drawn to the defence of the place chiefly through the efforts and appeals of their countryman, John Carmichael, who had been appointed bishop of that see. This ecclesiastical nomination was likewise made in recognition and testimony of the great services rendered by the Scots to France. From the beginning of the siege, Sir John Stewart, who had returned from France with reinforcements, Sir John Wishart, Sir William Douglas, and other Scottish nobles rendered important aid and were amongst the most courageous defenders of Orleans. In the course of the siege Sir William Douglas and his brother were both killed in repelling an assault made by the English. Their bodies were honorably buried before the high altar in the Church of Sainte Croix. A Scottish force under the command of Sir Patrick Ogilvy, of Angus, succeeded in bringing a convoy of provisions into the hardly pressed city. These troops, says the chronicle, "were so well-equipped for war that it was a pleasure to look on them." Shortly following the arrival of this welcome reinforcement, an attempt was made on the English camp at Rouvray where a fierce battle was fought, ending disastrously to the French—the Scots and men of Orleans being cut to pieces.

In this battle, as we find it related, two brothers, John and William Stewart were killed, one brother having sacrificed his life in endeavoring to rescue the other when wounded and about to fall into the hands of the enemy. The two brothers were buried in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Orleans. John, in his will had thoughtfully made provision for a daily Mass to be said in the chapel of Notre Dame Blanche in the same cathedral.

It is said that when Charles received the news of the disastrous battle of Rouvray he was so disheartened that he determined to give up any further efforts and proposed to abandon his country, fly to Spain or to Scotland. He looked especially to the latter as a place of refuge, because "the Scots had been brothers-in-arms and allies of his royal house from time immemorial." Orleans was at the last extremity and could scarcely hold out longer. A victorious English army was on the road to complete the hostile environment and to force its walls.

There were no reinforcements or supplies in prospect for the besieged; there was no money, no friendly help anywhere, from any quarter for the beleaguered city or for the disheartened king. It was in this hour of peril and universal dismay that, as the historian Hume says: "One of the most singular revolutions which has confounded the vain projects of man was effected by a young country girl of Lorraine."

It is said that on the very day of the disastrous battle of Rouvray Joan of Arc went to the Captain of Vaucouleurs and said to

him: "In the name of God do not tarry but send me to the dauphin, for to-day the noble dauphin has suffered a great defeat near Orleans, and he is in danger of greater if you send me not to him." Now commenced the well-known career and mission of Joan of Arc. We are now concerned with her history and achievements in so far only as the Scottish auxiliaries had part therein. Their share in Joan's marvellous successes was not slight, nor inconsiderable, as will be seen. One of the first enterprises undertaken by the Maid was to convey provisions to the distressed garrison of Orleans, and this she accomplished, according to her assurance. The convoy was composed of a body of Scottish men-at-arms (100) and four hundred archers under the command of Sir Patrick Ogilvie. It was following this event that Joan made her entry into the city. The banners which were carried before her in the procession were painted for her by James Power, a Scotsman.

It is related of this Power that he had a grown-up daughter, who was taken under Joan's protection. When this daughter, Heliote, was about to marry, Joan, who was then at court, wrote to the municipality of Tours, asking them to grant a dowry to her Scottish *protégée*. This the city or municipality declined to do on account of poverty, but it did provide the wedding feast, and the chief magistrate presided officially—"pour l'amour et l'honneur de la Pucelle."

After her triumphant entrance into Orleans, the Maid followed up the achievement by swiftly driving the English before her at every point.

We will not have forgotten the Scottish Bishop of Orleans, who was the first to receive and welcome the Maid at her entrance, and who organized the procession that escorted her to the cathedral that memorable day, 8th May. This was the origin of the annual solemnity, since kept up from age to age in the city of Orleans in honor of the heroic Maid who saved the city from capture and the nation from political extinction. Following the relief of the city and the defeat of the English, the Maid pursued her wonderful campaign. She had with her a body of Scottish auxiliaries; they had an important part in the battle of Patay, where the English met with a crushing defeat, leaving upwards of 2000 of their own forces dead on the field, not counting their Burgundian auxiliaries.

At the great event of the coronation of the king at Rheims, John Kirkpatrick, Bishop of Orleans, was one of the consecrating prelates, and the names of many Scottish lords and captains appear in the list of those who assisted at the ceremony, some of the names curiously Frenchified.



When the king, after much hesitancy, marched on Paris, he encountered the English at Montepillay, and attacked them with great impetuosity. "By the side of King Charles," says Monstrelet, the French chronicler, "were a great number of Scots, who fought hard and fiercely." The victory was claimed by the French, but it was no way decisive. In her subsequent movements, the Maid met with varying fortune. She praised the Scottish auxiliaries, whom she declared "she knew to be men who made good war against the English." The Scottish troops, commanded by Sir Hugh Kennedy, had already fought by her side at Orleans and Patay. It was shortly after an encounter, in which these same troops, under the same commander, defeated the English, that Joan was taken prisoner at Compègne, from whence she was transferred to Arras. At this place a Scotsman showed her a portrait of herself which he carried; perhaps he was the same who had painted her banners at Orleans. Another Scot, who had followed her fortunes, and who was present at her death, subsequently returned to Scotland and entered a monastery. He left a testimony, which appears in Scottish annals, that he had seen and known "the marvellous Maid, who brought about the recovery of the kingdom of France, and in whose company I was present during her endeavors for the said recovery up to her life's end."

In the siege of Paris, Kennedy commanded one of the principal outposts of the army, and in a decisive battle at Lagny the French and Scots gained the day.

In another engagement at St. Denys, La Hire and Sir Hugh Kennedy captured the place from the English, while another Scot captured the Castle of Vincennes.

At this time Charles VII. awaited the arrival of Margaret, eldest daughter of James of Scotland, to whom he had been for some time affianced.

She was escorted to the shores of France by a fleet of 46 ships, under the command of the Earl of Orkney. The admiral was accompanied by the Bishop of Brechin, and the young princess had in her suite a brave company of knights and esquires.

There were in her train "140 ladies and young gentlewomen, with a guard of 1000 armed men in three large galleys and six barges." Before the expedition reached the French shores it was attacked by an English fleet of 180 ships, which had been sent out to intercept them. The English were, in turn, assailed by a Spanish fleet, but meanwhile the princess was safely landed.

The marriage in the Cathedral of Tours was, of course, a splendid pageant and ceremony. The greater part of the Scots who accompanied the princess returned to Scotland, but numbers remained, some to marry French ladies, and those of the opposite

sex to find French husbands. In subsequent movements against the English, Charles was accompanied by his Scottish auxiliaries. At Montereau, where he defeated and expelled the invaders, he had with him Lord Darnley, constable of the Scottish forces, and other Scottish leaders.

When the English forces were finally driven out of France, retaining only the port of Calais, and peace was once more restored, there was no longer employment for the large force of auxiliaries and adventurers that had been drawn into the service of France. An outlet was found for the ardor and military talents of these forces in an expedition against the Swiss. The Scots are said to have formed an important part of the invading forces. The Scottish leaders were Sir Jno. Montgomery, Lord d'Azay and Robert Petit (or Patillot). It is impossible, of course, to follow in detail the campaigns and fortunes of these Scottish soldiers. When, in 1445, the French army was first placed on a permanent footing, *two companies*, entirely composed of Scots, were included in the reorganized royal forces. The first was the company of John Stewart, Lord of Aubigny, which was brought into France in 1422, and afterwards, down to 1788, known in the army register as "Les Gendarmes Ecossais" (Scots Men-at-Arms). The second Scots company became the *first* company of the Royal Life-Guards, called "Compagnie Ecossaise, de la Garde du Corps du Roi."

This was the origin of the celebrated Scots Guards, whose bravery and fidelity in the cause of France and the royal house were conspicuous through more than three centuries, down to the last days of the monarchy.

According to the declaration of Louis XII., in 1513, "the institution of the Scots men-at-arms and Scots Life Guards was an acknowledgement of the services the Scots rendered to Charles VII. in reducing France to his obedience; and of the great virtue and loyalty he found in them."

At the siege of Rouen in 1449, the Scots commanded by Robert Cunningham, greatly distinguished themselves by their intrepidity, and at the siege of Bayeux the Scots under the same commander performed many brilliant feats of arms. In a subsequent campaign for the recovery of the district of Guienne—the Scots under Robert Patillok (as the name appears in the Chronicles) accomplished wonders. Patillok was rewarded by Charles VII. in 1448 with the castle and Lordship of Sauveterre, and praised for his "gallant behavior and inestimable services to the kingdom. As an encouragement to others to follow his noble example the king bestows on him a residence in the kingdom."

The newly created lord so won upon the people by his address

that he was called by them "the little king of Gascony," and after his death his statue was placed in the royal palace. The death of Charles VII. in 1461 caused great sorrow amongst the Scottish soldiers who had followed his fortunes with unshaken fidelity and fought his battles with unsurpassed bravery.

The succeeding monarch, Louis XI., had, while yet the dauphin, vainly sought to tamper with the fidelity of the Scots Royal Guards; now that he was king he trusted to their loyalty, nor had he ever occasion to regret the confidence—on more than one occasion the faithful Scots saved his life.

In the memorable interview between the king and his powerful rival, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, the French king was for a time in great peril by reason of the treachery of his rival. A French historian describing the scene, praises the royal guard. "These Scots," he says, "behaved valiantly, maintained their ground, would not stir one step from the king, and were very nimble with their bows and arrows." The danger from which he had escaped caused Louis to provide for an increase of the royal guard, and in 1474 he authorized the formation of an additional company of a hundred guardsmen—none to be admitted save "such as could furnish undeniable proof of good descent." The king conferred the command of this body on Archambault Kniston ("cousin du roi d'Ecosse") having under him as lieutenants Blanchet d'Aubigny (Stewart), Robert Montgomery, and Alex. Monipany.

Amongst the counsellors of the king we find the names of the Bishop of Aberdeen, Sir William Monipany, and Patrick Flockart, who had commanded the life-guards under Charles VII.

On his deathbed Louis XI. entrusted to the care of the faithful Scots Guards his son Charles.

When, under the new king, the illustrious Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, commenced his career, he provided a high festival and tournament at Aire. Cuthbert Carr, lord of St. Quentin, was one of the judges of the field. David Fagga, a Scots Guard, distinguished himself in the lists and carried off one of the chief prizes. In 1494, when Charles undertook his campaign into Italy, he was surrounded during his march by the Scots Guards, who were then said to be conspicuous by their great size and splendid accoutrements. In Rome, which the king entered December 31, 1494, his Royal Scots Guard attracted much attention, and so likewise at Naples, Florence, and other cities.

The adverse fortune attending the French king throughout the subsequent campaign in Italy put the bravery of his Scottish defenders to the severest test, but they never flinched, and on the field of Fornovo the Scots Guard saved the king's life when desperately assailed by the enemy. In one engagement during this



campaign, the Scottish auxiliaries under Stewart of Aubigny defeated the renowned Gonzalvo de Cordova at Seminara.

The ill result of the campaign in general forced the king to return to France, where he shortly after died.

Under his successor, Louis XII., the Scots found ample warlike employment. In the invasion of Lombardy, in 1499, half the army was placed under the command of Bernard Stewart, *Lord of Aubigny*. With him fought his brother John Stewart, *Seigneur d'Auzun*, his nephew Robert Stewart, and Cuthbert Carr, Lord of St. Quentin.

They encountered the "invincible" Spaniards in many engagements with varying fortune, but always with unflinching bravery. In the great battle of Cerignolo the tide turned in favor of the Spaniards. The Scots Guards and men-at-arms were surrounded and overwhelmed, 306 men-at-arms and 60 archers met their death on that fiercely contested field. One of the historians describing the desperate onslaught says: "Who shall chronicle higher fidelity than that of their (the Scots) standard-bearer, Gilbert Turnbull, whose arms stiffen in death as they grasp the lance with unfaltering loyalty, while he seizes the much loved banner with his teeth as he lies cold and motionless, with six clansmen extended lifeless beside him." "Well are those worthy of praise," adds the narrator, "who love rather to die for honor's sake than to live in shame marked with the brand of cowardice."

The rest were found stretched out, one here, one there, with their horses dead under them; if a Scotch corpse was discovered on one side, one or two Spaniards were found dead on the other. It was in vain that Stewart of Aubigny, almost bereft of reason by this sudden and disastrous rout, exhausted threats and entreaties in his endeavor to rally the French fugitives; they did not recognize him, and remained deaf to his expostulations. None remained on the field except some wounded captains, who endeavored, at first unsuccessfully, to persuade him to accompany them. "No," cried the despairing veteran, "rather let me die by the hands of the enemy than return to my friends like a vanquished fugitive." Nevertheless he was saved, and on his return to France Stewart was appointed by Louis XII. ambassador to the Scottish court, where he was received by James IV. with distinguished honors. In another Italian campaign undertaken by King Louis, he was accompanied by another Stewart, John, Duke of Albany, who had brought over reinforcements to France from James IV.

He was present with the king at the capture of Genoa in 1507. Upon the king's entrance into the captured city, Stewart preceded the column, sword in hand:

"Close to the king carrying their halberds and richly accoutred, marched twenty-four Scots Guards; in the midst of them rode his majesty, followed by the four hundred archers of the guard on horseback, their bows ready for action, and wearing coats of mail."

In a later embassy to the Scottish court to engage additional support for the French monarch, Stewart of Aubigny, the veteran hero of many campaigns, was again chosen to represent the French king.

It was his third and last embassy to Scotland. Arriving at Edinburgh in 1508 in an infirm state of health, he died there shortly afterwards, honored and lamented in both countries. When Louis XII. again crossed the Alps the vanguard of his army, which included the Scots Guards, was commanded by Robert Stewart of Aubigny, doubtless a son of the Ambassador.

On his return to France, Robert Stewart, was raised to the dignity of Marshal. In September, 1513, the king gave this memorable public testimony of his regard for and appreciation of the fidelity and devotion of his Scottish auxiliaries: "Considering the great services rendered to France by Scotland, principally against England, the king, exempts in future Scots denizens from having to apply for special letters of naturalization, and grants them generally the right of devising property, of inheriting, and of holding benefices, as if they were Frenchmen."

Moved partly by consideration of friendship for France, the gallant James IV., declared war against England, and fought and fell with the flower of the Scottish nobility on the disastrous field of Flodden.

A Scottish contingent of 3000 men had been previously despatched to France under the Earl of Arran.

During the last illness of Louis XII. (1515), he made Marshal Stewart of Aubigny and John Stewart, his lieutenants, swear on the Gospel that they would execute his last will. The marshal swore that he and his hundred archers of the Royal Guard would execute the promise he had made, or lose their lives.

One of the high dignitaries of the royal court left on record a testimony of the great esteem in which the Scots Guards were held at this period in the following language:

"For so long a time as they have served in France, never hath there been one of them found that hath committed any fault against the kings or their state, and they can make use of them as of their own subjects."

Under the chivalrous and adventurous Francis I., the Scots were again in demand for warlike service.

At his entry into Paris, following his coronation, the Scots Lifeguard and archers held the post of honor around the person of

the king. A few days afterwards, Lord Robert Stewart of Aubigny, was created one of the four marshals of France, who thenceforward were called "Cousins du Roi."

Besides the officers of the guards, many Scottish gentlemen served or held places in the royal household troops, as the Earl of Lennox, the Duke of Albany, Gordons, Stewarts, and other familiar Scottish names and titles.

When Francis invaded Italy, it was Robert Stewart who, along with the Chevalier Bayard, led the vanguard of the army. At the news of the first victory of the campaign, there was great joy in Edinburgh, and the governor ordered bonfires to be lighted and cannon to be fired to celebrate the French victories in Lombardy—in which the Scots had maintained their traditional renown.

On the disastrous field of Pavia, where Francis was taken prisoner, the Scots fought bravely for the protection of the king. French historians testify that the king was not taken till the Scots Guards had been all cut to pieces. It was in writing to his mother, following the disaster to his arms and fortunes, the king employed the now familiar phrase: "All is lost save honor."

In 1543 the Scots men-at-arms distinguished themselves at Landecies against Charles V.; and in 1544 under the leadership of the Duc de Enghien they twice broke the Spanish ranks, and contributed largely to win the battle of Cerisalla, the last victory of Francis I. who died 31st of March, 1547.

We have now reached the turbulent period of the Reformation, when, from causes easily understood, the hitherto close alliance between Scotland and France was seriously menaced: but sympathy and mutual interests yet bound for awhile the two countries. It was during the reign of Henry II. of France, that the infant Queen of Scots—the afterwards unfortunate and grievously maligned Mary Stuart—was affianced to the French dauphin.

A large army had been sent to Scotland by the French king to aid the queen regent of that country against the threatened English invasion. The young queen was conveyed to France, according to the terms of the treaty, to receive her education as well as the better to assure her safety.

She was accompanied by four young maidens of her own age known in history and romance as the "four Marys." Her reception in France was made a national event, and the alliance cemented for the time the intimate union of the two nations. When war was declared against the Emperor Charles V., the Scots were as usual sent to the front. In almost every engagement there is to be found mention of the Scottish troops and Scottish leaders—and always with honor. Two incidents of war will illustrate this assertion. During the siege of Dinan, a Scottish volunteer, Archi-



bald Mowbray, had sprung, sword in hand, on the crown work of the rampart, and had made good his retreat unscathed. Another Scot, Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, had done more: at the siege of Renty, with thirty of his countrymen, he had charged sixty mounted musketeers, and had unhorsed five; his lance being then splintered, he rode among them sword in hand, and wounded several of his adversaries without heeding in the least the shots aimed at him. Then, seeing a company of pikemen advance against him he dismounted, and gave up his horse and spurs to one of his men, who fell dead as he delivered them to the Constable de Montmorency. Covered with wounds the gallant Scotsman was carried to the royal tent, where the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Enghien awarded him the palm of valor. The gallant soldier did not long survive the exploit. He died of his wounds. At the siege of Saint Quentin, where the Scots men-at-arms were actively engaged, Admiral Coligny avowed publicly that "during the whole time the siege lasted he never saw officers or men display a more soldierly spirit or act more efficiently." By a sad fatality it was a Scotsman, Gabriel Montgomery, son of the captain of the Scots Guards, who involuntarily caused the death of the French king, Henry II., in a friendly tournament in which the king himself entered the lists. His opponent in one of the jousts was the young Scot, who being very powerful almost unhorsed the monarch, and in a second encounter, which Henry insisted on, he was struck by a splinter from the lance of his antagonist. The wound, though seemingly trivial, resulted fatally. No proceedings were taken against the involuntary regicide. Through the death of the king, Mary Stuart's husband became king, and she herself Queen of France, as well as of Scotland, with new claims to the English throne. But the young king did not long survive his royal father. He died within a year from his accession, leaving Mary a sadly disconsolate widow under circumstances of painful, personal and political trials—the particulars of which do not enter into the plan of this narrative.

Her return to Scotland, and the altered condition of affairs in France and Scotland, was a serious blow to the fortunes and expectations of the many Scottish retainers at the French court. Religious divisions and dissensions powerfully contributed to disturb the confidence and esteem previously entertained by the French court for the Scots Guards and auxiliaries. Many of these latter went over to the new religion, as did their countrymen at home. The court entertained a proposal to disband the Scottish cavalry of the French army. Many of the Scots Guards, especially those who had embraced the Calvinist belief, were dismissed,

and their places filled by Catholics approved by the Archbishop of Glasgow.

In consequence of the troubles in Scotland a great number of Queen Mary's adherents sought refuge in France. Mary recommended them to the protection of her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, giving pensions to many while her means would allow. Henry III., though disinclined to favor the Scottish queen's interest in the unfortunate exiles, because of his hatred of her French relatives of the house of Lorraine, for the the same reason, as well as for others of international entanglements, made no strenuous effort to save the unfortunate queen when her life, and more than that, her honor, were at stake. He did, however, on one occasion, pay a tribute to his Scottish defenders. Replying to a petition from Lord Seton, he said: "As for my Scots Guards, as I had found them on my accession to the throne, I had allowed them to continue; and in such high esteem did I hold the Scottish nation for their unswerving fealty to the crown of France that they would receive from me the same honors and kind treatment that were exhibited to them by my predecessors." But, as we said, it was little he did for them or their persecuted queen. He did not have much luck. He was murdered the 2d of August, 1589. The Scots Guards were the first to welcome the new king, the gay and gallant Henry IV.

From James VI. the French king received important assistance when hard pressed by the rebellious forces in his own dominion. A large Scottish force was landed at Dieppe. They fought by the side of the king at the momentous battle of Tury and were engaged at the siege of Rouen.

Like his predecessors he retained the Scots Guards, and he sought to reinstate the Scots men-at-arms, who had been disbanded in the previous reign; but the new company was not actually organized until ten years later. He confirmed the immunities formerly granted to the Guards and to the Scots in France: "the graces and privileges whereof they have rendered themselves worthy, through the affection and fidelity which they have borne this crown." Indeed, Henry IV. conferred advantages on the Scots which they had never enjoyed in the time of his predecessors. Henry IV. was assassinated 14th May, 1610.

During the reign of Henry's successor, Louis XIII. the position of the Scots Guards was grievously altered for the worst. They were curtailed of many privileges the Guard had before enjoyed; nor did remonstrance secure redress. King James interfered in a memorial on their behalf insisting on the restoration of the rights and privileges formerly enjoyed by them. There is a curious pe-

tition on record, dated 20th February, 1623, addressed to King James and signed by a number of leading Scots in Edinburgh pleading for the king's intercessory efforts with the French monarch in behalf of the Scots Guards and the Scots men-at-arms in France. It is too long to quote here in full.

The command of the Scots Guards had for centuries been the prerogative of the families of Lennox and the Stewarts of Aubigny. In 1625 it passed to the house of Gordon. Lord Gordon and his company took an active part in the conquest of Lorraine for France. The great statesman, Cardinal Richelieu, favored the employment of foreign troops in the French service, and so the services of the Scots, as of others, was willingly availed of. Under the renowned Turenne, besides the Scots Guards and the Scots men-at-arms, there were also "Les Gardes Ecossaïses," a Scottish regiment organized in 1642 by the Earl of Irvine; Sir John Hepburne's Scotch regiment; Forbes regiment and regiment of cavalry; and the regiment of Colonel Douglas, 1000 strong.

Sir John Hepburn, known to the French as "Chevalier d'Hebron," had served under Gustavus Adolphus, and after entering the French service gained the esteem and confidence of Richelieu. Hitherto the Scots who had found service in France had stood in the position of allies and auxiliaries, bound and protected by national interests and mutual national friendly alliances. The revolution in England which dethroned Charles I. and brought the king to the scaffold, changed all this. The Scots who now sought service in France, like their Irish brethren of kindred race and faith, came now as exiles and adventurers; but they remembered that their ancestors had made a glorious record in French annals.

Louis XIV. retained the Scots Guards and the Scots men-at-arms in his service, allowing them their ancient privileges. One of these privileges entitled the Guards to take precedence of every other corps in the French army. This exceptional distinction frequently got the members of the Guard in troublesome controversies, and subjected them to jealousy and opposition from many quarters.

At the marriage of Louis XIV., in 1660, some members of another royal guard attempted to place themselves on the platform reserved for the royal party, but were opposed by the Scots guards, who claimed their privilege of standing alone near the king. Louis had to leave his place to restore order, and having heard both sides, he allowed four of the *Cent Gentilhommes* to remain on the platform, but in a lower place than that of the four Scots Guards.

It had always been considered a great honor to be admitted to



membership in the Guards. Under Louis XIV. the privilege was still more highly esteemed and greatly coveted. After a time the company, though retaining always its Scottish name, was recruited principally from among French applicants—chiefly the sons of poor noblemen, who sought through this service to advance their fortunes. The Scots Guards were at the head of the army in all the great battles fought under Louis XIV. In 1709, at the battle of Malplaquet, Prince James Stewart marched at their head. The chronicler says, "They fell with irresistible impetuosity on the first line of the enemy, and pierced in succession the second, third and fourth lines, picking off at leisure unlucky horsemen unable to effect their retreat in time."

The prince is said to have exposed himself with the greatest coolness, and was wounded at the same time with Stewart D'Aubigny, who commanded the *Royal* regiment.<sup>1</sup> The battle of Lauffeld, in 1747, was the last in which the Scots Guards were engaged, and the final battle-field for the Scots men-at-arms was that of Minden, August 1, 1759—the same battle in which fell the renowned Irish leader Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, at the head of the Irish brigade, in the same service.

The sadly-pathetic words of the Irish soldier as he lay fatally wounded on the battle-field are a treasured remembrance in Irish hearts—"Would that this were for Ireland!"

Among those who followed the fortunes of King James II. into exile, as, later, they loyally stood to his son and grandson, were great numbers of the Scottish adherents of the royal cause. The large emigration of these Scottish royalists enabled the formation of the regiments known by the name of the colonel—Hamilton, Campbell, Ogilvy, Douglas and Albany; besides these, there were the "Royal Scots." Of their devotion to the cause and fortunes of their exiled king these gallant gentlemen gave the most striking and pathetic proofs. When no longer able to maintain even the semblance of a royal court and state, the Scottish gentlemen in his service asked the king's permission to allow them to form a company of volunteers and enter the French service. The scene of their last interview with King James is told by Sir James Dalrymple in touching language:

"Having obtained the king's consent, they went to St. Germain's, in order to be reviewed for the last time by the exiled monarch. On the appointed day the king came down into the court, passed through the ranks, wrote down with his own hand in his pocket-book the name of every gentleman, and thanked every one of them by name. Then, passing along the company drawn up in line, he took off his hat and bowed to them.

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<sup>1</sup> At the battle of Fontenoy, fought in 1745—where the "Irish Brigades" won immortal renown, saving the fortunes of the day for France—the Royal Scottish regiment had an important share in the glory of the victory.

"Again, as he was retiring, he turned back, bowed to them once more, and burst into tears. Then, the whole company knelt down, bowed low, and rising simultaneously, gave their sovereign the royal salute." "These gallant men," says the same author, "were always the foremost in battle and the last to retreat. Often in want of the first necessities of life, they were never heard to complain, save of the misfortunes of their exiled sovereign."

The names and rank of Scots who distinguished themselves in the French military service during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., frequently occur in the histories of the campaigns of these reigns. In the grade of generals we find the names of Lord James Douglas, killed in battle; Maxwell, killed at Marsaglia; Lord George Douglas; Andrew Rutherford, who rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General; James Galloway, Lord Dunkeld, John Montgomery, Lord Lockhart, Richard Hamilton, Louis Drummond, Lord Ogilvy, Francis Wauchop. During the retreat of the French army in Italy, in 1734, a Scots officer, Colonel Cunningham, greatly distinguished himself. In order to protect the retreat of the army, he charged the advancing enemy with a body of troops with exceptional dash and gallantry. He was rewarded with the Cross of St. Louis, a pension, and raised to the rank of brigadier.

With the reign of Louis XV. the distinctive national identity of the Scots Guard may be said to have lapsed. The title was still preserved in the army and in the court registers; the company, in fact, continued to exist down to the overthrow of the monarchy, but the ranks had long been filled by native Frenchmen, and the command given over to members of the court nobility. Descendants of the Scots who had officered or served in the Guards were, nevertheless, still to be found in the ranks down to the revolution; and they were amongst the devoted troop who gave their lives in the effort to save the king and his family on the steps of the royal palace in 1791.

When the Bourbons were restored, in 1815, Louis XVIII. re-established the Scots Guards, and confirmed their ancient privileges; one of the most honorable of these deserves mention. That was the right of carrying the coffin of the king to the grave. When the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were recovered after the restoration, and conveyed to the royal chapel at St. Denis, it was to the Scots Guard the duty was committed of bearing them thither. From thence, twelve of the same Guards carried the coffin to the royal vault.

Once more, the last occasion, the Scots Guards paid the same homage and duty at the funeral of Louis XVIII.; and so with the disappearance of the ancient monarchy, the name, title, and services of the illustrious Scottish Guard and Scottish Men-at-arms was extinguished.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

## THE LESSON OF LANDSCAPE.

WE read in the life of St. Bernard that, after travelling during a whole day by the shores of the Lake of Geneva, when in the evening he heard his companions conversing about the lake, he surprised them all by asking, "The lake! what lake?"

If we ourselves were to notice in a fellow-traveller such blindness as this to the beauties through which he was passing, we should, doubtless, set it down to natural insensibility of character and dreamy vacancy. But in human conduct the same actions often spring from very different causes, and a disregard for natural beauty, which in an ordinary man is the result of dulness or indifference, may, in a saint of God, be an effect of the very delicacy of his perceptions and of the very lovingness of his heart. Many of the saints have so clear an idea of God's perfections, and are so accustomed to converse with Him, as it were, face to face, that they stand in less need of creatures to remind them of the Creator. They can do without created beauty, because they possess the Source of all beauty; all that is given them over and above this can add nothing to their riches, and the desert of the Thebaid is as productive for them as the vineyards of Palestine, and as populous as the streets of Alexandria.

Yet it must not be supposed that the saints disregarded the loveliness of nature, or that, if some of them made comparatively small use of creatures in rising to the Creator, that this was the case with all. It is only by means of ideas gathered from what is fair and lovely in the created universe that we can form any idea of the beauty and loveliness of God. The love of creatures is the means, the love of God the end; only some there are who, so soon as they have attained the end, care not to dwell any longer upon the means. Others again, according to their varying moods, will sometimes look for God in His works, and at other times seek Him face to face. St. Bernard himself, in spite of what we have just related of him, in spite of the constant union of his soul with God, was an ardent lover of the woods and fields. "Believe me," he says, "for I speak from experience; you will find in the woods something more than in books. Trees and stones will teach you what you can not learn of a master. Think you not that you can suck honey from the rock and oil from the hardest stone? Do not the mountains distil sweetness and the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys abound with corn?"



St. Francis of Sales, as he looked out from his window on to the lake at Annecy, exclaimed, "What a place of delights! Here great and beautiful thoughts will fall thick and fast upon us like the snows that fall here in winter."

It would not be difficult to multiply quotations of this sort to show how the saints, detached as they were from created things, yet saw and loved the reflection of God's countenance in all that He has made.

Having thus briefly seen how men of right and perfect soul regard the physical beauty of the world, let us now examine that peculiar feeling towards external nature which has sprung up in modern times. The feeling itself is too deep and complex for close analysis, but some of its characteristics stand out with sufficient clearness. First of all, we find in it a sense of awe and reverence as for some all-pervading presence which is, as it were, the soul of nature manifesting itself in the changing moods and manifold phases of earth, sea, and sky. Secondly, there is a passionate love and affection for nature, and a joy in her presence which is, in the words of Mr. Ruskin, "comparable for intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a noble and kind mistress, but no more explicable or definable than that feeling of love itself." This love, especially in the days of boyhood, often takes the form of a feverish longing to be at liberty among the hills and woodlands, a rebellion against restraint, and often enough a lurking desire to escape from self and from the whisperings of conscience. Thirdly, there is a sense of light-heartedness and rejoicing subdued, in some measure, by an undercurrent of melancholy. In later years when unreflected feeling is altered by our thoughts and beliefs, this melancholy may come to predominate, but in the Christian of pure life and simple faith it will be kept under the control of peacefulness and joy.

This peculiar regard for nature is a motive which largely inspires the work of some of our greatest modern authors, and finds its noblest expression in such writers as Scott, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin. Wordsworth, in his lines on the Wye near Tintern Abbey, thus describes the impressions of his own early manhood, and his words give a sufficiently accurate description of the modern feeling towards nature. He tells us:

"Like a roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all,—I cannot paint  
What then I was, . The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, .  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love  
That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye,—That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures,"

Later on, he tells us how his youthful passion became softened, and the character of his affection for nature modified and deepened by the reflection of maturer years.

Painting amongst us has naturally been inspired by the same prevailing spirit as poetry. Turner, the greatest of our English painters, seems to make the very soul of nature sigh in his canvas, as he expresses and interprets that peculiar melancholy which we have mentioned as one of the characteristics of the modern feeling towards nature.

Our leading writers of fiction, too, from Scott downwards, have spent much pains in observing and describing the character of the places chosen for the scene of their plots. Nature has been studied by them in her joy and in her anger, in the varied moods of the unrestful ocean and the serene grandeur of the changeless mountain-top. Her manifold changes and passions are usually brought into connection with some human feeling, as if the heart of man beat in unison with that of nature. Lovers in fiction meet by moonlight, not merely because they can see one another better, but because the subdued light of the moon is associated in our minds with all that is mysterious and all that is restful in satisfied love.

The ancient and the mediæval poets did not look upon mountains and woodland scenery as worthy of very close attention. The Greek loved a grove of trees because it was shady and pleasant, and the mediæval monk loved the mountain-top because it left him undisturbed in his converse with God; but neither of them felt for the mountains and forests any feeling approaching to deep affection or reverence. In mediæval pictures, too, the landscape is always conventional or inaccurate. Little trouble is taken over the correct drawing of trees and rocks, clearly not altogether from want of power, for the religious painters of Italy display the perfection of power in depicting the human countenance, but because they thought that human life, rather than inanimate matter, was worthy of affectionate study. Moreover, the men of mediæval times, as Mr. Ruskin points out, as lovers of order and symmetry, looked upon the wildness of nature as a thing to be tamed and

shorn and trimmed for the purposes of man. The effect of their supreme care for human beauty was "to turn their thoughts and glances in great part away from all other beauty but that, and to make the grass of the field take to them always more or less the aspect of a carpet to dance upon, a lawn to tilt upon, or a serviceable crop of hay. . . . All that was rugged, rough, dark, wild, untermi-nated, they rejected at once, as the domain of 'salvage men' and mountain giants."<sup>1</sup>

We shall now consider whether the modern love of nature is entirely right and healthy and in keeping with the spirit of the Church, or whether it needs purifying and guiding. For it has always been the practice of the Catholic Church to use the method of correction and guidance rather than that of repression, to direct new tendencies and to distinguish between the true and the false in new systems of thought. She would not have her children set their face obstinately against the movements of their time. On the contrary, she bids them follow the current of opinion where they rightly can, and, when that current takes a dangerous direction, she marks out for it a safer course. It is in this spirit that we Catholics, who look for a great religious revival in the near future, must sympathize with the tendencies of our age and become all things to all men if we wish to gain all, showing kindly appreciation wherever we can, and criticizing without bitterness where we cannot commend.

In examining the modern feeling towards nature it is necessary to distinguish at the outset between the spontaneous emotions of early youth, and those same emotions as they are altered in later life by the influence of the reflecting intellect. In our later childhood and early manhood we are often strangely and deeply fascinated by the beauty of natural scenery. The order and the studied harmony of colors which is worked out so precisely in a garden of carpet-beds and artificial fountains, and which would have delighted the fancy of a mediæval poet, have for us nothing like the attraction with which we are drawn to the untamed loveliness of wooded mountain-side and falling cataract. In early youth we do not examine the nature of our love, nor connect our emotions with any pleasure "by thought supplied." We simply feel, while of thought there is little or none, and so far our emotions are pure and healthy. But when we reach the thinking age the feelings of youth are modified by our habits of thought and by the bias of our moral character. What was originally good is altered for better or worse by the good or evil bent of the will. The selfish and the sensual will see in their fair surroundings nothing but a

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<sup>1</sup> *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., c. 14, p. 203, 2d ed.



fitting scene for their own pleasures, while the contemplative and the religious will find that nature is a temple where deep and prayerful thoughts are distilled like honey from the trees and flowers. All the ideas we have assimilated from the society about us, the whole spirit of the times in which we live, will enter into and materially alter our manner of regarding that face of nature which is always the same as of old, while we are forever changing. Our task then will be to recall to mind the characteristics chiefly prominent in the spirit of our age, and to see how far they have severally affected our love for landscape.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the modern spirit is its want of faith. Even we Catholics who have kept the faith are deeply infected by this spirit of faithlessness which prevails in the atmosphere about us. Not that we disbelieve the Scriptures and the teaching of the Church, but that, in the first place, our assent often requires a violent impulse of the will, and secondly, our faith is far less vital and influential over our speech and actions than was that of the mediæval Christian. Our ideal of the perfect man, little as we may acknowledge it, is a humanist or even a pagan, rather than a Christian ideal, and though we profess the humility of the gospel in the hours we set apart for religion, we are ashamed to practice it in our every-day life. Even religious people are so greatly influenced by the spirit and tone of the times, that they are shy of speaking with one another of things which, in their heart of hearts, they hold nearest and dearest, *viz.*, their relations to God and those truths of religion which are vitally concerned with all the really important issues of life.

It is scarcely surprising that modern faithlessness has entered largely into the modern love of landscape. We have lost the light of the gospel and the sense of God's presence in the world, and we must needs go seek for new light and a new God. We have found them in nature. In the majesty of the mountain, the energy of the sunlight and the beauty of the May-day landscape the pantheist sees the changing moods of the one great soul of all things, and from studying nature's laws the theosophist finds out, so he thinks, that evil is punished and good rewarded by a mechanical process which is directed by no living personality. The result of this general unfixedness of purpose and belief is a widespread tendency to doubt about the profitableness of life, together with much of that gloominess, undefined yearning and comfortless mourning which is a common feature of our modern poetry. Dante, in spite of his sternness, and in spite of his close familiarity with misfortune and suffering, is invariably glad; but who can say this of Scott or Tennyson?

Now, serious and definite faith is necessary to art, and necessary

to all those who would take a right and noble pleasure in the joyful beauty of the world. All the highest art of the past was inspired by religion, and was the expression of strong religious feeling. The art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was great because it was religious, and because the religion of the mediæval Christians was intimately connected with their every-day life. But now, since the majority of men have no religion, and since those that have any keep it like an exotic plant sheltered under glass, from the four winds of heaven, our art has lost its vivifying principle. It is inspired by a confused medley of fugitive creeds and fashionable philosophies, Paganism, Agnosticism, Islamism, Evolution and garbled Christianity. Our modern epicures of literature and art do not seriously believe in or love the themes of their choice. They look upon religion as a hunting ground for æsthetic effects. Exquisite finish there is in their work, together with delicate appreciation of smaller beauties and a passionate and almost feminine love of nature. But we find no consistency, no genuine seriousness unless it be such melancholy seriousness as belongs to a light-forsaken soul that feels its own darkness.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another ! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain.  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.<sup>1</sup>

Protestantism has at last almost finished the work that was given it to do by the hidden powers of evil. After detaching Christians from the centre of truth and from the source of fixed and clear teaching which exists only in the Catholic Church, it has bidden them discard dogma after dogma, belief after belief, until the idea of God and of His relation to His creatures is wrapped up in vagueness and doubt. But thinking men perceive the need of religion and feel compelled to worship something. They therefore pay their adoration to nature; culture, for those who can get it, takes the place of religion, while indiscriminate sympathy and sickly sentiment serve instead of masculine piety.

The word "culture," in our days has almost an unholy ring about it, as if culture were in some sort opposed to religion, and too much identified with the pride of life to have any relish of sanctity in it. We are inclined to connect it with that spirit of paganism which sings, "*odi profanum vulgus*," and looks upon re-

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Arnold, *Dover Beach*.

finement and polite learning as that which divides mankind into two distinct classes, the contemptuously enlightened and the hopelessly ignorant. Now true culture implies charity, and a cultured Christian is one whose refinement springs chiefly from a full and practical application of the principles of the Gospel to every-day life. He behaves with equal charity to high and low, and though he scrupulously observes all distinctions of rank and social standing he never forgets that in matters of real and abiding importance, all men are upon an equality. In short he does not set culture above religion, but regards it rather as an ornament and exterior finish of religion which, in the absence of charity and the supernatural life, is merely a deceptive veneer hiding the foul reality of moral worthlessness.

Just as beauty, when pursued for its own sake, infallibly escapes its pursuer, so culture, when it becomes an end in itself, brings only disappointment and a sort of wisdom in which there is much indignation and little joy. For joy is found only where there is peace, and "peace," says St. Thomas, of Aquin, is "the tranquillity of order and has its seat in the will." Now order implies a definite end in view together with definite principles of action and, being seated in the will, it is entirely inconsistent with that idea of a noble character which is gradually coming into acceptance. For in our days we seem to regard a hero not as one whose life is ruled by high purpose and noble resolve, but as the fortunate possessor of a number of right impulses which come into play of themselves when they are wanted. Free-will our scientific philosophers would have us discard as an assumption both unnecessary and unwarranted, since everything can be accounted for without it.

Faith and a practical belief in the higher life to come, is as necessary in the æsthetic order as it is for religion, morality and sound philosophy. Without faith there will always be disorder, hopelessness and the prevalence of gloom in art; without faith life is robbed of its motive, love of its meaning and mystery of its inner reality. The hope of the higher life is the key to all the noblest inspirations of genius; it is the key too, to all tranquil enjoyment of nature's noblest gifts. But our faith must be lively and practical, and not merely a matter of dry intellectual persuasion. We may give our unwavering assent to all the teaching of the Church, and yet remain without the Church's spirit; without being heretics we may be entirely wrong in all our practical views of life.

Instructed Christians are only too often at fault in their attitude towards nature. They do not, of course, regard it as one semi-conscious being whose spirit is the soul of all things, or at least if they do so, this Being has in their minds a merely poetical and



imaginative existence; but they regard nature apart from the Lord and Creator of Nature, and look upon the pleasure caused by the sight of a beautiful landscape as a sentiment to be cultivated and made the most of for its own sake. They feel a kind of shame when fair scenery does not make upon them that strong impression which they covet, and often they try to persuade themselves and others that they are in a very ecstasy of "cosmic emotion." They will strain the fancy in trying to call up the fauns, naiads, water-nymphs and satyrs which have been dead and buried long ago. The labor ends in nothing and they are disappointed; and if they put their thoughts in words or on canvas, the work is pronounced labored and lifeless.

Another influence which has shaped the character of our modern love of landscape is our modern love of freedom. Now true freedom, which implies self-restraint, increased responsibility, and lovingness in obedience, is very different from license and absence of due restraint. The modern mind is in rebellion against authority, and with it freedom means the right of men to think what they like, say what they like, and do what they like, in the fond hope that, when they have enjoyed their freedom long enough, they will learn how to use it, and will infallibly say, think, and do the right thing by instinct. For they tell us that false beliefs and bad habits will follow the law of the destruction of the unfittest and only what is Utopian will survive. Just as the modern man of culture does not wish to be interfered with himself, so does he like all other creatures to go their own way. He therefore prefers the wildness of the woods to the formality of the garden; he loves the primroses and harebells of the field better than all the formal array of the Dutch flower bed, and regards the double dahlia as a vulgar monstrosity. He will sometimes even spend vast sums of money to make his private grounds wilder and less uniform than nature originally formed them, and the art of the landscape gardener will correct nature's tameness.

The mediæval mind, on the contrary, knowing as it did from the Church's teaching that grace and nature are at war with one another, and that man's term of life was given him to subdue nature in himself and bring his passions under the dominion of reason, was inevitably led to admire what was fashioned and rendered serviceable in the rocks and forests. Dante, says Mr. Ruskin, "does not show the smallest interest in rocks except as things to be conquered."

It should not be thought, however, that in these feelings towards untamed nature, our mediæval ancestors were right and we are wrong. Neither attitude is necessarily connected with right or wrong ways of thinking, or with good or bad dispositions of mind.

Mountains and woods were made for our good, and we are always free to dwell upon that aspect of them which we find most helpful, whether we associate them with what is nobly free or irredeemably savage. There is much that is noble and holy in the modern landscape feeling. In our childhood, when the affections are pure and vigorous, and most free from the influence of the reflecting intellect, it is indeed a gift of heaven for which those who have it in its fulness may well be thankful. But the youthful passion is capable of being used for good or ill according as it is prayerfully sobered into a source of life-long joy, or, by being selfishly indulged and vitiated by an unwise mind, it is made to produce only aching pleasures and disappointed hopes.

Our love of nature, then, must receive its chief training when it first becomes influenced by reflection. But how is this training to be effected?

Before answering this question, let us lay it down as a principle that all matters connected with the criticism of art, as well as our whole attitude towards what is beautiful in created things, should be regulated according to the far-reaching and necessary rules of Christian life which are contained in the gospel. In other words, criticism and æsthetics must be ruled and judged by theology. This assertion may at first sound startling, but, after all, it merely means that our art and our appreciation of the beautiful must be directed according to the laws of truth and goodness, as they apply to the life of fallen man, for whom there can be no abiding joy of the present, but whose peace must be in the hope of the life to come. Moreover, the application of the principle will often be entirely negative, so that whatever is merely not contrary to theological teaching may satisfy all the requirements of our rule.

Now a leading point of Christian teaching is contained in the words of St. Paul, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice," so that all melancholy which is associated with hopelessness and weak resolve, which loses sight of the unremitting watchfulness of God's providence and of the high spiritual issues of human life, is at once to be set down as æsthetically wrong and morally mischievous. Not but that there is a kind of melancholy which must be prayed for and cultivated, for the Master of life has said: "Blessed are they that mourn." But this latter species of sorrow is healthy and desirable, precisely because the end of it is joy, for the text goes on with the promise, "for they shall be comforted."

Our modern melancholy and prayerless lamentation, our unreasoning regret for the past, is due in great measure to the fact that our faith in the after-life is practically weak where it is not entirely lost. We have built our hopes in the present, we have

looked for high performances and the present realization of great ideals, and our disappointment has been bitter. The art and the literature which we have set up in the place of religion are appreciated only by the few, and the general sense of the age is becoming less and less alive to what is really great and elevating in the productions of our master minds. We had hoped that culture would leaven the world, and we find that the world has leavened culture.

Our culture is becoming more and more impregnated with the spirit of paganism. Pagan culture was contemptuous and exclusive in its pride; so is ours. Paganism worshipped intellect and scorned the virtue of the simple; so do we. The greatest sin in the pagan code of morality was dulness, and the greatest sinner the bore; and we, too, while we become every day more callous to sins which do men no visible harm, are growing delicately sensitive to any offence against what is called "good breeding," and will brook no infringement of the arbitrary rules of "society." At the same time, while we worship intellect and refinement, the practical aims of our life are in their nature sensual. We love our conveniences far more than our ideals; and small wonder, for our ideals are not intended for attainment, but merely to amuse our fancy. We are "children of the soil," and, being of the earth, we are earthy.

If we are ruled by the same spirit as the pagans, we shall meet with the same failure. Pagan civilization failed, because paganism could not offer to mankind any adequate idea of the higher life. Even the most spiritually minded of the Greeks and Romans scarcely dared to hope for any future existence better than the present. The most that they looked for was the sorry consolation of being remembered by their friends after death, and, if they failed of that, life itself was a failure. With the great mass of mankind, on their principles, life was indeed a failure, for the life of most men is hopelessly commonplace and unheroic. But when Christianity came into the world, men began to learn that commonplace actions need only a good will to give them an infinite value, while the failure of worldly aims and worldly ideals does not necessarily imply failure in the spiritual order. The spiritual order is paramount; the temporal stands on an altogether lower level. Hence, to the vigorous faith of the consistent Christian all decadence in art, all desecration of natural beauty, all ignorance or vulgarity in taste are evils to be lamented indeed, but small in comparison with the moral evils with which they are connected, and small, too, in comparison with that moral beauty of righteousness and its ultimate reward, from which even the uncultured many are not excluded. The cultured Christian values



his culture and the many advantages which culture brings along with it, but he regards them as we regard the tastiness of bread or the bloom upon the grape. Bread is not more nourishing for being tasty, nor the grape more delicious because of its bloom, yet life would be shorn of many a minor joy, if we lost the flavor of the one and the bloom of the other.

Culture is a blessing of which we cannot have too much, but, at the same time, it is possible for us to bestow too much attention upon it. We may, for instance, esteem it as much as, or more than, our religion by setting refinement and politeness above devotion and charity. Such over-attention will always defeat itself, and end in destroying those higher sensibilities which are necessary for true culture, and without which culture becomes "the bloom of decay." There are signs that this decay has set in. It is often said that in our days first-rate work in painting and in poetry is exceedingly rare, if it is to be found at all, while there has been no time when art has been so much talked about and so eagerly cultivated as it is in the present. It is true that there is abundance of good second-rate work and much highly trained mediocrity, but of distinction, high earnestness and inspiration there is little or none. The causes which have produced this effect are too deep-rooted and interwoven with one another for anything like clear analysis. But there is little doubt that, if we observed the relative importance of things, if we paid less attention to art and to the beauty of the created universe, while we fixed our thoughts and yearnings on the Great Source of natural and artistic beauty, then we should be much nearer to the attainment of these latter than we are now. "Is not the body more than the raiment?" and is not human life itself and the life-service of God in the world of more account than the adjuncts of life and the ornaments of the temple in which the purpose of life is worked out? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you."

It is because we have lost sight of the relative importance of the spiritual and temporal orders that our age is one of conflicts—of conflicts in science, of conflicts in art, and conflicts in the social world. Science is perverted into a weapon against religion, art is separated from religion, and is often at variance with morality; while in the human commonwealth, wealth and leisure are at war with the labor that supports them. And all this because there is no leading principle under which all human activities are united. Mankind has rejected the authority of the Catholic Church which, besides maintaining her own unchangeable unity of dogmatic teaching, has, moreover, extended her unifying influence into every department of life, by always fostering

the growth of powerful and united schools of thought, and by securing the observance of consistent principles and traditions in art. Theology, the nurse of Dante and of Fra Angelico, and once held to be the queen of sciences, and the moving spirit of art, is now scarcely dignified with even the name of science. And have art and science gained by the change? That there has been any gain to art few will maintain; while, in the case of science, an answer is not far to seek.

Theology, owing to the intimate relations between man and his Creator, is a science which, beyond all others, bears upon human life and human actions under their most important aspects. It teaches men how to *live* in the highest sense of the word; for it is that which reminds them why they live. It was the practice of Socrates, who held that we cannot know things as they are in themselves, to banish physical science entirely from his teaching. He considered that only such knowledge is worth the having as is connected with the practice of virtue, and has for its purpose to make men better than they are. The Catholic Church, taking men as she finds them, has always been more liberal in her allowances, and has never forbidden the teaching of anything except what in itself, or from circumstances, is dangerous to faith or morals. Hence, the physical sciences have the Church's fullest sanction and encouragement. At the same time, she requires that scientific men should set religion above science, the knowledge of God above the knowledge of animals and stones, and the discipline of Christian life above all the rules of science and art. This observance of due order and subordination in human pursuits is so far from degrading science that it gives it a new purpose and meaning. An infidel scientist, let us suppose, who has spent the best years of his life in working out some theory of planetary motion, is already near his death, when he finds out that he has been starting from wrong data, and his end is embittered by the thought that his life has been thrown away. Not so the instructed Christian, in like circumstances; knowing as he does the Catholic doctrine of intentions, he has every reason to believe that his labor, though scientifically lost, has been morally productive of results unspeakably more valuable to himself than the most astounding discoveries in the physical world. He has worked for the love of God, and in the service of God there is no failure.

Having shown that the spirit of our times is in need of a strong ruling principle to give it consistency, seriousness and a hope that is founded on faith; having seen, moreover, that such a principle may be secured by giving to theology its due place as the queen of sciences, we may pass on to consider how the saints have followed out the principles of theology and religion in their attitude

towards external nature. But here it may be objected that the saints are not our best guides in a matter of this sort, that as we are looking for natural rather than supernatural light, it is to the painters and poets that we should go rather than to the saints. For the saints, it will be said, were so detached from earthly things, so taken up with the thought of what transcends nature, that all the natural light that was in them was overwhelmed by the supernatural, as completely as starlight is overwhelmed by sunlight. It might even seem that faith and the light of grace were a hindrance rather than a help to the appreciation of landscape. The purely religious painters paid scant attention to natural scenery, and it is only in our days of darkness, when nature-worship has supplanted the rational service of God, that landscape has been studied with a closeness and loving attention which a mediæval artist would have reserved for something higher than inanimate matter. We are living, as it were, in a long, dark night of winter, when the smallest stars are visible in the far-off absence of the sunlight.

It is true that many of the saints paid scant attention to physical beauty, but this was by no means the case with all. It was not the case with St. Catherine of Siena, who, by the way, seems to have been familiar with the writings of Dante, and was herself a poetess of no mean merit. Her keen sense of natural beauty was elevated and intensified by faith. She loved nature because in the external forms of it she saw the symbols of divine truths. One of her disciples tells us that "she sought God in all that she saw. I remember how, when she saw the flowers in the meadows, she would say to us, 'See how all these things speak to us of God! Do not these red flowers remind us of the rosy wounds of our Jesus?' And if she saw an ant-hill, she would say, 'Those little creatures came forth from the mind of God. He took as much care in creating the insects and the flowers as in creating the angels!'"

The saints often appear to us as lovers of nature, but never as nature-worshippers. Their affection for their inanimate fellow-creatures was deep, peaceful and entirely exempt from that unrestful attachment to created beauty which so often embitters the parting from it. In reading St. Francis of Assisi's "Cantic of the Sun," we enter into the feelings of one who loved what was in the world simply because it was all made by God. God is the primary and direct object of his love; everything else is loved in God and for God's sake.

"Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures; and especially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee!"



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"Praised be my Lord for our sister water; who is very serviceable unto us, and humble and precious and clean."

Even the unlovely and painful circumstances of life are made the motives of equal praise with what is beautiful and pleasant.

"Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for His love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O Most Highest, shalt give them a crown!

"Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth."<sup>1</sup>

Of this canticle Matthew Arnold truly says that it is "poetry treating the world according to the demand of the heart and imagination," that it takes the world "by its inward symbolical side," whereas the poem of the pagan Theocritus "is poetry treating the world according to the demand of the senses" and taking "the world by its outward, sensible side."

Nature is like a book written in exquisitely beautiful type. The pagan sensualist loves the letters of the book because of their own inherent beauty, while the Christian saint loves them for the beauty of the supra-sensual things which they symbolize. It is the meaning conveyed by the letters which he regards rather than the letters themselves. The brightness of the sun and of the stars, the complex working of the powers of the universe, "fire, hail, snow, ice and the breath of the storm," are in themselves beautiful to contemplate in the soul of a saint; but their beauty is overwhelmed by the thoughts which they suggest of the Divine Being who made them after the image of His own original uncreated beauty. "For He spoke and they were made: He gave the word and they were created" (Psalm 148). Nay more, since the being of all created things depends absolutely upon the will of their Creator, and since of themselves they are nothing, it follows that of themselves they have no value except in so far as they manifest to us God.

It is this spirit of intense love for, yet perfect detachment from, creatures which is peculiar to the supernaturalized vision of the saints. St. Ignatius, in his "Spiritual Exercises," bids the exercitant contemplate all the circumstances of life, all creatures lovely and unlovely, as instruments to help out the purpose of life. Some are directly helpful in our use, others indirectly so in our avoidance of them. The beauty of nature is to be dwelt upon when we wish to excite feelings of spiritual joy, while it is to be banished from our thoughts when the emotion which we wish to arouse is sorrow for sin and a realization of the unseen

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<sup>1</sup> From M. Arnold's translation.

and untold evil which sin involves. In the *Contemplation for Obtaining Divine Love*, which forms the conclusion of the "Spiritual Exercises," we are told to consider "how God dwells in His creatures; in the elements, giving them being; in the plants, giving them growth; in the animals, giving them feeling; and in men, giving them understanding"; and again "how God works and toils, so to speak, on my account in created things, as in the heavens, the elements, plants, fruits, the flocks of the field, and so on, giving them their being and maintaining them therein."

We are led to conclude, then, from these and other examples of the saints that their view of nature was largely taken up with the deeper theological truths which underlie all the phenomena of the universe. Their thoughts when not uttered in the poetic form are at least matter for the highest poetry. With them there is none of that waywardness of the fancy which we find in secular poets who look upon things out of their relation to their Maker. He was a poet but not a saint who wrote:

"Even as the sun with purple-colored face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,"

Here we have an example of that sweetly wanton imagery and graceful trifling which abounds even in the greatest poets. With it we may compare a stanza of St. Ambrose's hymn, "In Aurora: "

"Christusque nobis sit cibus,  
Fortusque noster sit fides,  
Laeti bibamus sobriam  
Ebrietatem spiritus ;"

where we still have the same beauty of imagery rendered yet more beautiful by the sublime purpose which it serves. In Shakespeare's poem the imagery adorns a frolic of the imagination, in St. Ambrose it is part of a prayer. And so with all the saints the idea of nature was included in the idea of something still grander and more absorbing, and that was the idea of God.

This unity of conception is clearly, although implicitly set forth by St. Ignatius in the *Foundation* of the "Spiritual Exercises." He says: "Man has been erected that he may praise, revere and serve God, and by so doing save his soul; and all other things upon the face of the earth have been created for man to help him in the attainment of the end for which he was made." Mr. Ruskin makes a right application of the same truth when he tells us that the aim of all true art is the glory of God.

In this fundamental principle so clearly set forth by St. Ignatius, we see declared in general the relations in which mankind, nature and art are related to one another and to God. It is this principle which makes for the harmonious blending of all things in one; of

the sciences in one circle the centre of which is theology; of all the arts in one harmonious choir united together for the one object of service and praise.

We depart from this principle if we habitually contemplate nature in an unprayerful frame of mind. For nature has been made lovely precisely in order that we may easily fulfil the precept, "Pray always" and "Take thy joy ever in the Lord." And the joy will come all the more readily, and the barren trees of the forest will cease to be fruitless, when the thought of personal enjoyment gives way to that of praise. Not but that the fancy must sometimes have its toys, and that we may people the woods with all the sylvan deities of old if these can recreate our mind, but we must recognize these fancies to be the toys that they are and not as worthy of our serious thought. We should bear in mind what the universe really is—a temple built for the life-service of God. Its beauties make that service joyful and build up for us a vision of the eternal beauty which we look for in heaven. The unlovely aspect of life, its failures, its frustrated aims and the widespread evil which we meet within the world are intended, as far as we are concerned, to hinder us from becoming unduly attached to our temporary abode, and from luxuriating in the light that was intended for our guidance. Our joy is to be in the hope of what is to come; our disappointments, except at the loss of grace, are never, strictly speaking, material, and faith tells us that we ought to be the better for them, since they are all "instruments of love." The melancholy of autumn, the "idle tears" that "rise from the heart and gather in the eyes," when we think of "the days that are no more," never need bring with them any vital or enervating sadness. Sorrow there is and pain, for these shall last as long as there is sin to bewail and flesh to endure, but they shall rest upon a foundation of peacefulness and of a joy that blends with and leavens the sorrow into something that differs in kind from the comfortless mourning of such as have lost their hope.

In conclusion, our love of nature, in order to be a deep and permanent source of joy, must be prayerful, and directed primarily to that function of praise which is the chief end for which we, with all living things, were placed in this world. With the saints to live is to love, and every action is an act of love. With them religion and every-day life are one and the same. Every forest-path is their cloister, every solitude their place of prayer, and their love of nature is an aspect of their love of God. It is because their attitude towards nature has been banished from the modern landscape feeling, that that feeling is less joyful, less helpful and less profound than we hope it may one day become.

JAMES KENDAL, S.J.



## THE CHIPPEWAS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

OF all the North American Indian races, there is no nation about whom, and of whose language, customs and history, so much has been written, as the Chippewa, or, as Father Baraga wrote, the Ochipwe, of Lake Superior.

James Constantine Pilling, in his greatest work, "The Bibliography of the Algonquian Language," describes, pages 86-89, under Chippewa caption, three hundred and ninety-six distinct works.

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, who for thirty years was officially connected with Indian affairs in Michigan, was an extensive contributor to what relates to Chippewa history, to the national traditions, to the customs and to the cult of the Chippewas, as well as to the romance of their history.

If his voluminous works were reduced to 12mo. pages, they would be equal to thirty-five or more volumes of the size of Cardinal Gibbons's "Faith of Our Fathers." Schoolcraft's works contain about all that is authentic, and much that is traditional, of the history of the people of this Indian nation.

Their historical renown belongs to the past, while their present status is a melancholy one.

For two hundred years the Chippewas had been at war with the Sioux; these two nations "buried the hatchet" in 1825, at the treaty of Prairie du Chien, negotiated by General Cass.

This treaty was supplemented by the treaty of Fond du Lac, negotiated August, 1826, by General Cass and Colonel Thomas L. McKenney.

The most glorious, as it is also the most bloody event in Chippewa history, was the complete annihilation of the Iroquoian army, which, about the middle of the seventeenth century, in a gigantic fleet of war canoes, invaded Chippewa soil and encamped on a point fifteen miles above Sault Ste. Marie.

This camp was surprised by the Chippewas during a great storm, and the Iroquoian army, which had come more than one thousand miles from the council fire of the Iroquoian Confederacy at Onondaga, was butchered in the darkness and confusion of the attack without mercy, while but a few stragglers escaped to carry the story of the bloody disaster to the cantons of the Confederacy.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The scene of this bloody tragedy is known as "Point Iroquois." Its Indian name translated is: "The place of the Iroquois bones."

Had the Iroquoians subdued the Chippewa nation, the backbone of the great Algonquian Confederacy, comprising more than one hundred Indian nations, would have been broken; the colony of New France would have been without Indian support in the Northwest, while the political supremacy of the Confederacy of the Five Nations, of the "Country of the Lakes" of New York, would have been established over all the Indian nations inhabiting the territory between the Mohawk River and Hudson's Bay.

The Chippewa, the oldest and most powerful of the Algonquian Confederate Nations of the Northwest, had for centuries lived upon the coasts and islands of Lake Superior. Chippewa tribes had been domiciled on the shores of St. Louis Bay, Bois Brulé River, the Apostle Islands, La Pointe and all along the coast down to Sault Ste. Marie; the islands of Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, the Georgian Bay, and below Lake Huron down the St. Clair to within twenty-five miles of Detroit, where, on Walpole Island, six hundred Chippewas and several hundred Ottawas live semi-civilized at the present day, under the protection of the British flag.

But the chief canton of the Chippewas, according to General Cass, was at the head of Lake Superior, where the National and Confederate council fire had been burning for centuries. According to the same eminent authority, this locality was the centre of the intelligence, as it was of the power, of the Indian nations of North America, before the advent of the Iroquoians on the St. Lawrence, and long before the whites had "squatted" upon Indian soil.

It is not, therefore, without significance the phrase we have made use of: "the renown of the Chippewas belongs to the past!"

As at present constituted, the State of Michigan includes within her boundaries an Upper and a Lower Peninsula.

A glance at the map of the Western States will show that the Lower Peninsula is surrounded on all sides by lakes and rivers, having, as its frontier, the British boundary line, extending from Sault Ste. Marie down to the headwaters of Lake Erie, while the Upper Peninsula is washed by the waters of Lake Superior, along its northern, its eastern and its western coast, from Ontonagon County down to Sault Ste. Marie. It is bounded on the south by Wisconsin, by a line drawn from Menomonee on Green Bay, and running north to Montreal River, in Ontonagon County.

When, in 1836, the pioneer statesmen of the Territory of Michigan applied for her admission to the American Union, the Lower Peninsula, stripped of ancient appendages, with Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior as her northern, eastern and western boundaries, as formed by nature, and with a well established

southern boundary line dividing the territory from Ohio and Indiana, was offered as the domain of the postulant for admission.

Ohio objected to the southern boundary line because it included Toledo in Michigan. The latter determined to hold Toledo; hence the story of the "Toledo War." President Andrew Jackson did not like the prospect of a conflict over so small an object as was Toledo in 1836. For political reasons he wanted the question settled, and Michigan was admitted a State on the conditions that Toledo was to be restored to Ohio, and in its place the Upper Peninsula, commonly known as the "Lake Superior Region," was to be included within her northerly boundary lines. While the Lower Peninsula combines great advantages of soil and climate, the Upper Peninsula, during a decade of years or more, was considered as an annex like Alaska, even at the present day, offering no climatic or residential advantages to induce immigration.

Had her mineral richness been known at Washington at the time, it is probable Wisconsin would have claimed the rocky and sterile region as being within her natural boundary lines.

It has been stated that Lake Superior is the largest lake of fresh water in the developed regions of the Western Hemisphere.

Its coast line, from the "Sault" to its headwaters at Fond du Lac, is stated to be 529 miles long. It is 170 miles wide, and it has an elevation of 630 feet above the level of the Atlantic Ocean at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

Viewed from the deck of a modern Lake Superior passenger steamer, during the months of July or August, the coast appears attractive. One can see wonderful examples of castle-shaped rocks, monumental urns of great size, pictured rocks and beautiful bays.

The mirage in the upper waters on a fine sunny morning is bewildering, especially in the vicinity of the Apostle Islands.

What seems attractive to a tourist loses all charm by closer contact.

After you have "coasted" in an open boat during the most favorable<sup>1</sup> month in the year, which is July, from the Sault to

<sup>1</sup> The itinerary of a canoe trip on Lake Superior coast from the "Sault" to Fond du Lac, in the nomenclature of 1826, is: From the "Sault" to Point aux Pins, miles, 6; to Point Iroquois, scene of the massacre of the seventeenth century and entrance to Lake Superior, 9; Tonquamenon river, 15; Sheldrake river, 9; White Fish Point, 6; Vermilion Point, 9; Twin river, 12; Sucker river, 10; Grand Sable Point, 20; Pictured Rocks, 12; Miner's river, 9; Grand Island, 6; Rivière aux poissons qui rit, 15; Chocolate river, 15; Rivière morte, 9; Point d'aise, 21; Burnt river, 15; Huron islands, 9; Traverse island, 21; Tobacco river, 9; Rivière bête gris, 12; Point Kewewana (sic), 15; Grand marais and Clemen's river, 21; Portage, 19; Graverat's river, scene of his murder, 15; Rivière aux misère, 9; Fire Steel river, 18; Ontonagon river, 6; Little Iron river, 12; Great Iron river, 3; Porcupine mountains, 6; Presque'isle, 21; Black river, 6; Petite fille noyé (point), 15; Grande rivière Mon-



Fond du Lac, camping at night on some sandy beach, where the mosquitoes have their nests, and where the incessant splashing of the breakers of the angry waters of this "great inland sea" remind you of your impotence to brave its power, while the midnight frigidity which settles upon the scene chills all poetic emotion, the real ugliness of the shores of Lake Superior will have been thoroughly appreciated, when, after a journey lasting three weeks, you land on some one of the picturesque islands in the more agreeable atmosphere which prevails in the vicinity of its headwaters. Colonel Thomas L. McKenney, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who made such a journey as we have referred to, nine years before the advent of Father Baraga in the upper peninsula of Michigan, writes, as to these shores:

"It would defy the art of the most skillful to make this region productive; it is barrenness intensified. Even if the soil was more fruitful, summer flies over it like a bird, and leaves so little of the fruitful season as to forbid the hope that anything would be made to grow there. I consider this whole region doomed to perpetual barrenness."<sup>1</sup>

The quotations we propose to make from Colonel McKenney's letters will give a fair idea of the condition of the people of the Chippewa tribes at the time of the negotiation of the treaty of Fond du Lac, in 1826. Among the party who accompanied him were some of the most eminent authorities in the West in all that related to Indian affairs.<sup>2</sup>

"The Indians of Lake Superior," writes Colonel McKenney, "are Chippewas, and from Michilimacinac, which, in a direct line, may be eighty or ninety miles east of Lake Superior, and westward to Fond du Lac, they number about 8000. They are divided into tribes, and to each band there is a chief. Of their extreme poverty, and the wretched and miserable condition in which they exist, *I have not language to give you an adequate description.*"

"Something of what relates to their sufferings you may have gleaned from my letters and journal. I have no wish to dwell upon these, nor will I.

"These Indians draw their subsistence from the lake and rivers, from the forests and from the earth. From the lake and rivers they take fish, from the forest furs, and from the earth roots and berries.

"But their improvidence is such that they are three-fourths of their time starving, and many of them, as I have often repeated, die annually of want! The fish of the

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trear, 6; Bad river, 12; Isle St. Michel, 9; Point au Sauble, 9; Rivière detour, 3; Rivière Framboise, 6; Lis-ca-na-con river, 18; Cranberry river, 12; Iron river, 12; Grand brûlé river, 6; Rivière aux peupliers, 9; A-ma-ne-con river, 3; Fond du Lac and mouth of Rivière St. Louis, 9—529 miles.—*Tour to the Lakes*, pp. 271-3.

<sup>1</sup> *Tour to the Lakes*, p. 378.

<sup>2</sup> The expedition comprised: General Lewis Cass, Colonel McKenney, U. S. Commissioner; Henry Rowe Schoolcraft; Colonel Edwards, Secretary; Colonel Croghan, U. S. A.; John Hulbert, "Sault"; George B. Porter, subsequently Territorial Governor; Major Whipple and E. A. Brush, of Detroit; Henry Conner, of Detroit, interpreter; Captain Boardman, with troops; Dr. Zina Pitcher, Surgeon, U. S. A.; Commissaries, *voyageurs*, Indian pilots and guides.

lake are fine and abundant, but as none of these Indians ever think of to-morrow, they make no provision in summer against the wants and the rigors of winter.

"In winter the lake and rivers are frozen, and the fish are not taken; in winter, therefore, which reigns over all this region for five months out of twelve, these destitute people derive no support from the lake and rivers. The same improvidence leads them to kill the game in seasons when it is destructive to its multiplication, and hence the entire amount of furs on the whole coast of Lake Superior may now be estimated as not exceeding annually in cost \$23,500; and supposing this to be equally distributed by the American Fur Company among the individuals of the tribes, each one would receive less than \$3 per year, which is not enough to buy a blanket of the most ordinary quality.<sup>1</sup>

"There is, therefore, little left for the Indians for the greater part of the year except roots and berries. The principal of the former they call *wanb-es-see-pin*. It is a root, like a potato, only smaller, and grows in wet, cold ground, is mealy when boiled or roasted, and no doubt nourishing."

This outline of the status of the Chippewas was written at Fond du Lac in 1826, and published in 1827.

The climate of the Lake Superior region, so long the home of the Chippewa nation, and where the remnants of its tribes still remain, is fairly well described by a contributor to "Harper's Magazine," who, writing of the copper and iron mines, says:

"Mining regions are proverbially barren and rocky, and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan—at least that portion of it which is so productive of iron and copper—forms no exception to this rule. It is old—older than most of our hills, for it was the first land that was attached to the original Laurentian nucleus about which our continent has been formed. The face of the country is rugged and seamed and worn. Were it not for its mineral wealth it would remain permanently a wilderness. Lumber

<sup>1</sup> During the year 1825-6 the American Fur Company bought at their lake posts furs, varying according to quality, in value of each pack, at

	Packs.	Value.
Fond du Lac, . . . . .	150	\$10,000
Folle Avoine (Green Bay), . . . . .	30	2,000
Cote Royale, . . . . .	30	3,000
Lac Flambeau, . . . . .	80	3,000
Isle St. Michel, . . . . .	10	1,500
Ontonagon, . . . . .	20	3,000
Sault Ste. Marie, . . . . .	10	1,000
Total, . . . . .		\$23,500

It was on the above results, which he gives, that Col. McKenney arrives at his \$3 per capita estimate.

It will be observed that most of the packs were from Fond du Lac and vicinity.

Col. McKenney overlooked the operations of the North West Fur Company, of London, whose factory was at the British side of the "Sault," and whose operations, extending from Montreal to Hudson's Bay, were greater than any other fur company in North America. Not only was their stock at the "Sault" larger than that of their competitor, but their goods were better and their prices lower. Besides, their commandants and agents were not sectarian propagandists like those of the American Fur Company. The North West Company probably shipped furs double in value to those of the former. Taking into account, also, the operations of individual fur traders, the aggregate sum to be paid each Chippewa was probably \$12.00.

companies invade it here and there, and retire after having robbed the forest of the pine which is to be found in a few scattered localities. It would be an eddy where the stream of Western emigration had left a few Indians and woodsmen to subsist by the methods of primitive life.

"The land is generally valueless from the farmer's point of view, for the soil is a light drift—too light for wheat—and the climate a winter modified by a season of summer weather too short for Indian corn to ripen. Hay, oats, and potatoes yield the farmer a fair return, but the climate is so rigorous that the securing of shelter and fuel calls for so large an amount of energy that little is left to devote to cultivation. It is a proof of this that a very inconsiderable fraction of the population attempts to subsist by farming, although the freight from Chicago is added to the price of all the staple articles of production—hay, for instance, being from \$20 to \$25 a ton, and milk 10 cents a quart. Curiously enough, strawberries and currants reach a perfection unknown in more hospitable latitudes, a Marquette strawberry resembling in size a Seckel pear, and in flavor a wild strawberry. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that in northern latitudes—Marquette is about as far north as Quebec—the few summer days have from eighteen to twenty hours of sunlight and after glow, and vegetable growth is virtually uninterrupted by darkness. Light, the botanists tell us, bears the same relation to aroma that heat does to sweetness. Such strawberries as these must be visited to be seen, for they are too large and too delicate to bear travel themselves. I have spoken of the climate as a winter modified by a short summer.

"In July the monthly range was 50°, and the lowest recorded temperature 38°.

"Near the lake the presence of so large a body of water, which at Marquette never falls below 52°, and on the extreme northern end of the peninsula never below 48°, acts as an equalizer, and restricts the range within comparatively narrow limits.

"This low temperature of the lake water, which is higher than that of any of the streams entering it, precludes the idea of bathing.

"As a consequence few of the native lake sailors can swim, and it would be of little avail to them as a means of preserving life if they could, for the most robust man if he falls into Lake Superior chills and dies in a few moments. The numerous trout streams in the woods are of an icy coldness. The snow which falls to a depth of six or seven feet, melts and sinks into the sandy ground, to reappear in deep seated springs with a temperature of 39°, which is exactly equal to the average annual temperature of the locality.

"There is one short period of the June day when this northern forest region loses its wild, stern character.

"It is when the long twilight of the summer evenings passes through the beautiful modifications of the after-glow.

"The setting of the sun is followed by the usual grayish light, but instead of fading gradually into darkness, the western sky for a space of ninety degrees on the horizon, and to a height of fifteen degrees or more, becomes filled with a soft yellow radiance. This lasts till 10 o'clock or later. At half past 9 one can read easily.

"The light is evenly diffused, and there are no shadows. It is as mystic as moon-light, but warmer, more kindly sympathetic.

"The thick forests prevent the sun from warming the ground or the water. And finally the lake is so deep, its bed reaching several hundred feet below the level of the sea—that the summer air has little effect upon it before it is again covered with ice.<sup>1</sup>

"There is no other place on the globe where so large a body of cold fresh water lies at an elevation of 600 feet above the sea. The air in contact with this deep chilly water seems to acquire a peculiar vivifying and refreshing quality, quite impossible to describe, but very easy to appreciate. The forest southwest of Portage Lake is more than 100 miles long; it extends into Wisconsin and consists principally of hard maple. It is capable of supplying the continent with sugar. Until some discoveries of copper are made in it, it will remain one of the finest bodies of woodland in the country.

<sup>1</sup> It is not an unusual occurrence to find large blocks of ice which had been cast on the shore of the lake, in the months of July and August.



"There are many lovely little lakes and streams abounding with trout scattered through it. The eastern portion contains many impenetrable swamps overgrown with tamarack and cedar. The western portion of this great forest has less of the savage and forbidding aspect peculiar to Northern woods, and is comparatively open.

"The road to Ontonagon passes through it in one direction and is barely practicable for uncovered wagons. It is worth enduring a long railroad journey to be able to drive 40 miles through trees with the consciousness that you are leaving human habitations farther behind you at every step. The forest is singularly devoid of animal life.

"Mile after mile is uncheered by a solitary bird. The few Indians who are left on the Upper Peninsula are a peaceful harmless folk. They live by hunting and fishing, acting as guides for exploring parties (in search of mineral deposits), and a few work in a desultory way in the pinneries. Many of them own boats, and live in framed houses, and have adopted the white man's clothes. The priest in charge of the Catholic mission at L'Anse, whose knowledge of them is perhaps as accurate as that of any other person, puts their number at 2000, nearly all of whom can speak English imperfectly. Their tribal relation is slowly decaying—in fact, exists only as a tradition. He says they cannot resist the fatal effects of the vices of the lower classes of the whites with whom they come in contact, and that the numbers of the full-bloods are gradually shrinking.

"It is fortunate that the Jesuits came into the country before the Americans, so that the Indian and French local names were firmly fastened before our people took possession; and instead of the eternal Jackson and Madison and Adams, and North and New that we have Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Isle Royale, Grande Portage, Allouez, Pewabic, Ontonagon, Menomonee, and Michigamme, the last a beautiful word, pronounced as it is with the broad *a*. It is the name of a river, a canoe trip down which has all the charm of wood life without its discomfort.

"Pewabic, signifying iron, is the Indian name of a range of hills, which has been given to a mine, which we trust may immortalize it."

The wretched condition of the Chippewa Indian of Lake Superior during the earlier decades of the nineteenth century, may be traced to his condition in the past, and to his surroundings during these decades. The Chippewa is of a high caste Indian race. In the plenitude of Indian power in the Northwest, he was trained in his youth to the war path, to be an expert hunter, and to excel in the athletic field. No attention was paid to the tillage of the soil; while to labor for the support and comfort of himself and of his family, except in the hunting field, was considered degrading to his standing as a chief or a warrior. All the toil and drudgery of his social existence fell to his squaw, his domestic slave. When civilization had closed the war path, the greatest incentive to the ambition of one trained to the excitement of Indian war, was ended. Like Shakspeare's Moor, Othello's occupation had in reality gone. There was left the hunting field.

But the same cause which had closed the war path to the Chippewa brave, gradually made the hunting field less available to the Chippewa hunter's skill. The proximity of the white races to the forests, alarmed the nobler animals, accustomed to solitude, and they have fled from the hunters' range.

There remained none of the bison; but few families of the elk,

and diminished numbers of deer, which latter became gradually less, because the animals were slaughtered contrary to Indian law, during the season when they should have been left to reproduce their species. The bear had become more wary and more difficult to capture or kill; although he was of a sort of game prized for his fur, his fine lard, and for his excellent meat. The smaller wild animals still remained; but their fur was not so valuable; while their meat, except that of the raccoon, was unfit for food. No more excellent fish may be found in the world, than in the waters of the bays which abound in the coast of Lake Superior. The salmon, the trout, and the white fish especially, which are caught in these semi-chilly waters, have solid flesh, few bones, but little oil, and are of exquisite flavor.

Practically, the fisherman cannot take fish in these waters during six months of the year; for winter begins in October and lasts until May. Why the Indian should not secure during the more favorable months, a supply of such excellent food as this fish, cured, dried, and smoked, would have been for the long winter, for himself and for his family, is a question to which there is but a simple answer: Labor was considered degrading according to the code of a Chippewa warrior.

He would not work for his own and for his family's support. Long continued idleness had made him improvident.<sup>1</sup>

Had his squaw attempted to fish from the abundant supply nature had provided so near, she would have perished from cold.

But given the fish, she would have cured them with sugar, and hung them to dry, and to be smoked from the rafters of her lodge.

While nature has provided the Indian races of more agreeable climates than that of the Lake Superior region, with a soil which yields abundant crops of Indian corn, which is the great solace, as it is the staple food, of the Indian household, the Chippewa was deprived of this nourishing food; but in its stead, the fish, which is so excellent, was given him in the place of Indian corn. He might have secured all that was requisite as a food supply during the winter, but he would not, for the reasons stated: and himself and his family starved in consequence.

There was another, if not a more fatal evil operating all through these decades against the Chippewa's welfare; this was whiskey. It was bad in quality, comparatively cheap, and to be had in unstinted quantity, when means for its purchase was available. It has been stated, that at Drummond's Island below the Sault, the

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<sup>1</sup> If the Chippewas had not been so improvident and lazy—they might have produced thousands of tons of maple sugar annually, in the great maple forest southwest of Portage Lake, which is, as stated, 100 miles long, "large enough to supply the continent" with this kind of sugar."

Chippewas and Ottawas assembled in July and August, thousands of the former, to receive their annual presents from the British government. Among these, were "Mackinac blankets," the best and warmest known in North America, for the Indians; and warm strouds for the squaws.

"We saw a log house on the island," writes Colonel McKenney, "where a sutler had fixed himself, and I counted on the shore seventeen empty whiskey barrels. For their contents, these poor wretches (the Chippewas) had exchanged their fine 'Mackinac blankets,' and strouds, and kettles, and knives, and calicoes, that had been distributed to them."

"It is not possible," he continues, "to give a description of the appearance of these staggering and besotted Indians."

The most profitable article in the stock of an Indian trader, was whiskey. And, generally, the annual result of a Chippewa's hunting campaign, when disposed of to the trader, was invested in whiskey.

But the traders were not the only factors of the Indian's misery.

The American Fur Company sold more whiskey to the Indians in exchange for their furs, than all the traders; while the preliminary method of the latter was to make the Indian drunk, and then buy his pack for whiskey, the company's agents acted fairly, paying the current value for the Indian's furs, in such articles as he named, but the greater part of the equivalent was whiskey.

Here is Colonel McKenney's apology for the whiskey traffic of the American Fur Company with the Chippewas:

It would be doing injustice to those who have attended the Indians to this treaty and who are connected with the American Fur Company,<sup>2</sup> and I will name Mr. Dingle for an example, were I not to say of them that they appear in all respects to be worthy of their trust, and kind in their disposition towards the Indians.

"But even these meritorious men confirm the existence of the evil of the whiskey traffic and deplore it, as at war with the happiness of the Indians, and the peace of our borders."

They say, however, "whiskey does get into the Indian country, and it is dealt out to the Indians; unless we can compete with those who will employ it as an article of trade, we can do nothing."

Colonel McKenney might have gone further in the same direction, had he induced the sanctimonious Methodist promoter, Mr. Dingle, to explain what proportion of the \$23,500 worth of furs purchased from the Chippewas in 1825-26, by the American Fur Company, had been paid for in whiskey.

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<sup>1</sup> These blankets imported by the North West Fur Company, and supplied to the British Indian Department, were probably the best of the kind known in commerce.

<sup>2</sup> The Colonel probably refers to the officials of the company who came to the treaty of Fond du Lac, and opened additional trading booths.



It would seem from what we have quoted, that during the decades under consideration, the fur-trade was in reality, so far as the unfortunate Chippewas were concerned, a whiskey traffic; but, not only did these Indians part with their furs for the white man's *fire-water*, but their warm blankets and comfortable clothing given them by the British government each year at Drummond's Island to protect them from the rigor of a Lake Superior winter, as stated, went to the remorseless trader for the same evil factor. "Could our citizens," writes Colonel McKenney, "see the degrading effects which whiskey produces upon this already hapless race, their humanity might be relied on to interfere and stop its further introduction among these wretched people. The evil to be felt, must be *seen*."

"No description can convey any adequate conception of the degraded and wretched condition in which the use of this drink has involved the Chippewa people."

The American Fur Company, having posts at Mackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, L'Anse, Ontonagon, Isle St. Michel, Lac Flambeau, Cote Royal, Green Bay, and Fond du Lac, patronized sectarian missions at most of their posts.

The most extensive of these was the Presbyterian mission on the island of Mackinac; the missionary was one of the pioneer Presbyterian ministers of Michigan, Rev. Mr. Ferry, an exemplary and a zealous man; it was conducted under the auspices of Robert Stuart,<sup>1</sup> agent of the American Fur Company, at the expense of the Presbyterian Board of Missions.

"What shall I say," writes Colonel McKenney, "of Mrs. Stuart, of this excellent and accomplished lady whose whole soul is in this work of mercy. The mission school is, in her eye, the green spot of the island; and she loves to look upon it. But this is not all. With her influence and means, she has held up the hands that were ready, in the beginning of this establishment, to hang down.

"I do wish you could see this school, and hear Mrs. Stuart talk about it. She is always eloquent, but when the missionary establishment is the theme, she is more than eloquent."<sup>2</sup>

There can be no question raised as to the merit of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart's missionary work on the island of Mackinac, there being at the time no resident Catholic missionary on the island. It was beneficent work while it lasted. When, in time, the mission was abandoned, after the American Fur Company had discontinued

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Stuart, during the "forties" was United States Indian agent. He was an old-time resident of Detroit, of high standing and of rank in Presbyterian circles. His brother David, a bachelor, is mentioned in Irving's *Astoria*: both were "gentlemen of the old school."

<sup>2</sup> *Tour to the Lakes*, letter from Mackinac, August 29, 1826, p. 388.

operations at all their lake posts,<sup>1</sup> the "mission house," over which Mrs. Stuart presided, remained for several years vacant.

It was subsequently changed into a hotel, and managed as such under the name of the "Mission House." It was our quarters during the summer for several years. It is located on rising ground, overlooking the bay and surrounding waters, and it is a charming retreat during July and August. It has been enlarged, and it is generally filled with guests during these months.

There was an Episcopalian mission under similar auspices at Sault Ste. Marie, and a Methodist mission at L'Anse, under the patronage of the company's agent, Mr. Dingle, whose name has been mentioned by Colonel McKenney. Of the missions at the other posts of the American Fur Company we have no authentic information. It is evident that while this great company was providing the principal element so fatal to the welfare of the Chippewas, it, at the same time, patronized sectarian missions for their regeneration and conversion to Christianity. The Sault Ste. Marie, "Leap of the St. Mary," as named by the Jesuits, is a historic locality in American Catholic annals. The standard of the Cross was raised here and the Chippewas baptized by the Jesuit missionary, Charles Raymbaut, in 1640, before Eliot had begun to preach to the unfortunate Massachusetts at Nonatum.

The river at the "Sault" is about a mile and a quarter wide, and the rapids or cataract, whose bottom is formed by huge bowlders, over which the waters leap and rush madly down to the level below, roaring and foaming for three-quarters of a mile, through a breadth of over 1000 feet, create an atmosphere of freshness which can be compared only to that of Niagara, where these same waters take their grandest leap on their way to the Atlantic. The scene is a wild one, and it has but little changed during more than two and a half centuries. But geologists will tell you that in ages remote from the visit of the missionaries in 1640, the overflow of Lake Superior did not descend to the lakes below, as it has for centuries. They will point you to a range of large bowlders in the rear of the "Sault," over whose polished surface the waste of the waters of this "great inland sea" coursed in torrent and foam on their way to the Mississippi River.

"The staples of this place are white fish and maple sugar," wrote Colonel McKenney, while visiting the "Sault" in 1826, "and some, but not many, furs."

"The fish are taken in great quantities in two seasons; the first commences in May

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<sup>1</sup> The foundation of John Jacob Astor's great fortune was laid during these decades, by the profits of the American Fur Company in these lake regions, and westward to the Pacific.

and ends in July; the second, which is the season when the white fish is in its prime, begins with September and ends with October. This fish taken here being in the universal estimation the finest that swims. Were it not for this beneficent and prolific provision of Divine Providence, it would be impossible to sustain life in this locality.<sup>1</sup>

"Sugar, made from the sap of the maple tree, is the next great staple. Nearly all the Indian and half-breed women in this locality manufacture maple sugar, as light in color but far richer than Havana sugar. The family of Mr. John Johnston, among others, produce several tons each year."

The commercial value of "Indian sugar," while it was supplied in such abundance as late as the "forties," was in Detroit from \$9 to \$10 per 100 pounds. It was preferred for family use to cane sugar. It was packed in "mococs" of birch bark, containing about 40 pounds, the cover fastened, and it was always a current medium of commercial exchange. The Chippewa squaws were accustomed to come down from the lakes to Detroit in the summer season, in their bark canoes, with a cargo of "mococs," which they exchanged with the merchants for other essentials.

Prior to the advent of Father Baraga in the Lake Superior regions, the "Sault" village derived importance from the military establishment of the government, from the American Fur Company's post and depot, and from its being the seat of the United States Indian Agency for the upper lakes and waters.

Outside of these were fifty or more one-story log-houses, more than half of which were vacant.

There were five Indian traders, while the entire population, including voyageurs and half-breeds, numbered less than one hundred adults, with more than twice as many children. The military reservation grounds were maintained in fine condition; the fort was protected by mounds and block-houses and inclosed with pickets, the garrison numbering about two hundred and fifty offi-

<sup>1</sup> Colonel McKenney writes: "White fish are taken by half-breed and Indian experts in the rapids at the 'Sault' with scoop nets, and in bark canoes so light they might be carried by one's hand, generally below the torrent. One sits near the stern, paddle in hand; the other with a pole ten feet long, with a scoop net at the end, stands in the bow, and with his feet steadies the frail craft. As the glistening scaled fish dashes through the water, he is seen, and by a signal the canoe is instantly paddled to the vicinity. The water is as clear as crystal, and with great dexterity, while keeping the canoe steady, the scoop net is plunged, the fish caught and thrown into the canoe."

"To one not accustomed to such a scene, where the frail shell in which are two human beings is tossing amid the spray and rush of the waters, the movements of the fishermen seem imminently perilous, but fatalities are of rare occurrence. Such is the abundance of the catch that these splendid fish are sold as low as two or three cents each. Delicious brook trout are taken in the same manner.—*Tour to the Lakes*, p. 193. During our visits at the 'Sault,' in 1855, the same method of fishing in the rapids was a source of daily interest.

We do not believe there is a place in America where such fine fish are taken, and where they may be eaten with so much relish, as at Sault Ste. Marie.



cers and men. The finest residence and grounds outside the fort was that of Mr. John Johnston, an Irish gentleman, the former United States Indian Agent, who, through his Chippewa wife, exercised great influence over the Indians of the Lake Superior region.<sup>1</sup> Across the rapids on the British side was the Northwest Fur Company's post and depot, with warehouses and dependencies.

There were eighty or more small houses along the Canadian shore, and the appearances indicated more life and prosperity than was apparent on the American side.

The miserable condition of the Chippewa people during the third decade of this century is further described by Colonel McKenney in his subsequent letters. The government party left the "Sault" in batteaux July 11th, and arrived at Fond du Lac, where the treaty was to be held, July 30, 1826. On the route a halt was made at Montreal River, 421 miles from the "Sault."

Of this locality, the Colonel writes:

"Under the eastern bluff was an Indian lodge, in which were one man and several women and children in a wretched state of poverty and starvation!

"The poor Indian had some powder, with which he saluted us, but no shot; he had no twine to make a net, nothing out of which to make a spear, and no canoe.

"When we fed them, it was like feeding a hungry mastiff, scarcely time was taken for mastication. The wrinkled and aged grandam wore a leather skirt that came only to her knees and a leather jacket open in front; both "garments" were black and greasy from age. They had been living on roots for a week! We promised to send them food."<sup>2</sup>

Colonel McKenney describes the assemblage and formalities of the council in detail, the signing of the treaty and the wind-up, when presents were distributed to the Indians in attendance as follows:

"At the signal of the discharge of three cannon shots, the multitude assembled—men, women, and children. This was the first time we had had before us the entire

<sup>1</sup> It is among the romantic coincidences in American history that two Irish gentlemen of similar name, but in widely separated localities, at important epochs in this history, mainly through their respective wives, influenced great Indian combinations toward American colonial and national supremacy. These were the Irish Mohawk chief and British baronet, Sir William Johnson, whose Mohawk wife was Mollie Brant, sister of the chief Tha-yan-da-ne ga, whose influence with the Iroquoian League prevented a French alliance with the latter in the struggle for British supremacy in North America, which ended with the death of Montcalm; and John Johnston, whose Chippewa wife was Os-ha-gus-co-da-wa-gua, daughter of Wa-ba-jeck, one of the head chiefs of the Chippewas of Lake Superior, whose influence over the Algonquian League, at a critical period in American history, during the War of 1812, defeated the machinations of Tecumseh to draw the lake tribes to the side of the British in their attempt to subdue the American colonies, but which ended so disastrously at the battle of the Thames, in which Tecumseh was killed and his followers dispersed.

<sup>2</sup> *Tour to the Lakes*, p. 260.

collection of Indians." As the chiefs of the respective tribes, from Sault de Ste. Marie, along the litoral of Lake Superior to the headwaters of this lake; and from the islands and rivers above and below, were only entitled to seats in this council, these chiefs and their families present, may be taken for our purpose, as representatives of their respective communities. "Never before," writes the colonel, "had I witnessed such a display, nor such an exhibition of nakedness and wretchedness, nor such varieties of both. From the infant tied to its cradle, and to the back of its mother; from the little fellow clad in a dress made of raccoon skins, to one of the Sandy Lake chiefs dressed like a King Saul."

Ejected from the field of his missionary work in the Grand River Valley by the United States Indian Agent,<sup>1</sup> Father Baraga returned to Detroit in the winter of 1834, determined to enter upon the more extensive and hazardous field of missionary work among the Chippewas of Lake Superior. As the upper lakes were not open to navigation, he was, at his own request, sent by Bishop Résé to look after the straggling members of the Catholic faith in Saint Clair County.<sup>2</sup> He worked in this locality for five months, doing much good, and then returned to Detroit; in the mean time he had acquired a fair knowledge of the Chippewa language. Father Baraga's relations with the chiefs of the Ottawa nation was such that he became fully posted in regard to the economic status of the remnants of the Chippewa tribes on the Lake Superior coast, their utter paganism, and their woful condition. This knowledge, however, moved his charitable soul to undertake their regeneration and conversion to Christian life. This is evident from a letter to his sister, written during his missionary labors among the white settlers on the Saint Clair River.

"It appears strange to me," he writes, "to be in a congregation of whites. I live here in peace, and I am much more comfortable than among my Indians, but I feel like a fish thrown on dry land.

"The Indian mission is my life; now having learned the languages tolerably well, I am firmly resolved to spend the remainder of my life on the Indian mission, if it be the will of God.

"I am longing for the moment of my departure for Lake Superior. Many I hope will be converted to the religion of Christ, and find in it their eternal salvation. Oh! how the thought elevates me! Would that I had wings to fly over ice-bound lakes, so as to be sooner among the pagans. But what did I say? Many will be converted? Oh no! If only one or two were to be converted and saved it would be worth the while to go there and preach the gospel. But God in His infinite goodness always gives more than what we expect,"<sup>3</sup>

These lines mirror the aspirations of the soul of Frederick Baraga. He was then in his thirty-eighth year.

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<sup>1</sup> See "Frederick Baraga Among the Ottawas," *AM. CATH. QUAR. REVIEW*, January, 1896, p. 129.

<sup>2</sup> This county borders the river and lake of this name, and is from twenty to sixty miles from Detroit.

<sup>3</sup> Manuscript of Rev. C. Verwyst, O.S.F.

July 9, 1835, Father Baraga embarked on his voyage to the upper lakes by way of Mackinac; from this island he sailed by open boat to Sault Ste Marie, and thence by batteau, coasting the shores of Lake Superior he finally reached La Pointe, near the headwaters of Lake Superior, July 27, 1835. His reliance upon the aid of divine providence must have been great, for when he arrived at this island, where he intended to commence his missionary work, he had but \$3 in money! There were no postal arrangements available nearer than the "Sault." He found a mixed population on the island; French and American Indian traders, half-breeds and native Chippewas.

Having located the site of his mission near a log cabin, which he had procured for his residence, he began the building of a log church, 50 by 20 feet, and 20 feet high, which he completed in seven days, and then dedicated it to St. Joseph. By what means he was able to build, to furnish his little cabin, and to provide the requisites for the installation of his missionary work, we have no definite knowledge. It is, however, probable that the traders on the island gave him credit for some essentials, while there were some well-to-do Catholic families at La Pointe and at St. Michel's, an island of this group, on which was a trading-post, who would not be likely to withhold any assistance *acceptable*.

As a foretaste of the rigor of the climate, thin ice was formed on the lake shore a few days after the dedication of the mission church; while the first fall of snow occurred during the third week in September. The Indians were rejoiced at his coming and he soon induced a considerable number to assemble in the morning, when he offered the Holy Sacrifice in his little church; after Mass he gave an instruction, and he soon had a class of catechumens, who, when properly prepared, were one after another, baptized. He continued this work, and by the end of the year 1835, he had baptized 186 Chippewas, most of whom were adults. This was the inauguration of the apostolate of Father Baraga among the Chippewas of Lake Superior. What we have outlined of the climate, of its lands, of its waters, and of the condition of the unfortunate race of people living, or rather starving, upon the shores of Lake Superior, may enable our readers to form a faint conception of the crucial task this saintly man had set before him.

But of that first winter at La Pointe, during all of which he was utterly penniless, the hardships he endured are known only to God.<sup>1</sup> His diet was scanty, fish and bread at first, and as the season progressed, oftentimes only bread. He had but a scant supply of clothing, which he managed with great care to keep in wearable condition, and which, whenever necessary, this high born

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<sup>1</sup> Manuscript, Rev. W. Elliott, C. S. P.



Carniolan nobleman mended with his own hands. There was a Chippewa hamlet three miles distant, whose people were sober and industrious; the men during the day time were usually absent, trapping or hunting; in the dead of winter, Father Baraga made regular visits to this village on certain evenings of each week, so as to instruct the men at night. These journeys were made on snow shoes, while the cold was intense.

He baptized twenty-two in this village, all but two of whom were adults. During 1835 he extended his missionary visitations to other Chippewa villages on the island, with the most consoling results. The wretched condition of the people of these villages, especially during the winter season, moved the soul of Father Baraga. The habitations of the more provident were the traditional Chippewa lodge or cabin.

A Chippewa lodge, during Father Baraga's time, was about 18 feet long, 12 wide, and 14 high. Its framework was of saplings long enough to be firmly fastened in the ground, and to reach the centre of the roof from each side, where they were fastened. The ridge pole rested in the crotch of three young trees, on which the framework of the roof rested. Similar trees supported the poles of the eaves. The roof was oval and the whole exterior covered with uniform lengths of bark overlapped so as to shed rain and defy the winds.

The interior was lined with smooth-faced bark and floored with the same material, on which were generally mats. On each side were rows of lockers serving as receptacles of household articles, and on which were spread mats and furs for beds.

A circle at one end was left for a fire, over which a hole in the roof was made for the escape of smoke, ventilation, and light. Around this hole were poles from which hung articles of food, fresh or cured fish, and meats. An aperture in the front of the lodge served as a door, which was closed either by a curtain of bark, or of tanned buckskin, or by a bearskin retaining its fur.

The arms and equipment of the Indian, the belongings of the cuisine, except the kettle, hung from the walls. One or two families might occupy such a lodge. But where only one or two persons lived by themselves, a circular lodge, 12 feet in diameter was occupied. No nails or iron of any kind was used in the construction of these lodges.

But, as has been stated, the high caste Chippewa, as a rule, was improvident.

During the long winter months, after the slender store of dried fish, meat, and roots had been exhausted, the supply of food for the Chippewa household became limited, and barely sufficed to sustain life. But this was not the worst.

In these lodges, when visited by Father Baraga during the winter of 1835, he found men, women, and children subsisting on a scanty supply of food, some indeed starving; while naked children were grouped around the fire, shivering with cold; for the average temperature was several degrees below zero.

Can it be imagined, that the men and women he found in these lodges, could look upon him with indifference, when he, poor as themselves, came to console and to teach them the truths of Christianity; and when they could comprehend what this meant, and they were made fully acquainted with the sublime mission of the Saviour of mankind, and laid at the feet of the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer their own sufferings?

Appalled and soul sick by the close contact of such misery, Father Baraga determined to go to Europe, where he knew his appeal for aid would meet with substantial response. In 1836 he crossed the ocean and he was warmly welcomed in his paternal home; but he tarried there briefly. In his native country he was received with great distinction, and wherever he preached he was greeted by crowds of sympathetic hearers.<sup>1</sup>

This was especially the case at Laibach and Vienna. He then went to Paris, to have printed a revised edition of his Ottawa Prayer-book, a work of 300 pages, which was published by Bailly in 1837. He had, while at La Pointe, and in the midst of his missionary work, translated this work into the Chippewa language, for the use of the Christian people of this nation.

This book was also published by the same house in Paris in 1837.

While correcting the proof, and watching the publication of these books, ever mindful of the value of time, he devoted his leisure hours to missionary work among the German residents of Paris, of whom there were numbers in great need of spiritual instruction. He returned to his mission in 1838.

With renewed vigor, and well supplied with means—for the response to his appeal for aid had been liberal—Father Baraga returned to La Pointe and resumed apostolic work. He taught his neophytes to read so readily that, with prayer-book in hand, they were able to assist intelligently at the religious services in their respective chapels. He made regular visits to Isle St. Michel, Fond du Lac, Grand Portage, L'Anse and other places where there were Christian families to care for, neophytes to instruct or pagans to exhort. He went to these localities during the summer season in his own boat, which was about fifteen feet long, without keel or centre-board, and unfitted for lake service during stormy weather.

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<sup>1</sup> Manuscript, Rev. C. Verwyst, O. S. F.

He generally had but one attendant with him, who sat in the stern, managing the small sail and guiding the little craft. Father Baraga, who never wasted time, usually lay on his side in the bottom of the boat, and either read his office or occupied his mind to advantage.

On one occasion, when bound for the north shore, his attendant was a faithful Chippewa half-breed, whose Indian name was "Winzon." After leaving La Pointe the wind increased and the waves tossed the missionary's boat on their crests as if it were a mere cockle-shell. The lee of Sand Island, one of the Apostle group, was made a temporary shelter. When the wind subsided, the little sail was again hoisted; the breeze was stiff, and the boat was steered for the Grand Portage, a distance of forty miles, with a rough coast in the vicinity. When about in mid-lake, a storm arose, which rapidly increased to a regular Lake Superior tempest. The boat was driven leeward toward the coast thirty miles east of Father Baraga's destination, and it was tossed over the crest of the angry waves with every prospect of its being swamped; in which event there would not have been the slightest chance for the safety of the missionary or of his attendant—the frigidity of the water would have ended their lives in a few minutes.

In the meantime Father Baraga had been lying in the bottom of the boat, reciting his daily office of prayer, with occasional intervals of meditation, as unconcernedly as if he was seated in his missionary cabin. When the tempest was in its most angry mood, poor "Winzon," who had given up all hope, exclaimed, in the Chippewa dialect, "Perhaps we are going to die, Father!" "Don't be afraid, Winzon," and he continued his devotions. As the frail boat approached the surf-bound shore, "Winzon" again exclaimed, "Which way shall I steer, Father?" "Straight ahead," replied the missionary, who continued his prayers. On went the little craft over the breakers and into the calm waters of a small river which had its outlet "straight ahead," where the frightened half-breed had been directed to steer.

When Father Baraga landed, he selected a sapling, and had "Winzon" cut off the branches, leaving the trunk about ten feet high.

A few feet from the top a mortise was cut, into which a piece of the sapling three feet long was fitted and thoroughly fastened, "Indian fashion," making an indestructible cross, anchored in the soil by the roots of the young tree.

Father Baraga held the cross in the highest veneration; when he sought shelter from the storm in mid-winter, in the forest, in some tenantless cabin, he marked the sign of the cross in the snow before he entered the dreary enclosure, and when, after the night had passed, he emerged from such temporary shelter, he again



marked the venerated outline in the snow as a token of his gratitude for the mercy which had been vouchsafed him. He appreciated the miracle by which his own and his attendant's life had been spared during the violent tempest, where, under ordinary circumstances, such an escape from death could not have been expected; and, as a token of his gratitude for such miraculous delivery, he planted this cross in the locality which had been the scene of his miraculous delivery. This cross has been cut into fragments, which are now treasured as relics by red and white Christians, who venerate the memory of the saintly missionary; while the river whose tranquil waters received the storm-tossed boat,<sup>1</sup> and which before this event had been without a name, has since been named and always will be known as Cross river on the map of the coast of Lake Superior.

The half-breed "Winzon" still lives at La Pointe, to tell the story of this miracle wrought by Father Baraga. Father Chrysostom Verwyst, O.S.F., Indian missionary at Ashland, Wisconsin, near the vicinity of Father Baraga's labors, is our authority for the story we have outlined. From the same venerable source we have the relation of the Rev. John Chebul, of Newberry, Michigan, the authenticity of which may be relied on, of another miraculous escape of Father Baraga while travelling on the ice from La Pointe to Ontonagon river. Father Chebul is a veteran Indian missionary of the Lake Superior regions, and a native of Carniola, the family seat of the Baragas. Toward April the solid ice between the Apostle Islands and the main shore weakens and becomes honey-combed. Strong winds upheave its level surface and great fissures divide it into sections, which are moved by the same cause into the greater waters, where they are finally broken into fragments, which are tossed to and from the coast, until they are finally melted by the August temperature.

Before separating, such ice fields may be miles in extent and several feet thick; they are traversed by the Indians and half-breeds while still remaining in the bays, but in calm weather, and in daylight only. Travel on them after a storm upon the lake proper is exceedingly hazardous. The eye may take in a surface of many square miles and yet not see a fissure too broad to leap, which may make the field movable and subject to the agitation of the winds.

Woe to that traveller upon such a field, should it be set in motion toward the lake, or should it break from pressure below. He is doomed to perish from cold, either on the ice, or in the open water; no human power can save him.

The duties of his mission made a visit to the vicinity of Ontonagon River necessary, and *to save time*, so precious to Father Baraga, he determined to cross the bay on the ice, instead of

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<sup>1</sup> Father Baraga's boat had been driven a distance of seventy miles before landing.

crossing the short distance dividing the island from the main shore, and marching along the shore, a distance several times greater, more difficult to travel on account of the snow still remaining, and three times longer in the time required for the journey. It was in the month of April and the ice, although cracked in some places, was apparently firm in its place; walking on its surface was comparatively easy when compared with the shore, but there was danger in the former, and safety, however toilsome, in the latter.

Taking a half-breed, in whom he had confidence, as an attendant, Father Baraga with his pack on his shoulders containing his sacred vessels, his vestments, his breviary and other essentials for his mission, his attendant carrying blankets, tools, and food in his pack, began his journey on the ice from the shore of La Pointe toward the main shore near Ontonagon, and travelled without thought of danger until he suddenly came to the edge of the field, which was separated from the shore by an expanse of clear water.

The field had moved from its place during the transit of the missionary, and it continued to move rapidly toward the great sea whose waves would soon break it into fragments and engulf the wayfarers in its icy waters.

The situation was critical. The half-breed became wild with terror, for he fully appreciated that they were doomed.

But Father Baraga remained unmoved, being apparently absorbed in prayer.

Onward moved the field, nearer and nearer to the main waters of the lake, and with a velocity which paralyzed the poor half-breed. Suddenly the wind shifted, the movement of the field of ice changed from seaward to landward, and it was soon driven ashore and remained as if anchored to the bottom.

A landing was made at a point recognized to be twenty-five miles from Ontonagon River. The field of ice had carried them a distance of sixty miles toward their destination.

"See," said Father Baraga to the half-breed, "we have travelled a great distance and have not labored."

The average reader may not realize the hopeless situation in which the missionary and his half-breed attendant stood, as the field of ice on which they had been travelling was driven seaward.

And to such a sea! Frigid over its waters, and in its waters, over which neither gull, nor hawk, nor heron, dared brave its prevailing temperature.

Those only familiar with the Lake Superior region, familiar with the wildness of its waters, and who well know the impotency of human beings so unfortunate as to be exposed to its dual elements of death, to escape being frozen or drowned, may fully realize the miracle by which Father Baraga and his half-breed attendant were delivered from their apparent doom.

RICHARD R. ELLIOTT.

CARDINAL MANNING.<sup>1</sup>

THE greatest funeral in England since Wellington's was that of Cardinal Manning. The enormous crowds that attended it were a spontaneous testimony of affection and respect from every class that could assemble its volunteer representatives in the British capital. Not in England alone, however, but throughout the civilized world Manning's death aroused a feeling of regret. As in the British isles, so here in the United States and elsewhere, there was a sense of a great loss to the cause of religion and humanity. For a very long while Manning's career had been sympathetically observed and almost universally approved, even by those who differed with him in some of his aims or his methods. That he was a great man, and equally a good man, was the consensus of opinion not only of his co-laborers and the well-wishers of his enterprises, but also of his honorable opponents. In the four years that have elapsed since his death there has been a strong desire for a biography that should bring together in an orderly way the events of his life—what he said and did, and what he wished to do.

At last a biography of Cardinal Manning has appeared, and a considerable part of the reading world have been cast by it into a state of utter bewilderment and cruel doubt. Why was this "Life" by Mr. Purcell written, and why was Purcell selected at all? Yet Mr. Purcell was chosen for this task by Cardinal Manning himself, and was by him provided with the various documents, such as diaries and other memoranda and correspondence, to make the work complete. When one has finished reading the two remarkable volumes that are put forward as Cardinal Manning's "Life," he must come to the conclusion that, just as great lawyers have often displayed a singular incapacity to draft their own last will and testament, so Manning has not escaped the fate of most great men in our day, to be unfortunate in their biographers, even when of their own choice. Was it Manning's intention that every detail of his life—the most private and sacred relationships—should be laid bare by this biographer, even to the extent of involving the good name and good faith, both of himself and brother ecclesiastics? Can it be believed, for instance,

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<sup>1</sup> *Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.* By Edmund Sheridan Purcell, member of the Roman Academy of Letters. In two volumes, 8vo. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.



that he desired or intended that his confidential correspondence with Mgr. Talbot, in which Newman and other topics were discussed in a way that seems, to some people, impossible of reconciliation with his declarations to Newman and others, should be given word for word as it is in these volumes—a correspondence, as said in the “Preface,”<sup>1</sup> “to which Cardinal Manning especially directed the attention of the biographer, as forming materials essential to the true presentation of his life.” Now this little passage from Purcell’s Preface is worth noting, for it offers, perhaps, a key to Purcell’s whole method. Almost any one reading that direction from Cardinal Manning for the use of the correspondence would understand it to be a direction to read and study it, and then to make such use of it, without violating the sacred rights of the living and the dead, as would illustrate all of Manning’s life with which the world can properly have anything to do. Probably not one in a thousand would understand that to be a direction to print all of the correspondence that has here been printed, and thus to make, as is done thereby, an apparent avowal by Manning of insincerity and deceit on his part.

Was there any present or prospective reason why Manning should be lowered from the plane of respect in which the world saw him, and have his motives impugned? It cannot be for a moment supposed that it was Manning’s purpose really to give the world, under the guise of a “Life” by Mr. Purcell, his “Confessions,” as it were, and yet that is the effect produced by Mr. Purcell’s curious method of setting forth the facts of Manning’s career and of his explanations, or attempted explanations of Manning’s motives. Even when Mr. Purcell indulges once in a while in reflections expressed as if favorable to Manning, there is all the time a lurking suspicion of a very subtle irony derogatory of him. But on almost every page the reader is tempted to ask, What does Mr. Purcell mean? And this brings us to consider whether Mr. Purcell’s attitude of mind towards his subject was such as would allow fair treatment. At first the thought comes up that no man is a hero to his valet, and that familiarity breeds contempt. Yet Purcell was not valet to Manning either figuratively or really, and then we have the instance of Boswell, who only grew warmer in his love, and more and more generous in his admiration for his hero in proportion as he became more intimate and familiar with him. Boswell, however, did love and admire Dr. Johnson, and he has made thousands of readers do the same. No one can read Purcell’s volumes and believe that he either loved or admired Manning. Quite the contrary, one is inclined to exclaim

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<sup>1</sup> Page 7.

at almost every page. Mr. Purcell, it is clear, however, did admire Newman, and he seems impelled by this fact to a sort of badly suppressed resentment against Manning for the lack of cordiality between these two great men. The writer of this article may be permitted to remark that having always been an admirer of Newman rather than of Manning, he is, therefore, not aware of any bias of his own in pronouncing Mr. Purcell to be entirely too much out of sympathy with Manning to be qualified to understand and describe Manning's life.

In some senses biographical writing is the very highest form of literary composition. Human life is the most wonderful, certainly the most interesting, phenomenon of nature. Every man's character has two parts, the one by nature inherited from thousands of ancestors, the other acquired, partly dependent on his environment and partly on his will; and upon this character, thus compounded, and upon its fortunes good and bad in contact with the world, depends what is called the life of a man. And then into each of these complexities called a life there enters the grace of God to help the will, and that effect of the providence of God brooding over all creation and causing in His own way all things to work out finally according to the plan of the Infinite Will. To write the life of any man is difficult; but to write the life of one who has played many eminent parts on the world's stage requires a special genius such as is possessed by few in a generation. A human life is an intricacy of things good and bad, ugly and beautiful, wise and foolish, which, if brought too close to the eyes, is made to seem out of proportion, unbalanced and uncouth, like some photographs of grand edifices near at hand. The very noblest life, if too minutely examined as to all the motives that actuate it in the successive hours of its everyday routine, cannot but appear commonplace, if not ridiculous. It is just this sort of distortion that is produced in biography by the affectation called realism, a destructive analysis that has spared nothing and that has within recent years given some shocking examples of what it can do in biography, among them Froude's "Life of Carlyle." In the older or classical style of biography in its decadence the subject of the biography was too often presented in an inflated form, excessively endowed with virtue. Religious biography especially was infected by this excess, and as a consequence the life of a saint was often so described that it was scarcely possible to understand it as the life of a human being, though of a human being struggling towards God, and not as the life of an angel. Reacting from this, the realists have gone to the other extreme and their endeavor is to give the life of an eminent person not by the general effect of it as a whole and as governed by certain predominant

motives—the ultimate aspirations that move to some extent every life, even the most sordid—but by its every act, however trivial, that has become known, and by its series of small efforts to keep a place on earth and earn its daily bread and butter. Under this kind of treatment no one life is intrinsically better than another; it is all a matter of heredity and environment. It must be admitted that this is, partly at least, the method followed by Mr. Purcell in his “Life” of Manning.

No unprejudiced reader can blind his eyes to Mr. Purcell's faults as a biographer, his want of sympathy with his subject, and, perhaps, his dislike for him, and his lack of discrimination by means of which various sorts of rancor and suspicion will be aroused among persons and parties previously friends, or at all events at peace; and no reader can fail to discern the evident pleasure with which he delves into ancient documents and private journals to arouse a spirit of dissension over the peaceful ashes of the two foremost Catholic Englishmen of our day. In his attempt to place Newman and Manning in antagonism, he seems to be governed by a species of real malice, or *malice* in the French rather than in the English sense of the term.

Manning was so many-sided that he was indeed “all things to all men to win all men”; he was “a man never happy unless absorbed from brain to finger-tips in work,”<sup>1</sup>—“quivering to the finger-tips with restless energy.”<sup>2</sup> Such a man, it is easy to understand, was bound by force of his very nature and altogether independent of any deliberate action of his will to run afoul of many other men, some of them equally intent with himself on doing good, but having different ideas from his of what to do and how to do it. It is important at this very point to note that Manning's ultimate aims were good; nowhere, even in Mr. Purcell's depreciatory pages, is there even an insinuation that he sought or desired power or influence for any other purpose than that of doing good. He had great will-power, was most tenacious of purpose, was ever ready of resource, and possessed a rare capacity for making the most of his talents and his opportunities. Because of these combined qualities he was self-confident to a degree that proved a constant source of exasperation to men more infirm of purpose or weaker of will who wished to oppose or retard his course but found themselves figuratively brushed aside by his whirlwind movements or left far in the rear. From first to last, as Anglican and Catholic, he displayed in his methods and manner the workings of his nature, which contained a great deal of what has been properly ascribed from time immemorial to the character

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, vol. i., p. 160.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 356.



of "John Bull" as a national type, though the aggressiveness of this character was at all times tempered by Manning with the *suaviter in modo* of the ecclesiastical habit.

When one considers Manning's nature, and the circumstances of his life, as associated with the religious and social movements of his time, the believer in the Providence of God must perceive what a pregnant share Manning was led, by the exercise of his own will, to take in the divine scheme of the progress of his nation. He began as an ardent adherent of the ultra-Protestant, or Puritan, notion of the Christian religion and of the office of the Christian Church, and he ended as the successful champion of the definition of papal infallibility. As a young man, and a Protestant, he was "driven against his will, to take up the Church as a profession,"<sup>1</sup> and he ended as the Archbishop of Westminster, and a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. His sincere personal piety was one of his beautiful traits, both as an Anglican and a Catholic, and he accompanied it with so much austerity, particularly in his Catholic days, as to excite wonder. To him food and sleep were of slight importance, except as they interfered with his time for work.

Manning was fitted by nature to be a leader of men, and a leader he always was wherever he went. His handsome presence and graceful and dignified bearing commanded and received of themselves marked attention upon all sides. He always achieved whatever he seriously set about, no matter how difficult its accomplishment might seem, but his success was not the result of aggressiveness, but of his great persuasive force. He was essentially a man of peace. He was by nature not a soldier but a diplomatist. As a boy his ambition was to enter the field of politics and he cherished hopes in this direction long after having entered upon his course at Oxford; it was not until urged again and again by his relatives, and finally decided by his father's business reverses, that, realizing that he no longer had a fortune to rely upon, and that in England, then at least, there was no career in politics for a poor man, he entered the Church. But up to the last moment of his life this interest in politics never lost its hold upon him. Not even that "old parliamentary hand," his friend Gladstone, was keener than he, or more skilful, in the search for votes at a critical emergency, or more able to see in advance the time and place when an emergency would arise. This political genius Manning displayed on various interesting occasions, while Dean of Winchester as an Anglican, and in many a school-board or similar meeting, while as a Catholic caring for the poor and neglected of

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 87.

his great diocese of Westminster, and especially in the Vatican Council.

It is probable that no Englishman in this century has had fuller apprehension than Manning of what Protestantism really is and means. In his undergraduate days he fell under what are called Evangelical influences and became pretty thoroughly impregnated with the Puritan spirit. Afterwards, while still a Protestant he recognized the error of this intense individualism in religion and in time was popularly regarded as a High Churchman. "In after life he disclaimed the title of Tractarian, of High Churchman, and of Low Churchman alike; if he is to be called by any religious party name, we can not do better than accept his own definition. As a Catholic he said of himself: 'I was a Pietist until I accepted the Tridentine Decrees.'"<sup>1</sup> He had met with British Protestantism under probably all its many forms and he sums in this pregnant way the judgment passed by his intensely practical mind: "I have always believed that Anglicanism and Puritanism are the ruins of the outer and inner life of the Catholic Church, from which they separated at the Reformation and then split asunder. This accounts for the dryness of Anglicanism, and the disembodied vagueness of evangelical pietism."<sup>2</sup>

But though Manning unwillingly embraced the ecclesiastical state, as we have seen, once entered upon that state he devoted to it all the unwearying vigor of his nature. As the Anglican rector of Lavington he never spared himself in his visitations among the suffering and needy of body and soul in his parish, and it was probably during that time that he acquired the habit of penetrating into the most wretched and repulsive abodes of poverty and distress and threw off from himself forever that super-refinement of the senses that often makes even the most tender-hearted and charitable Christians recoil in practice from what has been called the "smell of the poor." Manning learned by daily contact with them really to love the poor, and perhaps it was this as much as anything else that helped to bring that perfect reconciliation of himself with the ecclesiastical state.

"His zeal for religion, known unto all men, his untiring energy, his capacity and love for work were surpassed by none of those over whom he was set as ruler. His example, which never fell short of precept, was a spur to the heart and a light to the steps of every priest in his diocese. All through his life—as priest, as archbishop, as cardinal—Manning's home by predilection was not in the houses of men, where as he has himself recorded, he ever heard a voice saying unto his soul, 'What doest thou here, Elias?'

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 68.

but in the House of God. He was most at home at the altar, in the confessional, in the pulpit."<sup>1</sup>

Manning abandoned Anglicanism at the height of the Oxford Movement, yet he cannot with accuracy be deemed to have been swayed by that movement in taking this step. Starting out as a Puritan, that is, as an individualist, in religion, he had, long before becoming a Catholic, convinced himself that religion, to be effective, needs a visible organization with authoritative direction under, of course, the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and then he convinced himself that the Anglican establishment must be such an organization. But the Gorham Judgment, to which the Anglican establishment cravenly submitted, could not by any jugglery of argument be reconciled in Manning's mind with the guidance of the Holy Ghost; and Manning thereupon came out of Anglicanism into the Church that had always claimed and always exercised, when the occasion befell, the infallible authority of the divinely appointed teacher of mankind. It was the note of infallibility that drew Manning over, and that doctrine became for him, therefore, one of supreme importance; and he was amazed, on the other hand, to observe that most Catholics, while believing in it, nevertheless practically regarded it with indifference.

Every sincere convert to the Catholic Church comes along lines of his own. One class of converts are attracted by historical claims in some one of the many phases; another class by the holiness, and devotion, and heroism, and charitableness of the canonized and uncanonized saints and martyrs of the Catholic Church, living and dead; another by the artistic or æsthetic sensibilities to which the beauties of the Catholic religion appeal. The reasons, all good, for these conversions are too many and too various to enumerate. In two respects, however, all converts are likely to bear a resemblance to one another and to differ from those Catholics who are "native and to the manner born." In the first place, the convert, if he was before a religious man and a member of a religious sect or establishment, is apt to yearn in a particular manner for the conversion of his former religious associates, and to believe that they, if only they take the step that he has taken, would become eventually illustrators of the beauty and holiness of Catholic truth, and in a manner to make them better Catholics than any Catholics hitherto discovered. Of course, converts are not all conscious of this feeling, yet it is pretty sure to be with them nevertheless. A priest who is a convert is inclined to trust the soundness, the orthodoxy and the correct apprehension of Catholic truth of the layman converted from the same or a similar sect

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 234.



to which he himself once belonged rather than of the layman, who never knew what it was to be anything but a Catholic. His idea is, perhaps, that one who has passed a part of his life in ignorance of the truth, and has approached it by slow, devious and difficult paths understands and appreciates the truth better than one who has known it and leaned upon it all his life. But let that pass. In the next place, converts are nearly all alike in laying great stress on that particular feature of Catholicity which exercised the most powerful influence over their reason or sentiments, or both, in leading them into the unity of the one fold of Christ.

Between Manning and Newman, both converts, there was little other resemblance to one another than that referred to above as subsisting generally between converts. Both of them looked back with a certain fondness to the Anglicanism that they had given up. But while the infallibility of the Church was what attracted Manning, it was on quite other grounds that Newman became a Catholic. Newman was ready to receive a clear definition of that doctrine which, like other Catholics, he believed, but, like many other Catholics, he did not think such a definition opportune at that time. His own treatise on development showed that the entire scroll of the truth had been held by the Church free from injury from the very beginning, but that it was unfolded by the Church during the ages only just as fast as intellectual progress and denials or discussions brought each several phase of the truth more and more into intimate relation with the thought or the needs of the time. Like many other Catholics whose faith was absolutely unimpeachable, he dreaded the effects that would follow, as he believed, on the definition of infallibility among the great masses of non-Catholics who did not understand the meaning of papal infallibility as held by Catholics, and would perversely persist in misunderstanding it. In 1866 he wrote that he thought "its definition inexpedient and unlikely."<sup>1</sup> Manning, at this time, was quite sure of the contrary, and was fretted by the attitude of Newman and those in England who thought with Newman. Both were Catholics of sound faith, but each placed a particular emphasis on that by which he had been drawn to the Church. Newman recognized, of course, the teaching office of the Church, but it was its historical aspect that had stirred his sentiments of respect and love and captivated his intellect. His habits of mind recoiled from anything that could give rise to a supposition of innovation in religion. Manning, equally with Newman, understood and appreciated the venerable historical claims of the Church in its continuity and freedom from error, but it was of the present and the

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 322.

future, and not of the past, that he thought. At the very time that Newman declared that the definition of papal infallibility would be "inexpedient," Mgr. Talbot, in Rome, was writing to Manning that "*sentire cum Petro* is always the safest side," and so thought Manning, who, however, unlike the cautious Talbot, wanted the entire truth brought out and set before the world whether "safe" or not. Newman was by nature and choice a recluse. He touched the world merely as a teacher to men of learning and intellectual endowment. He loved the truth, and the whole truth, for itself, as he so brilliantly proved in his "*Apologia pro Vita sua*." He was direct in his methods, transparent in his motives, always and altogether a scholar. Manning was only incidentally attracted to learning, as a means to an end. He was a teacher also, but his teaching was of a kind to reach the ignorant poor, and that particularly slow-witted order of humanity, the middle-class English, as well as those of higher attainments. Newman might be said to have never changed, but to have made progress. Manning changed again and again. He was much of the time indirect, now cautious, now venturesome, and always having motives in reserve that sometimes did not appear until after the accomplished fact, and sometimes did not appear at all. No recluse was Manning, and it will always be a mystery how he found time, while scrupulously attending to all his ecclesiastical duties, to attend to so many other things as well.

Newman on becoming a Catholic, being what he was, became associated to some degree with that highly respectable element of the Catholics of England who had kept the faith unsullied through the centuries of persecution, exclusion, and annoyance generally that had beset them since the Reformation. Their past bitter experiences had cultivated in them a retiring disposition. They drew in very much to themselves and held fast to the faith, and held it so tightly that it would not obtrude its notice unsought upon their Protestant neighbors. Most of these native Catholics were of the nobles or the landed gentry, their tenants, servants or other employees, and a few of them were professional men. In London and the other commercial and manufacturing towns were the Irish Catholics, mostly poor and holding their faith boldly in sight, not so much because they regarded it as an inheritance to be proud of, but because they believed it to be God's truth, for which they had not only suffered but at times had fought with all the desperate courage of their race. But the poverty of circumstances of most of these Irish Catholics huddled the most of them in the slums of the cities, somewhat as we have known here in the United States, and the consequence was that a great many of them and their children yielded to the degrading and corrupting influences ex-

erted upon them. Yet it was really these Irish Catholics, rather than the native element, that finally made Catholicity a factor of modern England, a great religious and moral force to be counted on in the interests of peace, purity and good order. When Manning became a Catholic it was naturally to the native element that he turned rather than to the Irish Catholics, who to him, as to all Englishmen of that day, were as much "foreigners" as though they were Frenchmen or Dutchmen. But between him and the native Catholics there was mutual repulsion for awhile. Some years later he wrote of them as having been dominated by "an old narrow spirit which made the Catholic Church in England act and feel like a sect of dissenters." We have witnessed in the United States something of this Catholic exclusiveness that in its extreme form looks very much like what Manning regarded as characteristic of a "sect of dissenters." Manning would have had the Catholics come out and hold up their heads and assert themselves in the manliness of their Christian faith. The Irish element were willing enough, but many of the old native element looked askance at Manning, the recent convert, who could not remain still an instant and seemed averse to allowing others to remain in quietness and peace. They preferred the conservative way to which they had been accustomed. The cruel memories of "Popish Plot" days made them almost shudder at the thought of their religion being made a subject of discussion again.

Among these native Catholics, and more with the clergy probably than with the laity, there was a considerable survival of what is called Gallicanism, a sort of national pride and tendency in religion, as opposed to the other extreme known as Ultramontanism. Manning described himself as an Ultramontane, and Newman as a Gallican. Of course, there is between these two views no disagreement in faith, though one would sometimes suppose differently from the heated language occasionally indulged in by one or the other towards the opposite party. It is analogous to the difference between good Americans who, in the interpretation of the Constitution, became arrayed against each other as State-rights men and Federalists, the difference, in other words, between home-rulers and centralizationists.

In the years next preceding the Vatican Council great bitterness of spirit between the two parties, the Ultramontanes favoring the definition of papal infallibility, and the Gallicans, so called, opposing the definition, not, for the most part, because of want of belief in the doctrine but because they thought the definition inexpedient at that time, was caused by the intemperate zeal of some extreme partisans on each side. Newman, for exercising in his scholarly way the liberty that the state of the question then per-



mitted him, was denounced in unsparing terms. Later on, Manning was made a cardinal, and Newman, for whom the same honor had generally been expected, was passed by. One of the present great Pope's first acts, and one that received the applause of the civilized world, Catholic and non-Catholic, was to confer the belated dignity upon Newman. It had all along been popularly supposed that Pius IX. had not given the hat to Newman because of displeasure with his course. Purcell now insinuates that it was Manning's "adverse influence" that had kept Newman "under a cloud" at Rome.

It is well known that Bismarck, for political reasons of his own had the intention of calling upon the European powers to interfere with the Vatican Council so as to prevent it from defining papal infallibility. Negotiations to this end had been begun with the British ministry, of which Mr. Gladstone was then a member. One of Manning's most brilliant and useful achievements was the checkmate he put to Bismarck's play, and the manner in which he brought this about is highly amusing when it is considered in all its bearings. Like nearly all non-Catholics, even to-day, a quarter of a century after its definition, the members of the British ministry of that day, with the possible exception of Mr. Gladstone, seemed to think that by the infallibility of the Pope, Catholics meant that the Pope can do no wrong, that he can not err in any way, and that if, therefore, he should in some crisis pronounce for the dethronement of a monarch, or any other political or temporal policy, Catholics would feel themselves bound in conscience to adhere to him and his views in despite of their temporal allegiance or other obligations as citizens. Of course, all this is ridiculous from our point of view, but really it is a sad fact that outside the Catholic Church very few, even of the best informed, really know what the Catholic Church is and what it believes and teaches. In this emergency Manning, as ever, was at hand and ready, and he undertook the strange task of putting the British cabinet through a course of instruction in that part of Catholic doctrine which relates to the Pope. But how? At that time the British government maintained a diplomatic agent at the Vatican in the person of a Mr. Odo Russell. Mr. Russell was not a Catholic, but he understood the doctrine of Papal infallibility, and thought it ought to be defined, because he could not see any other logical course from the Catholic point of view. Day by day Manning in Rome met Russell, and with him went over the doctrine and all the arguments in its support, from the Holy Scriptures, the Fathers, and the long tradition generally of the Church,

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 553.

and day by day, or nearly so, Russell sent off to the cabinet sitting in London a synopsis of Manning's array of the arguments, until finally the cabinet became convinced that the proposed definition concerned them not, that it was a matter of theology, and not of politics, that touched the faith and consciences of Catholics alone. They kept their hands off the Council, and Bismarck was made to understand that it would be wise for him to do the same.

Cardinal Manning was a thorough ecclesiastic. He was in the Church and of it, a part of its organization, minute in his conscientious attention to every requirement of his priestly and episcopal duties. He realized that the Catholic Church is not a select body of saints to keep themselves in seclusion from the rest of the human race, but an organization of divine origin intended by its Founder to reach out to win all men. Essentially then, as he saw, the Catholic Church is the most democratic institution on the earth. But the vagaries of some of the Protestant sects, and the horrors that accompanied the French Revolution had shocked many of the Catholics of the Continent and of England, and had brought about with them a perceptible sensitiveness as to the aspirations of the common people. The dry rot of sham respectability and a feeble-minded species of daintiness were threatening to paralyze the healthy energy of Catholic thought and action. Other Catholics before Manning had observed and deplored this. Ozanam, Montalembert, and Lacordaire had tried to check it in France, but their efforts had, in their results, proved to be of the kind that is called "academic." But Manning boldly took up with the democracy. There were those, both Catholic and non-Catholic, who sympathized at a distance with the wretchedness of poverty. It was becoming fashionable to discuss the slums, but Manning was already familiar by actual personal contact with the dingiest and foulest corners of "darkest England." Refined himself by nature, and delicate in all his tastes and inclinations, clean of heart, and sweet as running water, he loved the poor and suffering, and loved them to that degree that he went after them, despite surroundings so brutal and nauseous as to repel many a brave and charitable man. He put himself into sympathetic touch with every movement of whatever origin that gave promise of bringing to the pauperized classes of England some alleviation of the miserable condition of things. He extended his hand in fellowship to the strange bands that, under the name of the "Salvation Army," beat their drums and cymbals, and sang hymns to concert hall tunes, in order to attract to their prayers and exhortations the abandoned reprobates that no Christian churches had yet been able to bring within their doors. In the same line of activities was his identification of himself with the propaganda of total

abstinence. He had always been abstemious. His splendid constitution was susceptible of almost endless endurance on the smallest possible modicum of food. As for stimulants, his energy needed none, and would have none. When with his emaciated but steady iron frame he spoke to the bloated and trembling victims of alcoholic indulgence, his own person and experience furnished powerful reinforcements to the eloquence of his appeals. God alone knows how many thousands of homes in England were rescued by Manning, and by the temperance agitation that he encouraged and sustained, from the curse of over-indulgence in drink.

Certain rigorists in morals made much at the time of a remark by Manning to the effect that a starving person would be justified before God and free from sin in appropriating a rich man's loaf. The fact that such a criticism was made shows how deep was the resentment of certain classes against his exerting his powerful influence in behalf of God's poor. What starvation was he really knew. He knew intimately the poor of London, and he had seen starvation waiting at the doors of the poor laborers whose ill-fed bodies were piling up wealth for smug respectabilities, stockholders in corporations—"bodies without souls," as Lord Denman defined them—that had grown rich on "small margins," which meant small wages to the actual labor that is the real foundation of all wealth. He threw himself into the struggle of the workingmen to secure the same right to combine in defence of their wages that had always been accorded to their employers to combine to keep up prices and increase their dividends and profits. He intervened in one great strike that threatened serious trouble, and so great was the respect for him by the rich employers and the poor employed that he was able to compel, for the first time on a large scale, the adoption of the principle of arbitration as a means of settling labor disputes. There was not in his time as Archbishop of Westminster a great movement for the public good in which he had not a prominent share. He did not seek prominence. He sought good work and then prominence was thrust upon him.

With regard to the Irish and their national aspirations, Manning's opinions underwent a change that was a real progress. When he became a Catholic there were indications that he was displeased to find that the Irish residents constituted the chief stay of the Catholic cause in England. He was not the only convert that experienced the same species of disgust. His prejudices as an Englishman at first, it may be supposed, revolted at the thought that his religion was now, in a manner to throw him for a large part of the time among what seemed like a "foreign" element, but as his acquaintance with the Irish Catholics in England increased



his dislike for them wore off, and finally seems to have wholly vanished away. Fenianism he utterly and uncompromisingly condemned for several reasons; that it was the work of a secret society whose principles appeared to be similar to those of the infidel movement on the continent called in those days Red Republicanism; because it favored the complete separation of Ireland from England, and this he would not tolerate, either as an English patriot, for he believed that such a separation would be a prelude to the downfall of British power, or as an English Catholic, for he now recognized that the cause of Catholicity needed the help of Ireland, of which it would be deprived by Irish independence. But once Fenianism had ceased to excite apprehensions, and the milder and feebler programme of Mr. Butt's Home Rulers began to be sleepily debated in the British Commons, whenever that body had nothing else to do, Manning took up the cause of Irish home-rule as an adjunct to the various other schemes then on foot for benefiting the oppressed classes in the British Empire. When the irrepressible and irreverent Obstructionists had thrust unceremoniously aside Mr. Butt and his respectable and respectful little band many of the English so-called "friends of Ireland" were scandalized at the doings of the new party, and when that party, now grown to eighty determined Irishmen, stood together and boldly proclaimed that they would demand home-rule, and not beg for it, some of the English Catholics were horrified. England out of deference for Protestant susceptibilities has not for centuries had an ambassador at the Vatican; but diplomatic agents, under various guises and disguises, she has constantly employed whenever it has been her policy to cajole or suppress in any way the Catholics of the British Isles, and, especially of Ireland. The Irish have always had reason to be suspicious of the purposes and methods of these gentlemen. One of the cards which Mr. Gladstone, then the premier, sought to play was to secure papal condemnation against the excesses committed by some of the exasperated Irish in the midst of their dire distress, with the politician's hope that such condemnation could be made to appear condemnatory of the whole Irish programme of that day. A person of no particular importance except that he was a Catholic of English name with a residence in Ireland and the approval of Cardinal McCabe, the Archbishop of Dublin, was selected by Mr. Gladstone in answer to the very natural suggestion of Pope Leo XIII. that some accredited representative of the British government should be in Rome. But this Mr. Errington was known to be as little Irish in sentiments as he was in name, and the Irish people were indignant naturally at the impertinence that would intrude him at the Vatican under false pretenses. Here was another emergency in which

Manning's skilful hand was seen. Manning was then in Rome and Mr. Errington received orders from the Pope "not to come again." Gladstone had the man made a baronet and that ended the ridiculous affair.

As soon as Manning became convinced that the new Home-Rule party had not in concealment an ulterior purpose of securing the complete independence of Ireland as a sovereign nation he entered with warm and sincere sympathy into their plans. When Mgr. (afterwards Cardinal) Persico, once upon a time a member of the American hierarchy, as bishop of Savannah, was sent as papal delegate to Ireland to examine into the morality of the Irish agrarian policy called the "plan of campaign," boycotting and matters of the kind, it was again Manning who labored, though not with complete success, to prevent Persico from falling under the influence of the anti-Irish element among the English Catholics. The disastrous and disgraceful collapse of the most efficient political leader that Ireland has had since O'Connell seemed to blight for awhile the hopes of the Irish people. But to the last Manning never lost heart for their cause, and was always ready with tongue and pen and action to give it his help. Manning saw that the future of civilized nations as soon as they shall have become intelligent and moral enough is with democracy "the masses," not "the classes," as Gladstone had put it, that self-government—government of the people, by the people, for the people—as our own Lincoln defined it—is better adapted for an enlightened, Christian people than any monarchical or aristocratic form of constitution. As an Englishman he naturally rated England as coming nearest of all the great European nations to the requirements for the establishment of a successful democratic popular government, and with his actual political intelligence he probably perceived that the most Christian people of Ireland possessed in themselves, by their instincts and traditions, that had never been marred by Roman military conquest or mediæval feudalism, an almost perfect aptitude for free political institutions. That the Irish believed in Manning's friendship for them was attested by the grief expressed all through Ireland and by the scattered members of the Irish race.

There can be no question in the mind of any one who honestly studies Manning's career, even if only in Purcell's pages, that Manning's chief desire from the time he entered the ecclesiastical state as an Anglican was to serve God himself and to induce all others to do the same. There was no hypocrisy about him. Modern England has produced no man who could more sincerely than Manning repeat Terence's trite and trituated sentiment, *nihil humanum me alienum puto*, but for all this seeming diffuseness of benevolent sentiment during his sixty years, God and God's work

through the offices of religion were really the one over-mastering thought. The three Englishmen of the last half of the nineteenth century who have won the approbation of the entire civilized world—not of mere fractions of it—were Newman, Gladstone and Manning. Two of these became Catholic in the prime of their intellectual faculties, the other, Gladstone, once came near the gate of the fold, but, when invited by Manning to accompany him, did not enter.<sup>1</sup> Each in his own way, according to his own genius, has conferred great benefits on his race and the world—benefits which will be better understood and appreciated when the next generation comes to study them and their times.

THOS. F. GALWEY.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 617.

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## MR. PURCELL'S "LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING."

IT may be difficult to write a biography without a bias. Macaulay, who was one of the grandest of essayists, could seldom veil his bias in a biography. Take that wonderfully eloquent piece of character-drawing, in which he portrays his special favorite, William III. There is not a word of depreciation, so much as an allusion to any defect, in a character which most persons would think equivocal. The object of the biographer was to represent the new dynasty as being ushered in by a typical sovereign; and so the chapter is a panegyric, an adulation, from almost the first word to the last. On the other hand, to take an example of writing biography, of which the animus is too evidently hostile—we may have, some of us, read Mr. Froude's editing of the private papers and correspondence of Carlyle, in which editing there was more desire to disparage than there was to exalt a great writer. We should not say that, in either case, there was the true spirit of biography. What we want in a life is a truthful representation of the broadest characteristics and traits. We do not want to be vexed with private matters, which cannot possibly be understood by outsiders, since the chief personage is not alive now to explain them; we do not want to put our interpretation on letters which no one in the world save the persons who were addressed could know how to "read between the lines"; we do not want to attribute unworthy motives, where we cannot know what was in the mind; and, above all, we do not want to read "a thing was so," when it may have been exactly the contrary.

In some parts, Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" must afford every reader satisfaction. There are chapters which are admirably compiled; showing an industry, if not a critical faculty, which has resulted in a truthful analysis. Nor must the frankness of the author's style of writing be omitted from his claims to good repute. He lets all the world know his political opinions, and his disesteem—intellectually speaking—of those who have the misfortune to differ from him. This frankness, however, is perhaps a dangerous virtue, in the character of a man who is injudicious; leading him to publish matters which good taste would not make public; and to offer criticism in regard to private motives, which good feeling would make him keep to himself. We may take a few examples of what we may call breaches of good taste, and also indications of blunt feeling, which somewhat offend us in this biography.

It is hinted—it is more than hinted, it is argued—that Cardinal Manning was really “converted” in his heart, long before he proclaimed his conversion; and this reticence is imputed to him for disingenuousness. Now, we are bound to say, that reading only what Mr. Purcell has published, we should have formed the exactly opposite conclusion. In the private diaries and letters, purporting to show what Mr. Purcell calls the “inner man,” we find the Cardinal (then Archdeacon) Manning expressing his suspicion that his doubts may prove to be a delusion. Such entries as “something keeps rising and saying, you will end in the Roman Church; and yet I do not feel at all as if my safety required any change, and I do feel that a change might be a positive delusion,” prove—not merely indicate—that the archdeacon’s conscience, though restless, was perfectly sincere. Nor, on the other hand, do we find any public utterance which was at variance with this conscientious misgiving. As he says himself, “I know of no one act or word tending to unsettlement consciously spoken or done by me. All that I have written has been studiously in support, *hopefully* and affectionately, of the Church of England.” Indeed, we may go so far as to say that Mr. Purcell’s intimation of disingenuousness is flatly contradicted by his quotations. “I cared for the Church of England,” wrote the cardinal, “so long as I believed it was a part of the Church. When it revealed itself to be human in its origin, erroneous in its doctrines, and contrary to the word and will of God, it left me, not I it. All the bishoprics in England were nothing to me.” But this conviction could not be ripened in a moment. With Newman it was a process of many years. With Manning it was scarcely less speedy. No one who has passed through the bitter struggle of cutting himself loose from his life’s moorings, can fail to remember how delicate seemed the balance between his duties to others and to himself.

Kindred to this unkind imputation, and as it seems to us quite as unfair, is the quoting a confession in Manning’s private diary (January 30, 1846), “I do feel pleasure in honor, precedence, elevation, the society of great people, and all this is very shameful and mean,” as though the confession were a proof that merely mundane aspiration was Manning’s besetting sin or weakness. Yet, if St. Augustine had written such words in his “Confessions,” no Christian would have cried shame on his estimate that such weakness was “very shameful and mean.” Still less would any Christian have built up on such an estimate the utterly unwarrantable conclusion that the writer “never committed himself, if he could help it, to an unpopular movement, or took his stand on a failing cause.” Such an inference would have been extravagantly unjust. As a matter of fact, Cardinal Manning was remarkable

for his independent adherence to causes, which were so unpopular as to offend the great majority of Englishmen, socially, politically, religiously. He proclaimed his attachment to Gladstone's scheme for Home Rule, when three-fourths of Englishmen were opposed to it. He advocated total abstinence with a full knowledge that in good society, as well as among the lower social strata, such a principle and practice were repugnant; indeed, it is supposed that at the last general election, the dislike of what was known as local option turned the scale against the Liberal government. He was known to be in favor of the temporal power, though his countrymen were rejoiced that it was overthrown; just as he was an ardent advocate for proclaiming infallibility in the very teeth of English national prejudice. Moreover, he was the advocate of the rights of the poor man, when scarcely any other ecclesiastic took his part; asserting fearlessly that the poor man had the "same rights as the rich man," and that he "need not ask for charity but for justice." It may be said of Manning that he cared neither for popularity nor unpopularity, for the accident of a failing or a successful cause; he only knew of the distinction "right and wrong"; but as to policy, expediency, he cared nothing.

Perhaps the most unfortunate, the most unpleasant, of the inferences in which our author has so freely indulged is in regard to Manning's friendship with Newman. Preaching at the London Oratory on the occasion of the death of Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning had spoken of his friendship with the late cardinal as "a friendship of sixty years and more." Mr. Purcell proceeds to ridicule this statement. He declares, in the first place, that the statement was inaccurate; and in the next place, that Manning's object in making it was one of weak vanity and make-belief. "At that supreme moment the not unnatural desire of Manning's heart was that his name should go forth before the world linked with that of Newman's as a life-long friend and fellow-worker; that he might, in a sense, be co-partner in Newman's glory." Was there ever so ungracious an assumption? In order to emphasize his judgment, he makes Cardinal Manning speak of "the closest friendship" with the late cardinal, "closest" being a discovery of the biographer. Now, as a matter of fact, such friendship had existed—not the closest friendship, but friendship—for sixty years and more. Nor was it ever rudely broken, though, like other friendships, it was cooled by the varying incidents of the terribly trying controversies of the period. To the last, the private letters of both cardinals were signed, and we presume sincerely, "yours affectionately." In the year 1857, which was twelve years after the conversion of Dr. Newman, there were published "Sermons preached on various occasions by the Rev. J. H. Newman,"



and we find on the title-page that the dedication was to Manning, as "a memorial of the friendship which there has been between us for nearly thirty years." What becomes, then, of Mr. Purcell's denial? That there may have been times when, for reasons known to themselves, these two great men held aloof from one another, is quite possible; indeed, it would seem probable; but, if so, it was their own business, no one's else; nor can we imagine what benefit can be derived to the public from the discussion of such varied relations, since it is totally impossible that the "outer world" should apprehend their true gist, or should judge of the incentives to such "*irae amantium*" as are inevitable in the course of sixty years.

We are surprised also to be informed that "About his marriage Cardinal Manning always observed a singular reticence." And then we are told that "he may have feared that the common knowledge of his early marriage, strange as it may seem, might produce, somehow or other, among his Catholic flock, especially priests, monks and nuns, an unpleasant impression derogatory to his high ecclesiastical dignity and position." How it could be possible that the marriage of an Anglican clergyman should scandalize either Catholics or Protestants, we should be puzzled in trying to conjecture. Cardinal Weld, we know, was married, and has now numerous descendants; and it would be as curious to think of those descendants as "observing a singular reticence" in regard to their honorable origin, as it is to think of Cardinal Manning as being shy about his marriage, or desiring to keep it secret from the world. No doubt the cardinal was reserved on such a subject; his natural tenderness and refinement would make him so; but he has left a copious diary—which has not been given to our biographer—in which he wrote down, day by day, his feelings and reflections during the illness of his deeply beloved wife.

A great mistake, that is in judgment, is the unveiling of what may be called the *secreta domus*, in regard to the Westminster Chapter. There is a want of due remembrance of the times, of the exceptional pressure of the period—a period when the newness of Catholic position had to contend with the oldness of Protestant prejudice. Scarcely relieved from the bonds of national cruelty, with the inevitable timidity, reserve and perhaps inaptitude which three centuries of ostracism had generated, the new hierarchy in England was ill at ease, nor could it at first be harmonious. Moreover the number of distinguished converts—who had the faith but no Catholic experience—were not always a source of strength to the "old" Catholics in the politic or the diplomatic sense. Little differences which, in an established order

of things, would not so much as have been noticed, became sources of scandal in the perfectly new organization, which had enough to do to fight all outsiders. For such reasons it is that Mr. Purcell would have done wisely to minimize all allusions to the period. Catholics can, of course, easily discriminate between the divine and the human side of "the Church," but Protestants have no instinct of discrimination on account of the human origin of their religion. It was well, indeed, in our biographer to trace the development of the hierarchy, but it was in poor judgment to dwell on details which the Protestant reviewers call "squabbles," and which were far below the dignity of the subject. This is the view taken by the Anglican *Athenæum*, in which we find the honest regret that, instead of writing a life which should have been regarded as a classic for all time, the biographer has seemed to puddle among ephemeral quarrels which should have been relegated to a generous oblivion.

"The magnificent indiscretions of Mr. Purcell," as the *Daily Chronicle* has written, "who after all did not know his hero intimately, and neither realized nor revered him," have been counter-balanced by a delightful little book by Dr. Gasquet, who did know the cardinal intimately, and had the right spirit to judge him. As to the superficial judgment of Mr. Purcell, which implies that the cardinal was ambitious, Dr. Gasquet says truly: "He would not have been the great servant of God and man that he was, if he had not been ambitious." As to the cardinal's deep sympathy with the struggling classes—not sufficiently dwelt upon by Mr. Purcell—Dr. Gasquet says that he first acquired that sympathy from his own diligence in (Anglican) parochial work, and that his later efforts in the days of the Dock Strike were only a ripened example of that sympathy with the laboring classes which had been always a powerful motor in his ministry. And, as to a certain coldness of manner which some persons attributed to pride, Dr. Gasquet records the incident of his being asked by one of his nieces: "Why do people call you cold?" His answer was a revelation of the whole man, which only his personal intimates could understand: "The truth is, my child, I feel so much that, if I once expressed it, I should lose my self-control."

Now, we can well understand that such a character as Cardinal Manning would find a pleasure in jotting down in his diary the thoughts he would not express before the world. In the same spirit—delighting, as he did, in epigrammatic hyperbole—he would write to an intimate friend with a sort of revelry in indiscretion, such as the intimate friend and he alone would understand. It is obvious that such jottings and such letters were not intended for and are not interpretable by outsiders. But still more must such

privacy be held sacred in regard to letters which were obviously confidential, and which it is certain that the writer would have rather thrown into the fire than have submitted to public misapprehension. It is just here that a questionable taste reaches a point which may almost be censured as unjust. And when we add that the biographer's criticism is in many places painfully one-sided we cannot help feeling that there is an animus which had no right to be made apparent in a "Life." As the London *Spectator*—a high-class Anglican journal—has expressed the impression on the reader: "He (the biographer) gives the evidence in such order and with such suggestion of its significance as to make irresistibly for the prosecution, and then says: If there is a reasonable doubt by all means acquit the prisoner; but if after considering the evidence you come to the conclusion that he is guilty, I call on you to give your verdict against him." We may have no right to impute such an animus to the biographer, yet it is difficult to avoid the suspicion. As to the selection of private papers to be published and the moral right of the biographer to make his choice, we can hardly speak of a point which is *sub judice* in the sense that it is controverted by the executors. It will be better, therefore, to pass over the question of moral right and confine our reflections to that of taste. As the London *Spectator* has well put it: "When a man entrusts to his executors his most private and confidential correspondence the trust is the most sacred one which friendship can confide. In discharging it two rules are generally regarded as paramount—respect for the wishes of the dead and regard for the feelings of the living." As to the first rule, we cannot believe that the late cardinal, who was one of the most judicious of men, could have desired such injudicious publications; and as to the second rule, every one who was intimate with the late cardinal knows how refined and even exquisite he was in his regard for the sensibilities of others. We should rather conclude that the biographer, in his determination to be over frank, over honest, had forgotten that even *summum jus* may be very often *summa injuria*; and because he has been disposed himself to draw inferences that were unfavorable to the portrait of his hero, has thought it wise to ask his readers to think with him rather than draw their own inferences for themselves.

If we contrast two different conceptions, the one the popular estimate of Cardinal Manning, the other Mr. Purcell's presentation, we find ourselves wondering what could be the use of writing a "Life" which might risk the lowering of the popular idea. Mr. Purcell, in a letter to the *Times*, argues that such an ingenuous character as all men knew the cardinal to have been was not likely to "select as biographer a gushing incense-burner or an



adept in the meaner art of producing, by a judicious system of suppression, an idealized portrait, a fancy picture to catch the cheap applause of the groundlings, but one whom he knew of old to be an independent and outspoken critic." Yet to be independent and outspoken is not necessarily to be judicious or refined. Cardinal Vaughan, in his vigorous critique in the *Nineteenth Century*, has well remarked: "If all private and intimate correspondence were to be conducted with a view to its presently being cast upon the four winds, it might be well for such a biography as this; but such a change in our customs would revolutionize the familiar intercourse of friendship, and would perhaps in the end dry us all up into pedants." And again, Cardinal Vaughan has remarked: "Want of proportion in the parts and omissions in the structure produce deformity, inability to understand and to rise to the level of the life that is limned, and misjudgments of aims and motives render a biography a libel." It is only a question, therefore, whether the libel is by suppression or exaggeration, by ill taste or sheer want of judgment.

Now, it cannot be doubted that if an artist paint a portrait of a great man and purposely exaggerate weak features, while purposely weakening strong features, he "libels" his subject in presentation. But we have already said that frankness, not hostility, may probably have been the motor of the compilation, though the result is somewhat painful to English Catholics. We all knew the cardinal as, primarily and before all things, an active social reformer of our generation; while as to his inner mind we have all admitted that self control was his dominant characteristic through life. We all knew him, in the language of the "resolutions" which were passed by laborers' unions in Great Britain so soon as it was known that he was dead, as "a friend who had endeared himself to the heart of every workingman by the profound interest he ever exhibited in his welfare, and by the noble earnestness with which he fought the cause of the oppressed," just as we all knew him, in other grooves, other phases, as having converted the Protestant mind to the calm assurance of Catholic loyalty, of Catholic trustworthiness or honesty, and as the social apostle who had made his countrymen believe in Catholics, though he might not have made them believe in the Catholic religion. We were not prepared, therefore, for a life of the great cardinal which should represent him as either feeble or egotistic, or as one who put his own personal repute before what he conceived to be high duty. It was not the intention of the biographer—we are sure of this—to produce such an impression upon his readers; it was his misfortune, because he lacked judgment and the necessary gifts for his task.

"The publication of this *Life* is almost a crime," writes Cardinal Vaughan. "It throws into the street a multitude of letters defamatory of persons living and dead, to the scandal, the grief and indignation of countless friends and kinsfolk." Was it likely, we must ask, that he who gave as his last message to the world this kindly and diffident farewell: "I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken, will do harm to any one when I am dead," would have wished that his private or playful reflections should be carelessly "thrown into the streets?" They who knew him intimately used to enjoy the perfect freedom with which he would chat about almost everything; a habit, indeed, which has not been uncommon with great men, who seek relief from austere duties in being natural. What would become of us all, if our free and easy moments spent in the company of our intimates were to be made the public property of the half-educated or unappreciative, the spiteful, the injudicious, or the wicked? Justice Maule said that "the majesty of a judge was becoming in his wig and his gown, but would be ridiculous in his dressing gown and slippers." The same truism would apply to all great men, be they cardinals, statesmen or kings. Dr. Johnson was one of the very few great men who was fond of "posing" in an arm-chair in a tavern; yet even he sometimes hazarded observations which Boswell thought it prudent to suppress. It is sheer nonsense to affirm that in order to write a true biography you must put down every remark that your hero regretted, every pleasantry that he threw off in play, or every sarcasm he was not cautious to resist. Equally absurd is it to maintain that a man's private letters, written to those only who could perfectly understand them, must be regarded as the property of the nation, or can be interpreted by the foe or the stranger. It would be as ridiculous to take a man's public speeches as a revelation of his domestic amenities, as to suppose that his private diaries and private letters were intended for universal circulation.

True, there will be no danger to the educated reader who, both knowing the character of the cardinal and the peculiar pressure of the times in which he lived, can distinguish the man from his irritations, the holy priest from his natural infirmities. The danger will be only for outside Protestants, who knew neither the man nor his religion, and who have no honest desire to learn the truth. And this danger will lie in a certain suppression of beautiful traits—or at least in a comparatively faint allusion—which the author has suffered himself to approve. Of the peace-maker, the guide and the friend, we do not read much in this portraiture; we do not find letters in which he advised and consoled; though we have a good deal of correspondence which had much better have been left out, and which could have no essential bearing on the life.

We have some very warm scoldings of popular personages, with whose politics the author is at issue, as, for example, where Mr. Gladstone is spoken of as "attempting to wreck the Empire"; but we have no corresponding energy of praise for the admirable characteristics of the cardinal. We do not mean to say that there are not many passages in which the cardinal is very sincerely admired; but what we dislike is the arranging of evidence which seems to put him in an unfavorable light, and the criticism which is brought to bear on that evidence in a spirit, as the *Spectator* says, of "a prosecutor." Both negatively and positively the life is hardly fair, while as a whole-souled portrait of a great man it is defective—well, let us call it disappointing.

Mr. Gladstone has, however, expressed himself as much pleased with the life, and we know that he warmly esteemed the cardinal. This satisfaction is perfectly natural in a man of Mr. Gladstone's breadth of mind, for he would know how to brush aside, as beneath contempt, the "small" censures in which the public will delight. We have already had a free expression of jubilation in some of the ill-natured Protestant journals, with a song of joy over the cardinal's weak points. Here was the grave scandal to be avoided. A biographer, like any ordinary true friend, is as much bound in his book as in his conversation to avoid running the risk of giving scandal; and he is bound also to respect the feelings of living persons, of whom his hero may have expressed himself freely.

We are promised a new life by the executors. Mr. Purcell will be glad that any defects in his own estimate may be rectified by fresh lights and revelations. Indeed, it is to be regretted that, before going to press, the biographer did not submit his work to competent critics, whose knowledge and whose taste would have been indisputable. We have, some of us, experienced—that is, those of us who have ventured to publish books—that what seemed to us the right thing before going to press, seemed capable of much improvement a few weeks after; and we even marvelled at our own want of judgment in letting things pass which were in bad form. In so important a matter as a biography of Cardinal Manning, it would have been desirable to anticipate such repentance. Spite of Shakespeare's assurance in "Macbeth," "What's done, is done," we shall hope for a revision of the author's work, in which a good deal will be remorsefully cut out.

A. F. MARSHALL.



## THE CHRISTIANS UNDER TURKISH RULE.

THE outbreak of Moslem fanaticism in Armenia which threatens to exterminate the Christian population of that province appears to go on still, in spite of the imposing display of European war ships at the Dardanelles and the indignant protests of the civilized world. In the mass of contradictory dispatches from Constantinople and Asia Minor with which the press of Europe and America is daily flooded, it is hard to tell whether the sufferings of the Armenians are increasing or lessening. What is certain is, that no steps have been taken to effectually protect the Christians of Armenia against the barbarity of their rulers, who have shown themselves already as reckless of Christian lives and rights as their Tartar ancestors, who marked their path of conquest with mountains of human skulls. How many have been the victims already it is impossible to ascertain, but they certainly have been numbered by thousands, and many more have been forced into Mahometanism as the price of their lives. The cynical replies of the Turkish Government and the reckless assertions of the news-gatherers of the European press appear equally indifferent to truth, and the one sure thing is, that an unarmed Christian population continues to be absolutely subject to the power of a horde of barbarians who recognize no law but their own will, and who are fanatically hostile to the Christian faith and its professors.

The state of affairs now existing in Armenia is unfortunately no strange or new episode in Turkey. It had its counterparts in the massacres of Bulgaria which preceded the last war with Russia; in that of Damascus in 1860; in the outbreak of the Druses of Lebanon of the same year; in the slaughter of the Christians of Aleppo and of Djedda a few years earlier; and in the horrors of the Greek War of Independence. In 1822 a Turkish pasha swept the flourishing island of Scio of its whole population in an outburst of fanatic hatred to the Greek name. The system he adopted towards this unarmed community was that of the slave dealers of Africa when gathering in their human chattels for market. A line of Turkish soldiers was drawn across the island, while a fleet blockaded its coasts, and men, women and children were swept as in a dragnet to the port, where those not murdered were carried into slavery and their property made the booty of their assailants. So complete was the extermination, that out of thirteen thousand Catholics, Greek and Italian, in Scio, only three hundred were left,

and even to-day their numbers are scarcely reckoned at five hundred souls. It was an attempt to repeat the example of Scio in the Morea by sweeping it of its whole population that brought about the naval engagement at Navarrino, and destroyed in an hour the Turko-Egyptian navy. The interference of France and Russia then secured the freedom of the Greeks in the southern provinces of the mainland and the promise of toleration for all Christians throughout the Sultan's dominions; but neither these promises, nor the help given to Abdul Mejid against the Russian invasion in 1854 by France and England, could protect the Christians of Turkey against the massacres of Aleppo, of Damascus and of Lebanon, even in times of domestic peace. These two are only examples on a large scale of a policy carried out in countless other cases by the authority of Turkish governors or half-independent Mahometan chiefs. It was common twenty years ago to find in the different provinces of Anatolia whole villages of Christian origin which had been forced to profess Mahometanism at the point of the sword within the last generation. Mahometan names were coupled with Christian surnames in a way which unmistakably revealed the recent proselytism enforced on their bearers, but these facts were never brought to public notice.

There is a striking resemblance between the details of former massacres of Christians and those reported recently in Armenia. When the Turkish government wishes to disguise its own share in these outbreaks of Moslem bigotry, and is forced to admit their occurrence by evidence that cannot be gainsaid, the blame for them is usually laid on some body of fanatics which the Porte declares itself unable to restrain, but carefully avoids punishing. In Bulgaria it was the Bashi Bazouks, in Syria the Druses, in Armenia it is the Kurds, elsewhere the Circassians. The Turkish governors protest their inability to restrain those populations from slaughtering Christians, though in other respects they are obedient vassals of the Sultan. The plea is occasionally varied by representing the Christians as the aggressors, especially when the Turkish regular troops take part in the massacres. The Bulgarians, the Maronites and the Armenians, three habitually unwarlike and disarmed races, have been described as bloodthirsty rebels after they had been made victims of Turkish savagery. The falsehood of this charge is notorious, but it serves the purpose of the Sultan's government just as well. The one thing feared really by the Turks is an invasion from some Christian power outside Turkey. Their own Christian subjects they scorn as enemies, while they hate them cordially at the same time. In the diplomatic warfare which is usually the only crusade which follows a massacre in some Turkish district, the Armenians or Maronites may figure as reckless combatants,

but soldiering is not the trade of populations to whom the use of arms has been forbidden for generations.

How little faith can be placed in Turkish laws or officials can readily be judged from the very nature of the state, which, by diplomatic usage, is reckoned among the "Powers" of Europe. Turkey is not a nation in the sense given to the word by the civilized world. It is to-day, as it has been from the days when Osman laid the foundations of the empire, six centuries ago, an armed population of Tartar race and habits, levying tribute at will on a multitude of Christian population whom it treats as its natural slaves, with no rights to life or property but such as the interests of their rulers induce them to grant. The Cheri, or Koranic code is the supreme law, and the Sultan the supreme ruler and judge of all his subjects, and, in Mahometan theory, of the whole human race. War against Christian or non-Mahometan populations is not only the right, but the duty of the "Chief of the Faithful," unless they acknowledge vassalage to the "True Believers." It is only the want of power to make such wars successful that in Mahometan ideas justifies the Sultan in allowing any Christian nation the right of existence. For the Christians subject to Turkish rule it is a fixed principle of law that they must be subject entirely to the will of the "True Believers." It has become customary of late years, since England and France saved the empire from the invasion of Nicholas, for the Turkish government to proclaim the equality of all classes before the law. Abdul Mejid in 1856 issued a proclamation to that effect, and it has been repeated several times since, but the real value of these proclamations may be gathered from the fact that at the same time the "Cheri" is proclaimed the supreme code. As this code declares positively that the evidence of Christians cannot be received against a Mahometan either in civil or criminal cases, it is easy to see what the so-called equality is in fact.

In 1877 the Turkish government under the administration of Midhat Pacha took a further step to show to the world its advancement in the ways of modern civilization. A constitution was established by proclamation with two chambers, to the lower one of which Christians were admitted. The deputies, however, were not elected by the people but appointed by the government, and in the hundred and thirteenth article of the "Constitution" itself it was further provided that "the Imperial government reserved to itself the power to suspend the ordinary law at will in any district," and also "to banish, at discretion, any subject whom the police might consider dangerous." A constitution of such a kind may seem an audacious farce, but it was the nearest approach to a civilized form of government that Mahometan Turkey could



tolerate. The Mahometans may enjoy a certain amount of protection from the Koranic code and divide the patronage of government between them, but while the Sultan's government retains its power, its Christian subjects can have no rights of freemen in their native land.

The treatment given to the Catholic Armenians by successive viziers between 1870 and 1876, in a time of full peace, is a good example of the spirit of the Mahometan government towards Christians. There are over a million of Catholics in the empire, and they have for centuries been recognized as such by the authorities, and allowed the same contemptuous tolerance as the other Christian bodies. Owing to the diversity of rites, they are divided into Latins, Armenians, Syrians, Chaldeans, Maronites and United Greeks, each having a Patriarch recognized by the Ottoman authorities as its official head. When the "old Catholic" movement was started in Germany and Switzerland in 1871, the Turkish minister, though a Mahometan and totally indifferent to every form of Christianity, was taken with the whim of copying the action of Bismarck in declaring that the decrees of the Vatican Council had changed the Constitution of the Church. Mahmood Pasha, the vizier, decided to apply the Bismarckian system to the Armenian Catholics by way of a social experiment, for he did not interfere with the religious affairs of the other nine-tenths of the Catholic population. Mgr. Hassoun, the Armenian Patriarch, long recognized by the Ottoman authorities, was summarily deposed and exiled, and a handful of schismatics were invited to elect a new Patriarch for the hundred thousand Armenian Catholics. The Catholic body naturally refused to accept this official, who was an excommunicated monk named Kupelian. The government paid no attention to the protests of the Catholic population, but at once declared Kupelian the legal head of the Armenians in union with the Holy See, and the Turkish police put him in possession of the church buildings, seminaries, and hospitals built by Catholic alms. The adherents of Kupelian were not more numerous than Dr. Döllinger's partisans in Germany or France. In Angora and Aleppo the priest named by him had only his clerk for a congregation, but nevertheless the Catholics saw their churches seized for his use by the Turkish police. This state of affairs was continued up to 1877, when the revolt of the European provinces gave other occupation to the government than harrassing a handful of its Catholic subjects as a political amusement. This incident gives a good idea of the supreme contempt for any rights of Christians which is the cardinal principle of Turkish rule.

To understand properly the relations between the Ottoman

Government and its Christian subjects, it is necessary to remember the organization of that government and its history. The Turks are not a population which has amalgamated with the original races of Turkey; they are simply an armed nation of barbarian invaders which for four centuries and more has maintained the condition of conquerors over conquered. The profession of Mahometanism is the first requisite of Turkish nationalization, if the word has any meaning in Turkey. Greek and Armenian and Syrian Christians are to-day, as they were five centuries ago, foreigners in the eyes of the true Turks and only permitted to exist and practice their religion by the gracious pleasure of the Sultan. The law of the empire is not made for them; they are incapable of its application, strictly speaking, by the fact of not being Moslems. When the Turkoman horde, organized by Ertogrul, began under Osman the career of conquest which gave birth to the Turkish Empire, its policy was to bring into subjection every people with whom it came in contact and to offer them the alternative of extermination or payment of a tribute fixed by the conquerors, as a bandit might levy ransom from his prisoners. If the conquered were willing to profess the doctrine of Mahomet they were enrolled in the list of the conquerors and reckoned as true Turks in every sense. A tribute of boys was moreover levied on the different Christian nations conquered by the arms of the Osmanli, and these formed the Janissaries, the picked troops of the Sultan's army. The Tartar blood of the original invaders has thus been mingled in the modern Turk with that of every Christian race that came under their power. Mahometanism, not race, is the political bond of the Turkish nation. In 1875, Edhem Pasha, the Grand Vizier, was himself a Greek who had been carried into slavery from the Morea in 1827 when a child and reared a Moslem by his master who subsequently adopted him. His brother was at the same time a Greek priest near Smyrna, but to the Mahometan Vizier the latter was only an infidel "giaour."

When the conquered Christians paid tribute instead of accepting Mahometanism the Turkish Government allowed each community to regulate its internal affairs by its own laws, provided the tribute taxes were promptly paid and that no Turk desired to interfere with their property or personal liberty. In most cases the religious head of each community, the Patriarch or Metropolitan, was recognized as its civil head likewise and was made responsible for the conduct of his co-religionists. In some cases national chiefs were left to rule, and where there were no Mahometan settlements the Christian communities remained practically self-governing nations. The Maronites of Mount Lebanon and the Miridites of Albania, both Catholic in faith, are examples of this latter class.

The Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, after the taking of that city, was recognized by the Sultan as civil head of all the Greeks in the empire. Various other Patriarchs, some Catholics, others Schismatic, were entrusted with supreme power over their fellow believers, subject of course to the authority of the Turkish governors whenever they chose to interfere in the affairs of the Christians. At present there are Latin, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Chaldean and Maronite Catholic Patriarchs, Greek, Armenian, Nestorian and Jacobite, Schismatical Patriarchs; a Bulgarian exarch and various other dignitaries of different denominations recognized by the Turkish Government as civil and religious heads of various bodies of its subjects, but all outside the class of Turks. They are regarded much in the same light as England regards the King of Ashanti or the Tuli chiefs lately reduced to subjection to the empire, but allowed to manage their own subjects during the good pleasure of their masters.

So deeply is this feeling rooted in the Turkish Government, that it regards it as quite natural that the consuls of Christian nations should look after the interests of its own subjects as if they were absolute foreigners in the land. France for centuries was regarded as the natural protector of the Catholics throughout Turkey, and Russia claimed a similar position with regard to the schismatic Greeks. The Turkish authorities find nothing strange in this. In 1876, when the French ambassador addressed a remonstrance to the Turkish minister against the persecution to which the Catholic Armenians were being subjected, the latter replied that he wished France would take away the whole Armenian population and let the government rest from the trouble of ruling them. The utterance was typical of the feelings of the Turkish rulers towards their Christian subjects.

This habit of regarding all Christians as aliens is as old as the Ottoman Empire itself. It is now six hundred years since the Turkoman Shepherd Chief, who founded the dynasty of Osman, formed an army of his countrymen on the banks of the Euphrates and started to conquer a kingdom from the territory of the Greek Empire in Asia. Such enterprises have always been common among the wandering hordes of the Tartar steppes, who are as fond of war and plunder as were our own Indian tribes. An ambitious and able chief could always raise a following among those soldier shepherds and lead them and their families to the conquest of some settled but unwarlike neighboring country. The result of these movements is nearly always the same. The uncivilized horde conquers a civilized country, occupies its cities and fields, and then falls into habits of lazy self-indulgence which, in a generation or two, leaves it without the warlike habits on which alone



its superiority rested, and the barbarian kingdom is destroyed as quickly as it sprang up. The Osmanli dynasty had a different fate. By a combination of circumstances unknown before in history, a succession of eleven really able and vigorous sultans appeared at the head of the Turkish Empire founded by Osman. They continued to war and conquer for three full centuries without any relaxation either in their military spirit or their religious fanaticism. The institution of the Janissaries, by which the flower of the male children of their conquered subjects were forced into Mahometanism in their infancy and trained up as soldiers from their boyhood, was a powerful means of preserving and increasing the military strength of the original tribe, now become the imperial race of the Osmanli Turks. Other recruits were gathered from the swarms of their own race that were ever ready to leave the plains of Tartary to share the booty of their conquering countrymen. The conquered populations, when not Moslem, were treated as the natural slaves of the Turks, and only useful as furnishing them with the luxuries of civilization and the material resources needed for further conquests.

The wave of Mahometan conquest which, in the seventh and eighth centuries, had carried the dominions of the Arab caliphs from Spain to India, was renewed five hundred years later by the Turkoman followers of the dynasty of Osman. The Asiatic territory of the Greek Empire and that of the successors of the caliphs were absorbed in a couple of generations, and then the invaders passed on to Europe and made Adrianople their capital. The European nations were as powerless to resist their onslaught as the Asiatics had been. Stephen Dushan had founded a powerful kingdom of Servia, but it was subjected by the battle of Kossovo in the early part of the fifteenth century. The Hungarians and Poles, with allies from France and the West, were utterly defeated in the great battles of Nicopolis and Varna, and finally, in 1453, Constantinople, the greatest city then of the civilized world both in wealth and population and the representative of the Roman Empire of the Cæsars, was taken by storm, and became the seat of the Turkish sultans.

The Turks did not change their habits nor their fierce energy in Constantinople. They aspired to the complete conquest of Europe, and Rome was the next object of their desires. In that they were disappointed, but elsewhere for a full hundred years and more they kept on their career of successful aggression. Egypt was conquered by the first Selim, who there obtained from the descendant of the Arab caliphs the cession of that dignity to himself. The Turkish sultan thus became also caliph or spiritual head of the orthodox Mahometan world, and his successors have since re-

tained the double rank. In the reign of Soliman "the Magnificent," the contemporary of Charles V., the Turkish Empire exceeded both in extent and wealth the whole of Christian Europe. In military strength and naval power it was unquestionably the strongest power on earth. Charles V. saw Vienna besieged for a month by Turkish armies without being able to offer them battle, and though Vienna escaped, Hungary and Transylvania became provinces of Turkey. The fertile plains of South Russia acknowledged Turkish supremacy, though ruled by the Mahometan King of Crim Tartary, and the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoph were both Turkish lakes. The whole of North Africa, to the borders of Morocco with Egypt and Nubia, and nearly the whole of Arabia, were provinces of the Empire of Soliman.

The Osmanli Turks, thus become successors of the Roman lords of the civilized world, scarcely changed their character of Tartar marauders. They despised the civilization as well as the religion of their Christian enemies. The luxuries which they extorted from their subjects they enjoyed as an Indian tribe would the plunder of an American town, but they scorned to provide even those luxuries by their own labor. The higher lessons of civilization they utterly refused to learn. Art, literature, and science, continued as foreign to the Turkish rulers of Constantinople as they had been to their ancestors when feeding their flocks in the steppes of Turkestan. The systems of law and administration devised by the experience of fifty generations of the highest races of Europe, they treated with contempt; as unworthy of notice beside the crude rules of the Koranic code. Colleges and schools, except for teaching the doctrines of Mahomet were unknown to the subjects of Soliman. The principles of commerce, of combining men for the works of peace, of public improvements, were all scorned by them as unworthy of warriors and left to their Christian subjects to practice, as best they might under the rule of capricious barbarians. It is little wonder that, after the booty of the early conquest had been wasted, decay set in everywhere through the Turkish Empire. The fairest lands of Europe and Asia fell back to the state of a wilderness. Cyprus under its Christian kings had a population of two millions. After three centuries of Turkish rule it numbers scarcely a tenth of that today. The same has been the fate of every land cursed by Turkish rule. Constantinople when taken by Mahomet II., contained a larger and wealthier population than Paris and London combined, and a higher civilization than either. Its present condition gives the measure of the capacity of the Ottomans for any work beyond ruthless war.

The conquests of the Turks in Europe were checked in the six-

teenth century by the victory of Lepanto won by the Spaniards and Venetians. For a century later, however, they continued to be one of the great, if no longer the greatest, military powers of the world. In 1683 a Sultan undertook the conquest of Germany, and his armies would have taken Vienna but for the arrival of the Polish King Sobieski. The defeat then inflicted on the Ottoman army was the commencement of their downfall; step by step the conquered Christian lands were won back from Turkish dominion. The seventeenth century saw them driven from Hungary and Poland. By the close of the eighteenth they had lost the whole north coast of the Black Sea and their armies were powerless against the disciplined troops of Europe. Napoleon's campaigns in Egypt and Syria showed how far the Turks had fallen even as soldiers, in comparison with the nations of Christian Europe. Mahmoud, the reforming Sultan of our own century appreciated this fact and attempted to stop the ruin of the empire by introducing the improvements of modern civilization. He only succeeded partially in reorganizing the army and giving a less Tartar form to the exterior of the Turkish administration, but the old barbarian spirit remains unchanged still. At Silistria and at Plevna, the Turkish soldiers showed that they still retain the fighting qualities of their race. At Damascus, in Bulgaria, and now in Armenia, they have proved that they are still the same ruthless barbarians they were in the days of Mohammed II.

The action of the western civilized nations towards the decaying barbarism enthroned still at Constantinople, shows how deeply modern Europe has degenerated from the spirit of the Crusades. The atrocities of Turkish rule are universally admitted, but no serious attempt has been made to check them, though any civilized power could easily effect it. England, since the beginning of this century, has indeed made herself for commercial and political objects, the avowed champion of the Mahometan despotism of the Sultan. She aided him to conquer Egypt from the French and she interfered to restore his dominion in Syria, which had been occupied by the more civilized power of Mehemet Ali. During the Greek war of independence she protected Turkey with her fleet. The battle of Navarrino which ended that war was fought against the express instructions of the British Cabinet. A French and a Russian fleet had sailed to Greek waters on the news of the Turkish atrocities in the Morea and the English Admiral, Codrington, was sent with a strong squadron to prevent their interference with the Egyptian-Turkish forces in their work of massacre. A Turkish ship captain, who did not comprehend the conduct of his English allies, fired on one of their vessels in a fit of ignorant rage, and the English Admiral forgot his instructions in the heat of wrath



and returned the fire. The French and Russian fleets at once took part, and in an hour the whole Turkish fleet was at the bottom of Navarrino Bay and the freedom of Greece was assured in spite of England's friendship for its Moslem rulers. The spirit of English policy was shown again during the Crimean war, and later at the time of the butcheries in Syria in 1860. On that occasion Napoleon III. insisted on landing French troops and protecting the Syrian Christians from extermination. The English Minister did not hesitate to assert that the maintenance of Turkey, in the eyes of his government, was paramount to the existence of the Eastern Christians. A similar sentiment has been publicly expressed this present year by the actual Prime Minister of England, in his famous speech on Armenia.

Russia, while professing her sympathies with the condition of the Christians under Turkish rule, is as little disposed to interfere in their behalf honestly as England. The great object of her policy is not to restore freedom to the Eastern Christians, but to make them and the whole territory of Turkey subjects of her own despotism. For the methods of the Turks the Russian administration feels no repugnance. It has practiced them itself whenever it suited its interests, though the elaborate despotism of Peter is less liable to outbursts of mere angry passion than the fanatic brutality of the Turkish sultans. The massacres committed by the Cossacks in Poland last century under the express orders of Catherine II., were as savage as those of Bulgaria or Armenia, and the extermination of the Janissaries by Mahmood was the counterpart of the butchery of the Streltzi by Peter the Great. The conquests of Khiva and the Turkomans by Russia within the present generation, were as brutal as the old Turkish invasions of Europe when the Osmanli scimeter was supreme in war. At present it seems as if Russia, for her own ends, were willing to keep the Turks in possession of their Christian subjects, if they will consent to be themselves the vassals of the czar. The occupation of Turkey by Russia would only be for the subjects of the latter the exchange of a crumbling and ignorant despotism for a powerful and well organized one. It may be doubted whether the benefit would outweigh the loss of such a change, however vile the Turkish regime may be.

France, whatever be the faults of its policy, and that policy is often unscrupulous enough, is the only European power which, so far, has shown any real interest in the emancipation of the Christians of Turkey. It was her interference that secured the independence of Greece, and the establishment of a Christian government in the Lebanon in 1861 was the only successful measure taken to secure the lives of the Christians under Turkish rule

against outbursts of Moslem fanaticism. Since that time there has been no recurrence in Syria of the massacres and civil wars which used to be almost of yearly occurrence. An application of the same system in Armenia, and wherever Christian populations are exposed to Moslem lawlessness would, in all probability, give the same results. The Turkish government cannot abrogate the Koranic law, but it can leave the administration of its Christian populations in exclusively Christian hands. The selfish political interests of the European powers cannot be made to unite for the substitution of a Christian power at Constantinople for the Sultan, but there is nothing to prevent the extension of the system now in force in Syria to every part of the Turkish territory. It would be virtually the establishment of home rule throughout the empire, such as was granted by the conquering sultans in theory, but free from the dangers of irresponsible despotism which have made it worthless so far in practice. Mahometan rule, as it now exists in Turkey, is doomed, and the greatest danger to its Christian subjects is that it may be replaced by another despotism stronger but not less unscrupulous than that of the sultans, whose dynasty has now so nearly run its course of blood.

B. CLINCH.

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## THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED APOLOGY OF APOLLONIUS, THE MARTYR.

THE nineteenth century, the century of science, as it proudly calls itself, has also been pre-eminently the age of historical investigation and antiquarian research. The decipherers and translators of the mysterious picture writing of Egypt have revived the history of that wonderful land. Excavators on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates have brought to light, and Assyriologists have interpreted, thousands of tablets and inscriptions telling the story of kings and conquerors who ruled before Abraham was born. Schliemann has dug up the site of Homer's Troy. Kenyon has presented the student of Greek history with Aristotle's History of the Athenian Constitution. The Annals of Rome have been made fuller and clearer by the recovery of Augustus's story of his own reign (the *Monumentum Ancyranum*), of Diocletian's edict and hundreds of other valuable documents. From the underground galleries of the early Christian cemeteries of Rome, Giovanni Battista de Rossi has dug up the priceless annals of the early Roman Church. His boundless learning and almost inspired genius compelled the Catacombs to give up the secrets they had concealed for so many centuries. His researches in the Roman and other archives, as well as his subterranean investigations, have restored to the historian many venerable documents setting forth the pathetic tale of the sufferings and heroism of our Christian forefathers. Other important discoveries, also, have sent a thrill of joy into the hearts of the students of the early history of Christianity. From Constantinople came the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, from Venice many Syriac and Armenian documents. Other scholars recovered the Apology of Aristides and the Diatesseron of Tatian. On the present occasion we would draw the attention of our readers to another early Christian document, recently discovered. Though less extensive and less important than some of the writings just mentioned, it challenges our interest in a high degree. We speak of the Apology of the Roman philosopher and senator Apollonius. Until a few years ago so little was known of this ancient defence of the Christian faith, that though published more than twenty years ago, its true character was recognized only quite recently. All that was previously known of Apollonius and his Apology was contained in a few statements found in the first historian of the Christian Church, Eusebius of Cæsarea, and in a short reference to him by St. Jerome. St. Je-



rome, however, does little more than repeat and amplify the report of Eusebius. Apollonius, the Bishop of Cæsarea tells us, was a distinguished Roman, who lived under the Emperor Commodus. He was famed for his culture and learning, and especially for his thorough knowledge of philosophy. From St. Jerome we learn that he was a senator. Apollonius, who had become a Christian, lived at Rome for a number of years unmolested and in peace. The Emperor Commodus, brute and profligate though he was, proved himself far more just and considerate to the Christians than his father, the cultured but narrow-minded Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher. Marcia, the wife—the Roman historians call her *concubina*—of Commodus, was a Christian, and no doubt influenced the emperor to treat those of her faith with mercy and kindness. We need not wonder, therefore, that Apollonius, in spite of his eminence and fame, escaped persecution so long. For in those days, even when the emperor was gentle, the law was cruel. There was a decree of the senate it seems—the senate being, since Augustus, the partner in sovereignty of the Princeps—embodying apparently the views which we find set down in Trajan's famous letter to Pliny regarding the treatment of the Christians. They were not to be hunted down, but if brought before the judges they must recant or die. Until one of his own slaves turned informer, and brought him before the senate and Perenius, the prefect of the emperor's body-guard (182–185 A.D.), no one had thought fit to impeach Apollonius. In presence of his judges, Eusebius tells us Apollonius delivered a defence of his faith. This the bishop of Cæsarea had published in a collection of *Acta Martyrum*, or records of the trials of Christian martyrs, some time before writing his history. Unfortunately, this important collection has perished. Our loss is the more to be regretted, as the bishop appears to have been a man of clear, penetrating judgment, that distinguished readily the genuine from the false. His authority alone, therefore, is a guarantee of the authenticity of the Acts of Apollonius published by him. However, these Acts had been lost for centuries, and no one dreamed of their discovery. But in this case, as so often, the unexpected happened. In 1874 the Mekhitharists in Venice, a congregation of Oriental monks, who devote themselves to the study of Oriental literature and the promotion of Catholic interests in the East, published a volume of ancient Armenian documents bearing on the history of the Church. The Apology of Apollonius was one of these. But no one recognized its importance or saw its identity with the lost Apology spoken of by Eusebius. For well-nigh twenty years it lay buried amid the Armenian lore of the learned Mekhitharists. Finally, an Oxford scholar, Mr. F. C. Conybeare, recognized its importance, and pub-

lished a translation in his book entitled "Monuments of Early Christianity." Once introduced to the world of European scholars, its value was recognized. Prof. Harnack characterized it as "the noblest Apology for the Christian faith transmitted to us from antiquity." The Acts of Apollonius, he adds, bear the stamp of life and authenticity. As the reader will notice at once, these acts are the record of the holy martyr's trial, and present to us a living picture of the procedure of a Roman judge against a man charged with being a Christian. No doubt all Roman prefects and governors were not as considerate as Perenius, who tried Apollonius. Besides, we must not forget that the confessor of Christ was a man of unusual rank and prominence. St. Jerome's statement that he was a Roman senator is accepted by Hardy<sup>1</sup> and Hilgenfeld. It is confirmed by the fact of Apollonius being summoned before the senate. During the second century almost every emperor promised, at his accession, to put no senator to death on his sole authority. The Perenius who figures as the presiding judge at the beginning of the trial was the favorite of Commodus from his accession, 180-185. As commander of the emperor's body-guard, and probably as prefect of the City of Rome, he might preside in the senate as the emperor's representative. By his order, therefore, Apollonius is brought before the senate to be tried by his peers. Whether Perenius is also the magistrate who appears in the later part of our document is not so sure. Some critics are of opinion that this magistrate is the regular president of the senate.<sup>2</sup> At all events, both are equally courteous to the martyr and equally subservient to the senate's authority. It may not be uninteresting to recall that Perenius, though a clever courtier, came to a violent end. Like the wives of Henry VIII., the favorites of Commodus generally paid with their heads for the privilege of their master's favor. Perenius was beheaded by the emperor's order in 185 A.D.

We are now acquainted with the most important preliminary details required for the understanding of the story of the trial of Apollonius and the appreciation of his Apology. We now subjoin the text of the venerable document following the version of the German orientalist, Paul Rohrbach, as far as he gives it, in the April number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. While agreeing substantially with Mr. Conybeare's version, Rohrbach's translation shows some interesting differences and throughout is clearer and less archaic. The passages not given by Rohrbach have been inserted from Mr. Conybeare's translation. They are paragraphs 4-11, 24-27, 43-45, 47.

<sup>1</sup> E. G. Hardy, *Christianity and the Roman Government*, p. 200-8.

<sup>2</sup> So Hilgenfeld, in *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift*, for May 18, 1895, p. 663.

1. Terentius, the Prefect, commanded him to be brought before the Senate and said to him: "Apollonius, why do you resist the invincible laws and the order of the Emperor and why do you refuse to sacrifice to the Gods?" 2. Apollonius said: "Because I am a Christian; and fear God, who made heaven and earth and sacrifice not to lifeless idols." 3. The Prefect said: "But you ought to repent of such sentiments because of the edicts of the Emperors, and swear by the Fortune of the autocrat Commodus." 4. Apollonius replied: "Listen attentively to my answer; He who repents of good and just works, he, indeed, is godless and without hope; but he who repents of unlawful deeds and of evil thoughts and returns not to them, he is a lover of God and has regard to hope. 5. I am firmly resolved to keep the beautiful and glorious commandment of God, which he taught by my Lord Christ, who knows the thoughts of men, and beholds all that is done both openly and in secret. 6. It is best not to swear at all, but always to live in peace and truth. For the truth is a great oath and for this reason is it bad and evil to swear by Christ. But because of falsehood is there disbelief and because of disbelief there is swearing, I will swear truth freely by the true God, though we love the Emperor also and offer prayers for his Majesty." 7. The Prefect said: "Come, then, and sacrifice to Apollo and to the other gods and to the image of the Emperor." 8. Apollonius said: "As to changing my purpose and as to the oath, I have given answer; but as to sacrifices, I and all Christians offer a bloodless sacrifice to God, Lord of heaven and earth and of the sea, and of all living things for the soul-endowed rational images (*i.e.*, the men), who have been appointed by God's Providence to rule over the earth. 9. Therefore, according to God's precept, we pray to him who dwells in heaven, who is the only God, that they may justly rule upon this earth, for we know for certain that he (*i.e.*, Commodus) is established emperor through none other than through the one King, God, who holds all in his hand." 10. The Prefect said: "You were not summoned here to talk philosophy. I will give you one day's respite to reflect on your interest and to consider the question of your life." And he ordered him to be taken to prison.

11. And after three days he ordered him to be brought before him and said to him: "What resolution have you come to?" 12. Apollonius answered: "I am and shall be true to the worship of God, as I said before." 13. The Prefect said: "Because of the decree of the Senate I advise you to repent and to sacrifice to the gods, to whom the whole earth offers adoration and sacrifice; for it is far better for you to live among us than to die a wretched death. You are not unacquainted with the decree of the Senate, I think." 14. Apollonius said: "I know the decrees of Almighty



God, and I am and shall be true to his worship, and I do not adore idols fashioned by man's hands, made of gold, silver, and wood, that see not and hear not, because they are the work of men's hands and the true worship of God they know not. 15. But I have learned to adore the God of heavens and to bend the knee to Him alone, who breathed the breath of life into all men and continually gives life to all. 16. And I shall not debase myself nor cast myself into the abyss, for it is a great disgrace to prostrate one's self before things that are vile, and it is servile to adore what is worthless: men sin in adoring such things. Fools were they who invented them, and more senseless still those who adore and honor them.

17. The Egyptians in their folly adore onions. 18. The Athenians to this very day adore the head of an ox made of copper and call it 'the Fortune of Athens.' And they have likewise set up in the well-known place near the statue of Zeus and Herakles to pray to them. 19. And yet in what respect are they better than dried clay or a baked potsherd. Eyes have they and see not, ears have they and hear not, hands have they and seize not, feet have they and walk not, for the mere form gives not true being. And I think that Socrates also made sport of the Athenians, when he swore by the plane-tree, by the dog, and by dried wood. 20. By worshipping idols, men firstly sin against themselves. 21. In the next place they deny God, because they reject the truth. The Egyptians have called the onion and the leek gods, and the fruits that we feed upon, and which enter the stomach, and are thrown on the dunghill, these have they adored. Yea, they have adored fish also, and the dove, and the dog, and stone and the wolf, and they have all worshipped the fictions of their own fancy. 22. Thirdly, men sin when they worship men, angels and demons, calling them gods."

23. The Prefect answered: "You have talked much philosophy and given no pleasure. But do you not know that by the decree of the Senate there shall be no Christians at all." 24. Apollonius answered: "Yes, but the human decree of the Senate cannot override God's decree. For inasmuch as men frivolously hate and slay those who do them good, so in many ways men stand aloof from God. 25. But know that God has appointed death and after death judgment for all, for kings and poor men, for rulers and slaves and freemen, for philosophers and the ignorant. 26. But there is a distinction of death (from death). Therefore, the disciples of Christ daily die, crucifying their desires and mortifying them in accordance with the Divine Scriptures. For we have no part at all in immodest desires, nor do we allow impure sights, nor lewd glances, nor ears that listen to evil, lest our souls be wounded thereby.

27. "For while we live we live for God and suffer tortures for Him that we may not miserably suffer everlasting death. 28. Moreover, we do not grieve at having our goods taken from us, because we know that both in life and death we are the Lord's. Fever or any other sickness may kill a man. I may suppose that I died of such a disease."

29. The Prefect said: "Therefore you insist upon dying." 30. Apollonius answered: "I wish to live in Christ, but I do not fear death, because of the love of life. For there is nothing more worthy of our esteem than life everlasting, which, for the soul that has here led a noble life, is the mother of immortality."

31. The Prefect said: "I do not understand what you say." 32. Apollonius said: "What shall I do for you? What enlightens the heart is the Word of God, as light gives sight to the eyes." 33. A philosopher who was present said: "Apollonius you make a laughing stock of yourself, for you have gone far astray, though you fancy you speak deep truths." 34. Apollonius said: "I have learned to pray but not to sneer; however, your hypocrisy proves the blindness of your heart, for to fools only truth seems laughable." 35. The magistrate<sup>1</sup> said: "Explain to me clearly what you mean." 36. Apollonius answered: "The Word of God, of the Redeemer of souls and bodies, became Man in Judæa, fulfilled all righteousness and was gloriously filled with divine wisdom. He taught the true religion, that was becoming to the sons of men, to silence the principle of sin. 37. For He taught them to restrain their anger, to moderate their appetites, to check their lust, to dispel sorrow, to be compassionate, to cherish charity, to cast off vanity, to forego revenge, not to be vindictive, to condemn death, but not through injustice, but while bearing patiently with the unjust, to obey the laws of God, to honor rulers, to adore God, to believe in an immortal soul, which is in God;<sup>2</sup> to expect the judgment after death, to hope for a reward after the resurrection, which God will grant to the pious.

38. "All this He taught by word and deed with great constancy, and after being commended by all for the benefits He bestowed, He was put to death at last, as philosophers and just men had also been put to death before Him. For the just are hated by the unjust; 39, as also the divine Scripture says: 'Let us bind the just man, for he is an offence to us.'<sup>3</sup> 40. But one of the Greek sages,<sup>4</sup> also, has said that 'the just man will suffer, be spit upon

<sup>1</sup> So Rohrbach, but we are inclined, with Hilgenfeld, to recognize in this magistrate the usual president of the senate.

<sup>2</sup> Conybeare translates: "to entrust the Spirit to immortal God."

<sup>3</sup> Isaias, ch. iii., 10, in the *Septuagint*. The Douay version has no such passage either iii. 10, or iii. 13, to which Conybeare refers.

<sup>4</sup> Plato in the *Republic*, ii., 361 ff.

and crucified.' 41. Just as the Athenians, led by the mob, pronounced and passed the unjust sentence of death on him (Socrates). So also the unjust at last pronounced sentence of death, because the unjust grew envious of Him, 42, as they had grown envious of the prophets, who lived before Him, and had foretold of Him that He would come and do good to all men and persuade all men by His virtue to adore God the Father, the Creator of all things; in Him (the Word) we believe and before Him we prostrate ourselves, for from Him we have learned precepts of piety before unknown to us, and henceforth we shall not go astray, but we lead a life of goodness and we hope in the future life."

43. The magistrate said: "I thought you had changed your mind over night." 44. Apollonius said: "And I expected that your thoughts would be changed over night, and the eyes of your spirit be opened by my answer, and that your heart would bear fruit, and that you would worship God, the Creator of all, and offer your prayers to him continually by means of compassion; for compassion shown by men to men is a bloodless sacrifice and holy unto God."

45. The magistrate said: "I would fain set you free, but I cannot do so on account of the decree of the senate. However, I will pass a mild sentence," and he ordered him to be beheaded with the sword. 46. Apollonius said: "I thank my God for your sentence."

47. And the executioners forthwith led him away and beheaded him, while he continued to glorify the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, to whom be glory forever. Amen.

The story of the martyrdom of our Christian philosopher has the appearance of a court record. There is no reason forbidding the assumption that in this case appearances are not deceptive. Christians interested would meet with little difficulty if, after the death of the martyr, they desired to examine and copy the record of his trial. Certainly, after the conversion of Constantine, the Roman government would place no obstacles in the way of men like Eusebius, who sought to preserve the memory of the noble martyrs who had given their lives for their faith. Besides, the art of shorthand writing was well known and practiced in Rome. Cicero's first oration against Catiline, an extempore speech, as is well known, was taken down by his secretary, M. Tullius Tiro. The Christians therefore might, in cases where it seemed desirable to them, have the court proceedings stenographed. Nor are the acts of St. Apollonius the only examples of a Christian trial that has come down to us. The acts of the Scillitan martyrs<sup>1</sup> are simi-

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<sup>1</sup> They may be found in the original Latin in Robinson's *Texts and Studies*—The



larly the copy of court proceedings, and the same is true of others of the *Acta Sanctorum*. In the Acts of Apollonius there is nothing that might lead us even to suspect the authenticity of the recital. The name Perenius, it is true, has been corrupted into Terentius, but write the names in capitals and the change is at once explained. Apart from this the date, the chronological correctness of all the statements, the local and temporal coloring, and the other internal characteristics of the narrative, far from suggesting doubts, all conspire to support the genuineness of the document. Accordingly, not only Mr. Conybeare, but rigorous critics, whose learning deserves our confidence, and who are certainly not open to the charge of credulity, men like Harnack, Hilgenfeld and Rohrbach, have unreservedly admitted the authenticity of this newly recovered monument of early Christianity. We may, therefore, accept it with entire confidence.

What, then, can we gather from this interesting relic of Christian antiquity? Of course, we possess other apologies for our faith, fuller and older than that of Apollonius. The apologies of Aristides and of St. Justin, though we cannot fix their date to a year, were written some twenty-five to fifty years earlier. But the defence of Christianity, as set forth by these two writers, was composed in the closet, after careful reflection and for a special object. Our Apology is the extempore effort of a learned scholar when called to justify his religious belief before the judge who was to decide his fate. It is, so to say, a photograph taken from life. It is interesting not only, nor chiefly, on account of the arguments set forth, but as the self-portrait of a Christian scholar in the most trying of circumstances. And what does this portrait reveal to us? It shows us a man in the true sense of the word, self-possessed, clear-headed, fully conscious of the crisis that impends over him, his eyes calmly scanning the doom that stares him in the face. One way of escaping it there is, but duty, conviction, the fear of God, the love of Christ bar this way. From first to last there is not the faintest trace of wavering. He feels deeply the injustice of the law that requires him to do what God forbids. But no word of complaint escapes his lips, not a syllable betraying bitterness. He is the same quiet, dignified, manly gentleman throughout. He does not reproach the prefect; his replies to the judge are firm but charitable. He wishes him no evil; he hopes that his judge, too, may receive the heavenly light that is to him above life and its attractions. Apollonius reflects not only the dignity but the charity of his Master.

Why does he prize his faith above all things earthly? We must

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*Passion of St. Perpetua*, p. 112 ff., or in Allard's *Histoire des Persecutions*, vol. i., p. 437 ff.

not make the mistake that has been made by some scholars that have written on our martyr's defence of Christianity.<sup>1</sup> A man pleading for his life cannot be expected to give even an exhaustive summary of his principles. What he says is said not to convey his own judgment or sentiments regarding his religious beliefs. It is said to carry conviction to the persons he addresses. And Apollonius, the scholar, Apollonius, the senator, knows the men to whom he addresses his words. He knows what is likely to have weight with them. We may go further, and say that he knows what appealed to himself in favor of Christianity when he was a pagan, only we must bear in mind that the active practical Christian looks at his religion from a different intellectual standpoint. He looks at it as a man who has experienced in the life of grace what no pagan eye can see and no pagan heart conceive. In Apollonius's discourse, therefore, it would be absurd to look for a complete abstract of current Christian doctrine, or a full setting forth of his own inmost convictions. The argument from silence is precarious at all times; especially so when we know that the speaker, from the nature of the case and because of the shortness of the time allowed him, can say only what will impress the hearer most favorably. What, therefore, does Apollonius regard as most likely to influence Perenius and his other hearers in his favor? "I am firmly resolved," he tells us, "to keep the beautiful and glorious commandment of God, which is taught by my Lord Christ." What was this beautiful and glorious commandment? "He taught his disciples to restrain their anger, to moderate their appetites, to check their lust, to dispel sorrow, to be compassionate, to cherish charity, to cast off vanity, to forego revenge, not to be vindictive, to condemn death, . . . to honor rulers, to adore God, to believe in an immortal soul, . . . to expect the judgment after death, to hope for a reward after the resurrection." What Apollonius emphasizes, therefore, is, that Christ taught the practice of Christian virtue, and especially of Christian charity, with a view to a reward in the life to come. But this teaching, he tells us, is not merely empty sound, merely fine phrases. "Henceforth we shall not go astray, but *we lead* a life of goodness and we hope in the future life." Why? Because we believe in Christ.

The magistrate was deeply impressed. "I would fain set you free," he said, "but I cannot do so." The noble martyr had struck the note to which every natural heart has a responsive chord. The senators of Commodus were not hard, fanatical believers in stoic virtue; the most of them were men with no lofty ideals. But even the rascal appreciates the nobility of virtue, and all men crave for

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<sup>1</sup> What we shall say here is equally applicable to similar strictures made on the Apology of Aristides.

the life to come. Christ, the Word of God, made Man in Judæa, taught the one and promised the other. The power of Christ's word and example made his followers "lead lives of goodness." These sublime doctrines, supported by the authority of the Word, these noble deeds had spoken to the heart of Apollonius and many other right minded pagans; these same doctrines and deeds Apollonius thought might find an echo in the hearts of his pagan judges. The world is full of modern pagans. Mayhap that these, like their brethren under Commodus, will be more impressed by the practice of Christian virtue and the Christian's unswerving belief in a future life and a future reward, than by a thousand scientific apologies. What gave such overmastering power to the voice of Apollonius and the voice of the thousands who suffered for Christ, was their absolute unwavering certainty of immortality and Christ's crown. Apollonius's voice, ringing out with the full power of complete conviction these teachings of our Lord, which after all are the echoes of our own aspirations, failed not to communicate to his hearers an electric shock. Were the Christians of the nineteenth century to bear witness with like power and the like ring of absolute sincerity to these fundamental beliefs, were they to seal these beliefs by lives that, scorning the riches of the present, would proclaim "the hope of the future life," might not many a modern pagan, now deaf to Christ's "beautiful and glorious commandment," be roused to a sense of its beauty and its glory?

But Apollonius's argument is not only affirmative; it is negative also. It is decidedly aggressive. He is to forfeit his life for refusing to honor the gods of Cæsar. He defends himself by assailing them. His arguments are not new. They had been repeated again and again since the old Xenophanes had denounced the lying, cheating, lusting gods of the divine Homer, Academics, Peripatetics. Stoics had rehearsed the demonstration. Apollonius, it is true, does not dwell on the immorality of the heathen deities. To him who worships the only true God, the omnipotent Creator of heaven and earth, it is an absurdity, an outrage, to worship stones, bronze and wood, wrought into the likeness of the human form, as the arbiters of man's destiny. Like Aristides—in one passage he uses almost the same language—he ridicules the folly of the Egyptians, who offered divine honors to the onion and the leek. The Christian senator and scholar understood his audience. The president and members of the Roman senate, the successors of Cicero and the other augurs, who smiled when they looked at each other performing their augural functions, felt the force of Apollonius's attack. They dared not break a lance for the gods whom they wished their Christian colleague to worship; they were ashamed even to interrupt his denunciation. They list-



ened to the end, and then the prefect calmly tells him: "You have talked much philosophy and given us pleasure." No doubt it was not the aim of the Christian martyr to give his judges "pleasure"; no doubt these polite words proved to him, as clearly as the sternest rebuff could have done, the failure of his effort to make the truth a principle of action in the hearts of the senators. Still, Apollonius's words were not thrown away. For himself, it is true, he achieved nothing. For his religion and his brethren he accomplished much perhaps. He placed in the minds of all who heard him or who read his words a ferment that must leaven their thoughts, and sooner or later result in action. Men, even torpid, nay, unprincipled men, are impressed when they see their image reflected in the mirror of truth. When they behold their own distorted lineaments they wince. Man's conscience is a stern judge who cannot be bribed, though he may for a time be anæsthetized. Once he has tasted the sweetness of truth he will have an irresistible tendency to spew out falsehood. To spew the lie out of his mouth is half a victory for the truth. They first suffer, then admire, then, perchance, embrace it. Apollonius opened or reopened the eyes of the conscript fathers so as to see what a hideous caricature the Roman state religion was. They saw it, for though its official guardians, they said not a word. It was a case of Cicero's "*Cum tacent, probant.*" They not only condemned paganism, they admired the martyr's doctrine. Weakness, human respect, tradition led them to be false to the light—false so far as truth bade them boldly to stand up for its rights and the rights of conscience. Their minds were vanquished, but their wills were craven. But he who persecutes, through weakness, and in spite of himself, is not the bitter un pitying foe, that the ignorant fanatic always is. The former tastes wormwood, where the latter finds only honey; the former blushes when he tortures, the latter exults; the former looks for an excuse not to act, the latter has his arm ever raised to strike. Apollonius served his brethren well, when he forced the statesmen of Rome to avow that his word filled them with "pleasure." His attack was justified. Aggression had proved the best defence. Here again he conveys a lesson. Often the best defence is a powerful attack. Apply it to our age. The spirit of the modern pagan is negation. He assails everything; he builds up nothing or very little. But he exults in his work of destruction. Destruction, religions, moral, social, we are told, is liberation, is regeneration. Naturally, when the modern pagan attacks some part of the Christian citadel, its garrison defend it with might and main. Do we not instinctively protect any part of our body threatened by the ruffian by interposing our hand? And yet often the best way to save our eye is to smite our assailants. Perhaps,

the best method of fighting for Christianity and religion to-day consists in showing the shams and hollow pretences of its enemies. The modern pagan, we are aware, does not offer us many points of attack. He is an agnostic. He pretends to have no principles to defend. They are all negative. Still, his negations are to regenerate the world. He rigidly demands that your foundations shall be solid. Let him be required to show us how zero is to beget the infinite. Let him be required to show us his  $\pi\omega\delta\ \sigma\tau\omega$ . Point out the vanity of his promises, the inanity of his prophecies. Apollonius has already had imitators in the nineteenth century. M. Ferdinand Brunetière has recently exposed the baselessness of the pretences of pseudo-science as a moral and religious regenerator, the falsity of its claim to make mankind happy. Before publishing his essay, M. Brunetière had paid a visit to the Holy Father, and perhaps the French writer's incisive attack may be looked upon as an outcome of that visit. The brochure, though its author is not a theologian and does not pretend to write as such, produced a profound impression. How the enemies of the Church viewed it, appears clearly from the numerous and speedy attempts made to answer it. This assailant of the past were compelled to take the defensive. The fact in itself means a weakening of the foe. Mr. Balfour's book, again, though no Catholic would make it the philosophical basis of his religion, has also dealt some vigorous blows at the agnostics, and will be useful from that point of view. In general, the feeling seems to spread, that the time has come to put the modern paganism on the defensive. That the history of early Christianity certainly warrants these tactics, is again proven by its defence, as made by the holy "martyr Apollonius." Let the assault be bold and vigorous, free from bitterness, and let it be based on incontestable facts, and the result cannot be doubtful.

The loyalty of Apollonius to the emperor is another notable feature of the address. To God alone will he pay divine honors. The emperor, he, like all other Christians, respects as a man "appointed by God's Providence to rule over the earth." "We love the emperor and pray for his majesty." While manfully upholding freedom of conscience, he meets squarely the charge of disloyalty made against his brethren in the faith. Of the emperor, especially, he speaks in terms of loyal affection. Commodus, it is true, was a brute and a tyrant, yet "he is established in authority through none other than through the one king, God, who holds all in his hand." Therefore the Christian prays God that kings and emperors "may rule justly upon this earth." No doubt, the comparative fairness of Commodus to the faithful, and his merciful kindness to some of them touched the martyr's heart. No doubt, also, in these words spoke the Roman statesman and senator. But

apart from personal considerations, Apollonius briefly lays down the teaching of the Church on the respect, loyalty and obedience, due to the civil powers, as established by God, it is entitled to obedience, when its rule is just, but after all God is supreme, and the conscience is free. How clear, how pointed, how correct.

What distinctively Christian doctrines do we meet with in the new apology? Before answering the question, let us recall what has already been said. Apollonius's discourse is not a systematic theology, nor even a catechism. He rehearses only such Christian teaching, as, he thinks will help his cause. Still it is interesting to inquire what is his profession of faith. Let us gather its articles one by one, and arrange them so as to parallel the Apostle's Creed. Here is the creed of Apollonius: "1. I believe in God, the Father, Creator of heaven and earth; and, 2, the word of God (Jesus Christ); 3. Who became man in Judæa; and, 4, was put to death. 5. I believe in a judgment after death; 6. A resurrection; and, 7, a future life; 8. I believe in the Holy Spirit." Alongside of this creed let us place the creed of Aristides, as contained in his "Apology." We quote from Professor J. Rendel Harris.<sup>1</sup> "1. believe in one God, Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; 2. And in Jesus Christ, His Son; 3. Born of the Virgin Mary; 4. He was pierced by the Jews, He died and was buried; 5. The third day He rose again; 6. He ascended into Heaven; 7. He is about to come to judge." Compare with these creeds the version of the *Credo* handed down by Rufinus as that of the Roman Church. "I. I believe in God the Father Almighty; II. And in Christ Jesus, His only Son, our Lord; III. Who was born of the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; IV. Was crucified under Pontius Pilate and buried; V. The third day He arose from the dead; VI. Ascended into Heaven; VII. Is seated at the right hand of the Father; VIII. And in the Holy Ghost; IX. The Holy Church; X. The forgiveness of sins; XI. The resurrection of the flesh."<sup>2</sup>

The resemblance between the creeds of Apollonius and Aristides is certainly marked. On the other hand, we observe characteristic differences. Our martyr emphasizes the resurrection and the future life, the thoughts probably uppermost in his mind as he faced his judges. Aristides places in relief our Lord's resurrection and ascension, the crowning proofs of his divinity. Both speaking before Roman magistrates pass over the part Pilate, the Roman governor, had in the Saviour's passion and death. If we now turn to the Roman version of the Christian symbol, the coincidences are certainly more striking than the omissions. It is indeed remarka-

<sup>1</sup> J. Rendel Harris, *The Apology of Aristides*, p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> Fouard, *St. Peter and The First Years of Christianity*, p. 233.



ble that in an address, whose primary aim was certainly not to epitomize Christian doctrine, eight of the eleven articles found in the *Credo* of Rufinus should appear. Apollonius rests the proof of Christ's divinity on the divinity of this teaching—a natural train of thought for a professed philosopher. This accounts for the absence of the articles reciting our Saviour's resurrection and ascension. His conception and birth appears in our martyr's address to be viewed more from the divine than the human side. Hence the failure to mention his birth from the Blessed Virgin. St. John, in his Gospel, omits our Lord's human genealogy, and the close connection between the views of Apollonius and the Fourth Gospel is manifest. Like the beloved disciple, he regards the Christ as the word of God—a conception that would commend itself to him as a philosopher. The absence of the articles of the Creed not found in the Apology, therefore, easily accounts for it; in fact the circumstances under which the document was composed make it natural as well as the contest.

Outside of the Creed, what is most suggestive in the Apology is the pointed reference to St. John's Gospel. There can be no doubt of this reference nor of the importance attached by Apollonius to St. John's conception of our Saviour as the divine Word. Bearing in mind that the martyr was a professed philosopher, we may well believe that the sublime opening of the Fourth Gospel had produced a profound impression him. Unluckily, we do not know the date of the Apologist's conversion, or we should have had a fixed point established at which St. John's Gospel was a document well-known and commonly cited in the imperial city. Another expression that arrests our attention is the passage: "I and all Christians offer a bloodless sacrifice to God." At first sight it suggests an allusion to the unbloody sacrifice of the altar. But when at the very close of the address we come to the statement that "compassion shown by men to men is a bloodless sacrifice and holy unto God," we feel how careful we must be in interpreting expressions that may be taken in a figurative sense.

What the newly-found Apology tells us of its author and his faith we have seen. What light does it throw on the attitude of the Roman government and of the men of Rome toward the teaching of Christ? The picture it reveals is one of strong lights and shadows. In the trial of the Christian Senator, Perenius and the Senate do not play the part of bloodthirsty, bullying, fanatical bigots. They treat him with great courtesy and a show of benevolent sympathy. They listen with pleasure to his philosophy. They would fain save his life. They do not find fault with his views. They almost appear to enjoy his denunciation of the pagan gods. They utter not a word in their defence. But the de-

cree of the Senate, the law, is against the Christian. Truth may be on his side, justice may plead for him. These civil, courteous men of the world care not for truth, disregard justice and the rights of conscience. Truth, right, justice, conscience, all must bow before the state. What the state commands must be obeyed. The most sacred convictions and rights of the individual are as nothing before the fiat of the government. This is the position of the body of men formerly called by Cicero *sanctis simum orbis terrarum consilium*, the most venerable assembly on earth. Could an authority which thus openly and formerly set at naught truth, right, the honor and conscience of man? Could such an authority maintain itself? Could it gain the victory in its struggle with Christianity, with the principle that vindicated to men their manhood and their honor, that set truth above self-interest, that substituted for universal tyranny universal love? Impossible. Had no overruling Providence protected the work of Christ humanity would have forbidden such a result. When the men who sat in the chairs of the Scipios and the Catos proclaimed that the Romans and the subjects of Rome must trample under foot truth and justice, all that was holiest to their forefathers, they pronounced the doom of Rome. The very stones must rise in indignation, sympathizing with the Christian, who stood for truth and justice. So it came Apollonius was beheaded. Hundreds of his brethren in the faith were massacred. The blood of the martyr was the seed of the Church.

What a lamentable picture do the judges and the senators afford when compared with the noble firmness of martyr! Apollonius was the true descendant of these Romans of old who stood for justice, though the heavens should fall. "*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*" Cato remained true to his principles, though fortune went against him. Thræsa Paitus and Barea Soranus flung away their lives rather than truckle to the imperial tyrant. What did their degenerate successors do? They kissed the hand that smote them. They bartered away the honor and the fame of the Roman Senate. They gloried in the apotheosis of their own slavery. The inevitable result came. The sceptre fell from the hands of these unworthy sons of great Rome. The humble follower of Christ, in whom lived a spirit far more humane and far more godlike than the spirits of Cato and Thræsa, which we admire, became the successor of those noble heroes, the heir of their empire.

Justly, therefore, do we express our joy over the recovery of the noble Apology of Apollonius. Its earnest, manly, noble sentiments are a lesson to the Christian of every age. Its plea for Christ's faith, simple and brief, appeals to every right-thinking

man. Its picture of the virtues and the holiness that ennobled our Christian forefathers is a living exhortation to follow their example. From its pages radiate floods of light showing to us how rotten were Roman enemies of Christ's foreboding the coming triumph of His Church. Above all, it challenges our admiration for that dignified, manly Christlike champion of Christ—the noble Senator, Apollonius.

CHARLES GEORGE HERBERMANN, PHD., LL.D.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

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MOST REV. PETER RICHARD KENRICK, D.D.

ON the fourth of March last, in the ninetieth year of his age, and the fifty-fifth of his episcopate and within two days of the sixty-fourth anniversary of his priesthood, died at St. Louis the above-named prelate, who will survive in the ecclesiastical history of America as in many respects the greatest of her bishops. In profound and varied learning, in marked individuality and fortitude of character and in enlightened and tender piety, and withal in practical judgment and financial ability and foresight—in each of these qualities he was the equal of any one of them; while in their unusual combination he stood alone.

Though he did not write as much as his distinguished brother, the Archbishop of Baltimore, he was not a less learned theologian, whilst in the sciences he was far better versed. What he did write shows great thoroughness and accuracy. His work on Anglican Ordinations was the most exhaustive and convincing of its day, and the late Bishop of Buffalo acknowledges his obligations to it in his admirable book on the same subject. His doctrinal sermons, like that preached at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, were masterpieces of close reasoning and felicitous illustration. The argument in favor of the "Holy House of Loretto" in his book on that subject showed his power of grouping facts and probabilities until they produced in the aggregate, conviction of his position.

His "Month of Mary," at once scriptural, argumentative and devotional, was adopted in London by the distinguished Oratorian, Father Faber, who wrote a preface to it, as the best of the many works on the subject. In this work, written whilst he was still



Vicar-General of Philadelphia, the archbishop shows himself a thorough believer in the philosophy of piety defended subsequently in Cardinal Newman's celebrated letter to Doctor Pusey, which was so severely and unfairly criticized in its day. Whilst all must agree on articles of faith and the great motives which faith furnishes for popular piety, yet in the *expression* of that piety, we may be influenced by national and individual temperament and environments. The "Glories of Mary," by St. Alphonsus, and the "Month of Mary," by Dr. Kenrick, are illustrations of this important truth. It were well that we had more such original works of popular devotion as the latter. Translations not unfrequently contain expressions which, though not exaggerated, as they gushed forth from the abundance of the hearts of those who first used them, yet to people of cooler temperament, though not of less faith and self-sacrifice, they seem extravagant. Alike in their natural characters, Cardinal Newman and Archbishop Kenrick shared the same views and sentiments on nearly all the great questions of the day, and, though they never met, they corresponded on important subjects affecting the Church. When the writer of this notice paid a visit, or rather made a pilgrimage to see Cardinal Newman in Birmingham eight years ago, he remembers with what affectionate interest he asked for Monsignor Kenrick, of St. Louis, with whom he so deeply sympathized. Though like the great cardinal, Archbishop Kenrick did not seek, but rather avoided popularity, yet, like him also, his silent influence on minds and hearts was widespread and profound. During our Civil War he kept aloof from politics and abstained for a time from reading the newspapers, because he believed that, in the peculiar circumstances of Missouri as a border State, the interests of religion would be best forwarded by prudent silence; yet an impression became general that the archbishop shared the views of the distinguished jurist, Charles O'Connor, of New York, as well as many other great authorities, in regard to the relations of the States to the General Government. This fact coming to the knowledge of Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, this functionary sought, through his friend, Archbishop Hughes, to have the prelate of St. Louis removed by the Roman authorities to another see. It is true he had done no overt act nor spoken treasonable words; but the simple fact that a man of such profound influence in that city and State should hold such views was deemed at that critical period, dangerous to the country. But Mr. Seward's little bell did not tingle in the Vatican, and beyond sending the Secretary's letter to Baltimore, from which place it was sent to St. Louis, nothing more was done by the Archbishop of New York. From this fact arose the coolness that existed between Archbishop Hughes and Secretary Seward in their latter years.

In the administration of the affairs of the Catholic Church in these States during his long episcopate, Archbishop Kenrick was a great and wise power. With a combination of conservatism, which at times seemed to retrograde, and a progressiveness that as frequently seemed startling, with a lofty purity of intention transparent to all men, the great prelate won the admiration of and influenced all parties, whilst belonging to none. It was he who first proposed that the priests of the Church here should vote in the election of their bishops, according to the genius of the country and the spirit and practice of the Church herself. He first suggested that whenever it was possible there should be an archbishop in each State, and proposed in the Second Plenary Council that Boston, Chicago and Milwaukee should be created metropolitan sees, though the two latter provinces were to be taken from his own.

As regards the relations of the Church in this country with the Holy See, his position may be thus summarized: He acknowledged, of course, the Supreme Headship in faith and morals of the Roman Pontiff, the centre of unity and the cause of stability. But he distinguished between power and the exercise of power. Whilst he necessarily as a Catholic admitted the power, he was much of a "home-ruler" in desiring that the exercise of that power be limited to faith and essential discipline where uniformity was desirable; but where local knowledge was essential to wise government, much should be left to individual bishops, who, to use a happy illustration of Cardinal Manning (who, in his latter days, greatly shared Archbishop Kenrick's views), "have their fingers on the pulse of the people." Where precisely to draw the line is, of course, the great practical difficulty. We may hope in the future that between the national independent character of the American episcopate as a centrifugal force, and the centralizing influence of Roman authority, the young Church of these States will be kept in the proper orbit of her course under the controlling influence of the Holy Spirit.

The recent death of Archbishop Kenrick brought up again the question of his submission to the decree of Papal Infallibility. Submission to a *doctrine* implies believing it, and without such faith submission were hypocrisy, of which no man ever dared to accuse the departed prelate. His act of faith in the dogma was a supreme tribute to the Church as "the pillar and ground of truth," for "simply and singly" on her authority he believed. In his profession of faith made publicly in St. John's Church, in St. Louis, he states that "up to the very period of the assembling of that council (of the Vatican) I had held as a theological opinion what that council had decreed to be an article of

Christain faith." His case, if properly studied, shows the wonderful union in the Church of liberty of thought with obedience to authority—"the rationabile obsequium" of the Apostle and the secret of unity and perpetuity in this kingdom of God on earth. Belief in a doctrine on the authority of a teacher which the intellect has already accepted as infallible, is a most reasonable and salutary act. Belief in the authority of a church which might err, and on that authority *alone*, would be a degrading act. But his own words tell more forcibly than can any paraphrase of them: "The motive of my submission is simply and singly the authority of the Catholic Church. That submission is a most reasonable obedience, because of the necessity of obeying and following the authority established by God; and having the guarantee of our Divine Savior's perpetual assistance is in itself evidence that cannot be gainsaid by any one who professes to recognize Jesus Christ as his Savior and his God. Simply and singly on that authority I yield obedience, full and unreserved submission to the definition, concerning the character of which there can be no doubt, as it has emanated from the Council and was subsequently accepted by the greater part, even of those who were in the minority on that occasion. In yielding this submission, I say to the Church in the words of Peter and Paul: 'To whom, O Holy Mother, shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life and we have believed and have known that thou art the pillar and the ground of truth.'"

The outburst of feeling on occasion of the death and funeral of Archbishop Kenrick showed how profound and general were the admiration and love entertained for him by all classes and creeds in the great community of St. Louis and throughout the whole country. The presence of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who has always expressed affection and admiration for the departed prelate, of so many archbishops, bishops and priests from every part of the country, the fact that though the day of the funeral was most inclement, yet the streets and road leading to the cemetery were lined with people for over four miles of the way, and that many still visit his grave as that of a saint, are evidence enough of the hold he has taken on the popular heart. In Dublin, the city of his birth and first days of his priesthood, the announcement of his death called forth the warmest expressions of admiration and affection. And now that this figure has passed through the portals of death into the house of his eternity, it only remains to raise his statue and place it in the niche to which it belongs in the temple of our national Church, next to that of his great brother of Baltimore and on a line with those of Carroll, England and Hughes, that the men of future ages may regard him as amongst the foremost fathers of the Christian Church in this new world.

P. J. R.



## **Scientific Chronicle.**

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### **THE BALL-NOZZLE—THE PLATE-NOZZLE ;**

#### **WHAT THEY ARE, AND HOW THEY WORK.**

FOR some months past there has been on exhibition in the city of New York, a curious instrument called the "Ball-Nozzle," which has been, and still is, a source of astonishment to the natives and their suburban friends, and country cousins. Yet it is not a complicated piece of machinery, with gears and pulleys and cranks, but as simple a piece of mechanism as can well be imagined. It consists merely of a tube through which water is forced under greater or less pressure, but which, instead of ending in a straight bore as does an ordinary fire-hose nozzle, is flared out into a cone-shaped opening, very like a funnel, the angle of the cone being about 50 degrees. The nozzle being first pointed upward, a rather light ball of wood, or hollow metal, is laid loosely in the cone-shaped opening. The diameter of the ball is nearly as great as the diameter of the cone at its widest part.

When the water is turned on, the uninitiated stand by to see the ball shot forth from the mouth of the tube. Instead of this, however, it only starts out enough to allow a sheet of water to issue tangentially all around it, nor will it even fall out when the tube is inverted and held mouth downwards. Still, lest the ball should tumble out when the machine is not in use, and be lost, a guard, in the shape of a semi-circle of hoop iron is placed across the opening. On leaving the nozzle the water breaks into a sheet of fine spray which spreads out over an ever-increasing surface.

This is just what is wanted for the purpose of fighting fire at short ranges. The stream from an ordinary fire-nozzle covers but a small surface at a time, while all around that spot, everything may be blazing hot, so that the fireman is prevented from getting near enough to do effective work. A conical stream from the ball-nozzle can easily be made to cover a circle of one hundred feet radius, which means a surface of over 31,000 square feet. The fire is deadened over this whole extent at once, and no water is wasted, while at the same time, the spray stands up as a firm wall of defence against the demon of fire that the hero of the hose is combating. The fireman can thus advance nearer and nearer, and so be able to throttle his already half-choked enemy on his own ground. This is true in the case even of an outdoor attack on fire, but in a confined space, as in a room, the spray has the further advantage of completely filling the whole space, and of thus putting out the fire at one spot without allowing it to be kindled at a dozen others.

One, or at most two, of such nozzles permanently fixed in the ceiling, would be amply sufficient to protect the largest room of a very large workshop, or factory, or cellar. In any case the current of water could be controlled from any one of several different points, near or far, or could perhaps be arranged to work automatically.

A great part, perhaps the greatest part, of the damage caused at fires, is due to water, too much of it having gone where it could do no good, and too little where it might have been useful. But the Ball-Nozzle gives only spray, and that will do but little harm comparatively to anything except the fire. These advantages conspire to render the Ball-Nozzle the most efficient weapon that has yet been found against large masses of fire, and we note with pleasure that it is being rapidly introduced into the principal cities of the country.

Still, when it is necessary to reach great distances, a solid stream of water is necessary, and then the ordinary straight nozzle must be used. In order to obviate the need of two sets of hose, and two nozzles, the main nozzle is made to end in two branches, slightly diverging from each other, the one being furnished with a straight bore, the other with a cone and ball. To change from a solid stream to a stream of spray, or *vice versa*, all that is required is to give less than a half-turn to a common three-way valve, and this requires but a fraction of a second of time. Many other uses for this contrivance will readily suggest themselves, as for example, for ornamental fountains, for lawn sprinklers, etc. One wag suggests that this may after all be the solution of the problem of producing rain artificially. He evidently has no use for water.

From a scientific point of view, however, what will, we think, interest our readers the most is the explanation of the seeming paradox. Before launching out on this path it may be well to remark that the ball and nozzle is by no means a new discovery. Many years ago, as far back in fact as we remember, and how much further we wot not, it went under the name of the *Pipe-Paradox*, and, in a slightly different form, under the name of *Plate-Paradox*. We have found them for sale at street corners, in the open market as it were, among specimens of apparatus for physics, in toy-shops, in fairs, and in other haunts of our youthful days. In all cases, the dealer duly endeavored to impress upon our mind that the whole thing was wrapped up in a thick covering of mystery, and tied with a Gordian knot, and that the secret would never be discovered, at least on this side of the Happy Hunting Ground. We have even made them ourself, and have experimented with them, over and over again, using indifferently either air or water, and we have explained them, to our own satisfaction at least, to class after class of embryo physicists.

We have already told how the Ball-Nozzle is constructed. It is in order just here to do the same, in a dozen words, for the Plate-Paradox, or as we would prefer to call it, the Plate-Nozzle. Take a pipe of convenient size through which a stream of water or air may be made to flow. Fit this pipe into the centre of a metal plate so as to come through just flush. This plate is technically termed the "disk."

Another plate of the same size is provided with a long pin, quite slender, fixed into the centre of the plate, at right angles to its flat surface. The purpose of this pin is to keep the "plate" from sliding off laterally. And now your machine is complete.

How now do these machines work? There is no difference whatever in principle between them, but as it is rather more easy to follow on the Plate-Nozzle\* we shall direct our attention to it first. Given a head of water capable of producing a pressure of say 200 pounds per square inch, an open pipe connected with that head of water, and the plate placed squarely in front of the flowing stream, the question arises: "Why is not the plate hurled forwards? Why at least does it not fall when the pipe is held pointing vertically downwards? The answer given is: "The pressure of the atmosphere keeps it on." How is that? Why, the flow of the water tends to create a vacuum behind the plate, and hence the pressure of the air inwards holds the plate in place. Admitting for the moment the tendency to a vacuum, which we shall justify further on, some people, otherwise well informed, perhaps even learned in their own way, find a difficulty in accepting this as a sufficient explanation. For, say they, the pressure of the atmosphere is barely 15 pounds per square inch, while the instrument is credited with having worked with a water pressure in the opposite direction of 200 pounds per square inch. It is clear that 15 pounds will not balance 200, and therefore either atmospheric pressure is not the cause, or else the laws of Nature [with a big N] have failed. Well, well, in spite of all this, we have always believed, and we still believe, that atmospheric pressure is the cause of the phenomenon, and at the same time, that the laws of Nature are getting along quite comfortably.

The fallacy of the objection consists in supposing that because the water is delivered under what is called 200 pounds to the square inch there really is that actual pressure in the flowing water. When the pipe is closed there is indeed that pressure against the valve and against the walls of the pipe at that point, and also between the layers of water just there; in other words, there is a *static* pressure of 200 pounds. But when the current is flowing such is by no means the case. For the sake of clearness let us take first the case of a vertical pipe, and afterwards that of one lying horizontally, and give in each case both the theoretical and the practical results.

For the first case let us take a pipe and stand it in an accurately vertical position. Let it be of perfectly even bore and ideally smooth, and consequently absolutely frictionless. Let it be 463 feet high, closed with a flat plate at the bottom, and filled with water. This will give us at the bottom a pressure of 200 pounds per square inch against the plate, the walls of the pipe, and between the lowest layers of water. Now, let us climb the pipe and test the pressure all the way up. We shall find that it will diminish with perfect regularity as we ascend, till at the very top it will have been reduced to zero. So far it has been a purely static question, and no one can have any doubt that so far all is correct.



If we now make an opening at any point in the side of the pipe water will flow out, and that with greater or less velocity, according to the greater or less depth of the point below the surface of the water. It will be of use here to know what these pressures and velocities are for some few points on the way down. They will be found in the following table :

Depth from Surface in Feet.							Pressure in Pounds per Square Inch.	Velocity of Efflux in Feet per Second.
50,	.	.	.	.	.	.	21.5	58.6
100,	.	.	.	.	.	.	43.2	80.0
150,	.	.	.	.	.	.	64.8	98.0
200,	.	.	.	.	.	.	86.4	113.1
300,	.	.	.	.	.	.	129.6	138.5
400,	.	.	.	.	.	.	172.8	160.0
Bottom 463,	.	.	.	.	.	.	200.0	172.1

The test-holes having been closed, and a supply having been arranged to keep the pipe always full, remove the plate from the bottom of the pipe. The water will, of course, flow, but it will exert no pressure whatever against the walls of the pipe, nor between successive layers in its own mass. If an opening be now made at any point in the walls of the pipe, no water will flow out, nor would the most delicately-elastic ball descending with the water suffer the slightest vertical compression. On the contrary, in this particular case of water flowing by its own weight through a pipe, as described, there is a tendency to create a vacuum within. The reason of this is because the water is falling, and the further it has fallen the greater is its velocity, as seen by the table just given, for it is provable that the velocity of fall at any given point is the same as its velocity of efflux would be for the same point, through a lateral opening. Hence each horizontal layer of water in the pipe is tending to travel faster than any layer above it, and therefore striving to get away from it, and consequently endeavoring to produce a vacuum between them. This is true of each layer with respect to the layer above it throughout the whole length of the pipe, and hence the tendency to a vacuum exists all along the line from end to end of the pipe. This is why, when an opening is made anywhere in the walls of such a pipe, instead of an outflow of water, we have a violent inrush of air which is carried bodily down free of express charges. On this principle the Bunsen air-pump, in which water is used, and the Sprengel air-pump, for which mercury is employed, depend for their operation.

Let us suppose, now, just by way of an episode, that the water were allowed to fall freely with no pipe around it. In that case, if there were no cohesion in the liquid, it would, on account of the ever-increasing velocity, simply separate into horizontal layers of the thickness of one molecule, while the distances between the layers would increase from point to point all the way down. But since there *is* cohesion, the layers are held together with a certain force, and therefore the column must grow thinner and thinner, until the separating strain overpowers cohesion, and then the water will break into independent drops. This

can be observed in the fall of any liquid, but better in the case of those in which the cohesion is more marked. We never tired of observing this pretty phenomenon in the days when we still preferred treacle, or molasses (oh, pardon, they call it syrup now), to butter. It was, indeed, "sweetness long-drawn out." End of the episode.

We now return to our water-pipe. If the bore of the pipe be constricted at any point, or the flow be obstructed in any way, the tendency to create a vacuum above that point will be lessened. With just the right amount of obstruction that tendency will vanish entirely, and there will be neither inward nor outward pressure against the walls of the pipe, and consequently neither positive nor negative pressure between layer and layer of the water. If the obstruction be made greater than this, then there will be a pressure outwards at all points above the obstruction. In practice there always is, and always must be, some friction, and therefore some obstruction to the flow, but this will hardly ever be sufficient to balance the tendency to a vacuum.

Now take the second case, in which the pipe is lying horizontally. Here things are in a somewhat different condition. In the vertical pipe each particle of water is pulled down by the force of gravity, and would fall just the same even if it were alone. In the horizontal pipe, on the contrary, it will not move forward by a pull of gravity, for gravity does not pull that way, but must be urged on by a *vis a tergo*, a pressure from behind, just as some people will go, through the influence of a motive pulling ahead, while others require a power of pushing. In our horizontal pipe, suppose this pressure to be produced by a large stand-pipe, kept full up to a height of 463 feet, into the base of which our horizontal pipe is fixed. If the pipe be plugged at its outer end, there will be in it everywhere a static pressure of 200 pounds to every square inch of its surface. If the plug be removed, and we suppose as before the pipe to be absolutely frictionless, then the water would enter the pipe at a velocity of 172.1 feet per second, and would run through it at that rate without any pressure at all between its advancing cross-sections. So much for the theoretical aspect of the question.

But in practice, friction, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. For the sake of simplicity let us suppose that the friction is uniform all along the pipe. Now since the water in the horizontal pipe is not pulled along by gravity, one part of the water does not tend to outstrip the other in the race, and therefore there is no tendency to the production of a vacuum. The obstruction, or resistance, due to friction will therefore manifest itself. As a result, we find that the pressure in the pipe varies from zero at the outlet to a maximum at the point where it enters the stand-pipe. The variation is perfectly regular, so that at  $\frac{1}{4}$  the distance from the outlet to the inlet it is  $\frac{1}{4}$  the maximum, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  the distance it is  $\frac{1}{2}$  the maximum, and so in direct proportion for all other distances. The reason for this regularity in the increase of the pressure is because each layer, across the pipe, is retarded by the friction of all that is ahead of it to the outlet of the pipe.

This whole doctrine may be summed up in a few words, thus: Motion is not pressure, nor does unimpeded motion beget any pressure; but when

a moving body is resisted in its motion, a pressure is developed between that body and whatever is offering the resistance. When the resistance is lessened the pressure is reduced, *i.e.*, remove the obstruction and you relieve the pressure. Besides the obstruction due to friction, there is another due to the resistance of the air at the point of exit, and whose effect, whatever it may be in practice, must be added to that of friction.

We now apply what has been said to the case of the plate-nozzle. When the plate is held fast against the end of the open pipe, the flow is totally impeded, and the whole static pressure of 200 pounds, due to the head of water in the stand-pipe, exists through the whole length of the horizontal pipe, and is exerted against that part of the plate which covers the bore of the same. If the plate be next held at a little distance straight in front of the hole, the issuing water will be less impeded, its own pressure in the pipe will be reduced, and its pressure against the plate will fall just to the same extent. And as long as the issuing water fills the whole space between the plate and the disk, the pressure will continue to fall according as the plate is removed further and further away. But this does not yet settle the difficulty, for, outward pressure, however small we may suppose it to be, will never hold the plate *in*. For this there must be an equal and contrary pressure from some other source. Whence comes this required inward pressure?

To make things definite, let us suppose the bore of our pipe to be  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and the diameter of the plate to be 2 inches. The area of the plate will then be 16 times that of the bore of the pipe. Now the issuing water must, and will, spread out radially over the whole surface of the plate, and will fill the whole space between the plate and the disk. Its pressure therefore on each square inch of the plate will be only  $\frac{1}{16}$  of what it would be if the area of the plate were just equal to that of the bore; and what it would be at the bore depends on how much resistance is offered to the discharge. Suppose now that the disk and plate be at such a distance apart that the resistance to the flow is 160 pounds per square inch. Then the average pressure per square inch between disk and plate would be 160 divided by 16, or only 10 pounds. There being no air pressure between disk and plate, the inward pressure of the atmosphere, 15 pounds, will be competent not merely to hold the plate in that position against the stream, but will force it into such a position that the inward and outward pressures may just balance each other, or, if the nozzle be pointed downwards, will hold up a pretty heavy plate against gravity.

The ordinary way of stating all this is to say that there is a tendency to produce a vacuum between the plate and the disk, and that hence the atmospheric pressure holds the plate to the nozzle. This is, no doubt, a part of the cause, for, if holes be bored through the disk, air will enter and the plate will fall off. But it is evident that it cannot be the whole cause, but must be supplemented by a reduction in the water pressure down at least to that of the atmosphere; and we think we have shown how that reduction is brought about.

The ball-nozzle is the same as the plate-nozzle in every respect, except that in the former the flaring angle is only 50 or 60 degrees, while in the latter it is 180 degrees. This necessitates a little change in the calculation for the reduction of pressure between the disk and



the plate. The diameter to be used in this calculation is not the diameter of the ball itself, but the diameter of the circle (on the ball) which is tangent to the walls of the cone. Given, therefore, a plate and a ball of the same diameter, the plate would hold up the greater weight. The spray would, however, be projected laterally and not at all forward. This would not be advantageous for the fire-brigade, but for some purposes it might prove the better form.

The question has been asked whether there is any pressure that could blow the ball or plate away from the nozzle. The *Scientific American* of July 13, 1895, seems to think there may be. The true answer is not far to seek. Whether the ball or plate will be blown away depends, for a given water pressure, on the relation between the area of the bore of the pipe and the area of the plate, or the *effective* area of the ball. Given any pressure you please, you can increase the area of the plate or ball so as to bring it down to working limits, and it will be all right.

Usually the ball rotates more or less rapidly, and more or less irregularly. There are several causes which may have a hand in this result. To which one of them, or to what combination of them the rotation in any particular case is due may not be easy of determination. These causes are, first, any little irregularity in the shape of the ball. The water would then act a little more strongly on one side of the ball than on the other, and give it a start on the turn, while the momentum thus acquired would get the ball past the dead-point, and so keep it going. Secondly, any irregularity in the cone itself would bring about the same result. Thirdly, any want of homogeneousness in the ball that would throw its centre of gravity out of its centre of figure, would act in the same way. Fourthly, if the jet be held in any position except an accurately vertical one, the ball would press a little more to one side of the cone than to the other. This would cause a difference of flow on opposite sides of the ball, and hence make it rotate. Fifthly, it is known that water issuing from a jet has a tendency to take on a spiral motion more or less pronounced, and this would, of course, impart to the ball a similar motion. This last seems to be the only cause assignable why the plate of the plate-nozzle should rotate, as it frequently does.

In conclusion, we would say that when the novelty of the thing has died away, and the dear public is satisfied that it knows all that can be known about the matter, we would like to suggest what we believe would be an improvement.

Thus, instead of a ball, take a cone, hollow, so as to be light, of just the same angle as the cone of the nozzle. Arrange it on a stem fixed in the axis of the nozzle, so that it can be slid in or out, and so adjust to a nicety the space between it and the other cone. When by trial a place is found that gives the best result for the purpose intended, fix it there, and the job is done. Being fixed, it would remain uninjured, while a ball would, in time, necessarily get battered up and so work less satisfactorily. That the ball-nozzle, or the improved pattern which we venture to christen the "Plate-Nozzle," may prove a bonanza for those who are in it, is our hearty wish. Our suggested improvement, however, is thrown in gratis.

T. J. A. FREEMAN, S. J.

## Book Notices.

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THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING. By *Edwin Sheridan Purcell*.

This is an intensely interesting, in some respects painful, yet, on the whole, a profoundly edifying book. The great and noble soul whose life on earth is depicted in it, has been unjustly treated. Mere human frailties have been dwelt upon with painful iteration, and though the work contains much hearty and noble praise, nevertheless so much depreciation is hinted at and implied as to give rise to a suspicion in the minds of those who well knew the late Cardinal that the biographer must have been actuated by more or less hostility towards the object of his depreciation and laudation.

We who knew intimately Cardinal Manning for more than forty years, felt persuaded that his enthusiastic and uncritical admirers might be pained by an accurate and complete account of what the man really was as he lived and breathed; but we were also certain that such an account would be full of edification and tend to greatly elevate him in the estimation of all reasonable men who had before but a slight knowledge of what manner of man he was. We find both our anticipations partly realized. The work is a very photograph of the innermost nature of the late Cardinal, as regards all those points as to which the biographer provides us with documentary evidence, but it is a libel with respect to matters which are unmistakably insinuated, though the evidence by no means justifies such insinuations.

Cardinal Manning possessed a lofty and noble nature which by itself, shielded him effectually from most of the temptations which beset ordinary humanity. Great graces were bestowed on him and with these he nobly corresponded. But he had the defects of his qualities.

Possessed of indomitable energy, untiring industry and unquestionable enthusiasm (as is shown by the work of even his later years), it was small wonder he could not bear to trust any of the work he had to do to heads and hearts he knew to be much less able than his own. Possessed, also, of wonderfully wide and keen powers of mental vision (as evidenced by his prescience respecting the definition of Papal Infallibility) in what concerned the interests of the Church and the good of souls, ought we to be surprised if his zeal in these matters sometimes led him unconsciously to disregard, or put on one side, the feelings of a worthy and estimable opponent and occasionally to carry diplomacy (and he was a born diplomat), to the verge of intrigue? He was a man entirely given up and devoted to what he believed to be God's service, and zealously employed his great and singularly varied powers in promoting what he was convinced was the Divine will. Yet he was ever on the watch lest he should be misled by his own personal inclinations, and this very conscientiousness has in one notable instance been made the ground of a strange charge of insincerity with respect to what his biographer calls "the double voice." He seems to think that as soon as Dr. Manning found himself beset with insurmountable and fatal doubts about the Church of England, he ought to have imparted those doubts to persons who craved his counsel, if not even to have at once cut himself loose from the English Establishment. He fails altogether to note that Man-

ning doubted his doubts and in his humility (comparing himself with others who had felt none), suspected that his doubts were mere temptations. Could it possibly have been his duty to make known what he thus suspected might be the promptings of the evil one? Besides he was a firm believer in the "Church Catholic" (as Anglicans call it) and only a doubter as to whether the Anglican Church was a branch of it. What could he do, while thus uncertain, but wait and pray? He had declared (when the setting up of an Anglican "free church" had been proposed to him): "Englishmen three hundred years ago left the ship of Peter for a boat; I am not going to leave the boat for a tub."

In the business of depriving Archbishop Errington of his right of succession to the see of Westminster, Mr. Purcell's plain suggestion is that Cardinal Manning's actions were influenced by a desire to obtain this dignity himself. We are confident that there is, at least, no evidence of this. On the contrary he sought very earnestly to have Dr. Ullathorne appointed as the biography clearly states. But even had it been so, would it have been necessarily a fault in him? A man may know the qualities of his mind as well as those of his body. There is no pride or vainglory in knowing we have a strong will or a keen intellect, any more than in knowing we have blue eyes or a good leg. Manning might have been aware of what we believe to have been an undoubted fact, namely that no one else was nearly so well qualified for the post as he was himself. He had identified "ultramontaniam" with Divine truth, he knew that Dr. Errington was "anti-ultramontain," he knew that Cardinal Wiseman (to whom he was devoted) heartily desired to be rid of Dr. Errington; why then should he not have tried that the fittest man should succeed to so supremely important a post? Every one now rejoices that he did succeed, for he has raised the Catholic Church in England and the archbishopric of Westminster to a position they could not otherwise have obtained, purely through his own personal qualifications. Very curious was Manning's constant hostility to that great Society of Jesus, with its unceasing and restless zeal for God's service and its manifest desire to have power in its own hands, as being the body most fit to hold such power. Two who pursue the same end and business are proverbially said to "never agree," and as amongst the many English corporations every holder of a church-living constitutes by himself, in law "*a corporation sole*," so Cardinal Manning may be said to have been a little Society of Jesus in himself.

Mr. Purcell draws out excellently well the reasons which made the definition of infallibility not only desirable in itself but opportune, and testifies to the admirable clearness with which the Cardinal saw and enunciated these reasons. Events have now made plain to every eye how mistaken were those who dreaded the consequences of so concentrating the authority of the Church that no political obstacles (which might render the assembling of a general council impossible) should be able to hinder its rapid and most authoritative action.

The future archbishop, from his early manhood, had a profound sympathy with the poor and suffering. His ministrations as Rector of Lavington were unceasing and deeply appreciated by his simple, rustic parishioners. As a Catholic priest, prelate and cardinal, he was untiring in his zeal for the poor and for those who needed aid most sorely. His very first work, as Archbishop of Westminster, was to provide for the education of London's 20,000 helpless Catholic children. Next in importance in his eyes was the rescue of those given over to the demon of drink, perseveringly discouraging, by his own example, the use of alcohol in all its forms.



Catholics may regret the publication of his list of obstacles to the spread of Catholicism, but we believe it will do far more good than harm. In England there is, at the head of the laity, a noble example of all civic and manly virtues combined with a deep but unobtrusive piety in the Duke of Norfolk. A few might be named who follow him, *longo intervallo*, but the mass of the English Catholics of the higher and middle classes are sadly infected with worldliness. For that contemptible vice Manning had neither mercy nor pity. The mean struggle to enter, by serpentine contortions into a more and more fashionable social stratum—than which nothing can be more in opposition to the whole teaching of Our Blessed Lord—he bitterly scorned, denouncing those whose great effort was to obtain “a key of Grosvenor Square.” Not but what, in his journal, he lets us know that he *felt* pleasure in dignity and precedence, and *enjoyed* the society of the socially distinguished. This fact, however, but adds to his merit. It is no fault to be tempted; the first sense of the enticement of temptation is not (as Luther absurdly taught that it was) a sin, for grace “is made perfect in infirmity.” The world, the flesh, and the devil *are* alluring. If sin was never a pleasure, who would ever sin?

Manning felt the seductions of the world, but turned from them and spent his efforts and his few spare hours mainly amongst his clergy and his poor. There is not a fragment of evidence that he ever gave way to worldliness, and his demeanor with the Queen herself was as full of simplicity as dignity. He denounced where his clear spiritual vision told him he ought to rebuke, and he did rightly indeed if, as we believe, worldliness is the great curse of Catholicism in England and one main reason of its tardy progress.

The least pleasing part of Cardinal Manning's life is what relates to Cardinal Newman. We do not here refer to his conscientious and persistent opposition to the scheme of Oxford education—regrettable as that aberration of judgment in our opinion was. Neither do we refer to anything connected with the Vatican Council. We refer to Manning's evident wish that Newman should decline the Cardinalate, which wish was doubtless father to the thought and assertion that he had, in fact, declined it. The letters of the two cardinals, which Mr. Purcell publishes, are more curious and amusing than edifying. But if Manning was unjust to, and even jealous of, Newman, it must also be admitted that Newman was morbidly sensitive and somewhat too desirous of the praise of men. These two admirable and wonderful ecclesiastics may be compared to the precious stones which fate had set rolling together, both almost perfect yet each with a slight chip so that in revolving they scratched each other. No doubt Newman's was, on the whole, the higher nature; his was the finer intellect and, in some respects, the more winning personality. But he had not Manning's greatest characteristic—his persevering and energetically active love for the poor. Newman will, for all time, be more influential for men who read and ponder what they read. But in the sphere of active personal influence, Manning was inevitably an *Ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*.

Mr. Purcell's book will no doubt do some harm, but we are very sure it will do much more good. Some inquirers may be turned back, some Protestants confirmed in their errors, not by facts but by insinuations. But the number of those who will be powerfully attracted to Catholicism by reading this life of one so full of zeal, charity and the love of God—whose great desire was “Thy will be done”—will be vastly greater. Not a few Protestants will have expected (in being thus taken completely behind the scenes) to find some sign of unmistakable faults

corresponding with their prejudiced anticipations. They will find instead the plain record, supported by irrefutable evidence, of a life free from all taint of common frailties and one abounding in charity for Protestants themselves. If some actions are to be deemed matters of regret in themselves, it is none the less plain that they were due to nothing but a mistaken view as to the best mode of serving God and promoting the welfare of human souls.

The book does indeed well repay perusal and is a wonderfully painstaking work. There can be no doubt, however, that its author has erred grievously in publishing letters referring to persons yet living and even letters of the kind whose writers are still alive. To have published many of Mgr. George Talbot's letters was a grave error, but to have published that of the Rev. Dr. Rigg was an infamy. There are also letters of a most private nature which we marvel greatly to find have been published, as is stated, with the consent of their owners—as for example, some of those belonging to Lady Herbert of Lea.

In conclusion we must profess our conviction that, with all its faults, Catholics have good cause to rejoice at the publication of Mr. Purcell's book and we are convinced that the more widely and thoughtfully it is perused, the more the greatness, the nobility and above all the holiness of the late Cardinal Manning will be understood and appreciated.

GESCHICHTE DER PAEPSTE IM ZEITALTER DER RENAISSANCE. *Von Ludwig Pastor.*  
Freiburg and St. Louis: Herder. 1895.

By far the most important announcement in Catholic literary and scientific circles is that of the publication of the third (German) volume of Dr. Pastor's great "History of the Popes." This is the most crucial, we had almost said cruel, portion of the distinguished historian's task; and the learned Catholic world has been awaiting Pastor's verdict, especially on Alexander VI., with painful anxiety. What was to be the very last word of impartial history upon the odious name of Borgia? Reputable historians had already relegated to the realm of exploded calumnies the incredible story of alleged murders, incests, poisoned banquets, etc., which had coupled the Borgian name with the Neros and Elagabaluses of antiquity; but, even after the elimination of the infamies begotten by prurient imaginations, there remained the grave, nay, for a Vicar of Christ appalling, accusation of immorality. Whilst no one has ever been so foolish as to claim utter sinlessness for a Supreme Pontiff, yet the respect which the sublime dignity of the Papacy wrings, even from its enemies, makes Catholic and Protestant alike view as horrible crimes in a Roman Pontiff what in secular monarchs are condoned as human frailties. It is, indeed, the homage due to the Papacy, and paid, consciously or unconsciously, when we demand that the Bishop of Rome, beyond all other bishops, should be *irreprehensibilis*.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that some Catholic writers should have made desperate attempts to reconstruct the reputation of Alexander VI.; no more wonderful, in fact, than that a man should strive to defend the character of his father. Such attempts had failed to carry persuasion in the past; there remained the faint hope that the indefatigable labors of Dr. Pastor among the archives of Europe might afford, not only Catholics, but all those who wish well of human nature, some relief. After mature deliberation, and evidently with a heavy heart, the great historian is compelled to render a verdict of guilty. We

can readily understand with what sorrow he penned the following sad words: "Although the possibility is not excluded, that in some out-of-the-way corner documents may be still forthcoming to throw light upon the history of the Borgia Pope, yet, substantially, the materials seem to have been exhausted. At any rate, the documents presented in this volume are sufficient to enable a definitive judgment to be reached on the general subject. On every point, indeed, the final word cannot yet be spoken; a rich field still remains for detailed investigation. However, the main fact stands firm; *Every attempt to rehabilitate Alexander VI. must henceforward appear a hopeless task.*" Truly a sad conclusion to the Catholic; but the truth must prevail, no matter how disagreeable. May the prayers of the faithful and the vigilance of those upon whom rests the responsibility of electing the Roman Pontiff, preserve the Church from any similar disaster.

Feeling that much of his narrative must be distressing to his readers, Dr. Pastor places *in capite libri*, and, as it were, a text or keynote, the immortal words more applicable to the unworthiness of Borgia than to the humility of Leo: "Petri dignitas in indigno herede non deficit." In order, too, to offset the blackness of the coloring, he devotes a couple of hundred pages to a survey of the general condition of morals and civilization in the latter part of the fifteenth century. We have no hesitation in predicting that this preliminary dissertation of the learned historian will be considered the most valuable portion of his labor. It will be news to many that there were, at that period, other agencies at work in the Church and society than Borgias and Cibo and Sforzas; that exemplary bishops, zealous priests, devout religious communities, charitable confraternities, learned teachers, eminent artists, were busily engaged in doing God's work, knowing little and caring less about the loose morals of certain personages of high estate in Italy and elsewhere. Particularly consoling to us has been the long list of canonized saints of the fifteenth century, whose bare names (and the author tells us that his list is incomplete) extends over two pages and a half. Surprising, too, is the long list of stately churches and magnificent asylums and hospitals erected by a generation whose religious decadence we are so accustomed to deplore. The thought arose within us whether posterity will, after all, consider us to have been so very far in advance of those we criticize.

We had not intended to give here an extended review of Dr. Pastor's volume. It would be impossible to do so without a long study of its myriad details. We shall return to the task in some future number, when the book shall have been made more accessible to our readers in an English translation.

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ASSYRIAN AND BABYLONIAN RELIGIOUS TEXTS, copied from the original tablets preserved in the British Museum. By *Dr. James A. Craig*. 1895. Leipzig. Vol. i. Texts in cuneiform characters, with preface.

Prof. Dr. Craig, of the University of Michigan, has done honor to American learning, and at the same time has rendered a great service to Assyriology, by his recent publication of some Assyrian religious texts of the British Museum.

This work will be invaluable to all students of Semitic religion, and it is to be hoped that the many unpublished inscriptions of this class preserved in the different museums of Europe will be made more accessible to us by equally able hands.



As yet, only the first part, containing the preface and the text, has reached us, and in general shows very careful work in copying and autographing the original tablets. Several of the texts have already appeared in Knudtzon's "Assyrische Gebete au den Sonnengott," as also in "Zeitschrift für Assyriologie," and "Hebraica" with comments by Profs. Bruennow, Zimmern, Strong, *et al.* The fact, however, that Dr. Craig offers a new version of several of these texts alone justifies their republication, but as the second part containing the results of his study has not appeared, it is impossible to criticise his work here in this particular.

We wish, however, to call attention to the preface of this work, where after drawing a parallel between the Hebrew and Assyrian religions, Prof. Craig says, "The principal fault of Babylonian-Assyrian theology is its polytheism *from which the Hebrew mind eventually emancipated itself*" (p. 2).

What the author's intention was in writing these lines we cannot say, but it seems to us to indicate the tendency, object, and scope of the whole work. In these words we can read but one meaning, viz., that the Hebrew religion, its belief in one God, and its whole moral code, was but the result of gradual development from a barbarous and heathen worship; that the Biblical narrative of man's origin and supernatural guidance of the chosen tribes is but a fictitious story.

This rationalist theory as to the origin of the Jewish creed has already been proposed and defended by several famous theologians (?) of German universities, whose only object seems to be the destruction of all belief in the Sacred Scriptures and the supernatural, but their polemical treatises have little or no scientific foundation, historical or philological.

Prof. Craig's work, whatever his interpretation and readings of the different inscriptions may be, will not strengthen the theories of Budde, Baetagen, Niebuhr, and the Graf-Wellhausen school of critics, but, if carefully studied, will rather go to prove that the polytheism of the Assyrians and Babylonians was but the degeneration of a primeval monotheistic cult, taking its origin in the materialization of the belief in one God and the destruction of the mysterious, which to a great extent enveloped the monotheism of the first members of the human race.

If the historical and religious Assyrian texts, thus far published, be carefully studied, if the development of absolute polytheism from an indefinite monolatry be closely observed, if, in fine, all scientific material bearing on this subject be diligently examined, the conclusion must be reached that Stade ("Geschichte Israels") and Wellhausen ("Prolegomena zur Geschichte Israels") have sought to outline and to prove a preconceived idea of religious progress among the Semites, without any other reason than some very arbitrary and, to a great extent, extremely doubtful text critical studies of the original (?) Hebrew text.

The conclusions of these so-called theologians Prof. Craig has inserted in his preface, and thus gives his work a tone and tendency which the text following scarcely justifies.

On this account it would appear to us that philologists should be somewhat more careful in their assertion of theological doctrines and opinions, and confine themselves rather to an objective study of the material offered. Philology and theology are by no means the same, though one may be an invaluable auxiliary to the other.

We cannot, however, refrain from repeating that the work of Prof. Craig is invaluable for all students of Semitic religion, as also to Assyriologists, though not much new material is offered from a philological point of view.

GEISLER.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. A Manual for Academies, High Schools and Colleges. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: P. O'Shea, 19 Barclay St.

In this volume of five hundred pages, a well-written, clear, accurate and interesting account is given of English literature from the time of the earliest Old-English or Anglo-Saxon poetry down to the present day. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop contributes an introduction to the volume, in which he shows the utility of such a study, and points out the prominent merits of the present guide to our literature. It is difficult to add anything in praise of the splendid work done by Brother Noah in this line. Mr. Lathrop has said it all, and said it well, as all who are familiar with his style will readily surmise. "It is a pleasure," writes Mr. Lathrop, "to find in such a work accuracy, method and chronological arrangement, combined with vividness and naturalness of style and presentation. Some of the best treatises or manuals on this subject (including those written from the Catholic point of view), although wrought with complete mastery of the theme and the most exact scholarship, do not succeed in bringing the minds, the conditions and the meaning of the past forcibly home to the reader in the present, so as to make him feel that all this past is a part of his inheritance for daily use, and belongs to his consciousness as much as anything else that he may happen to be thinking about in the passing hour. Brother Noah, however, makes the men and the thoughts of the remotest time as vivid and immediately interesting to us, as though they belonged to our own century and our own neighborhood." To have succeeded in doing what Mr. Lathrop indicates, is to have achieved a notable triumph. All those who have gone through the ordinary grind-mill of Manuals of English Literature will appreciate the difficulties encountered and overcome before such a brilliant victory might be thus heralded to the pedagogic world. These manuals are too often mere catalogues of names, or wishy-washy repetitions of traditions, estimates of authors and books current and accepted in days when faulty literary fashions ruled the camps of the critics, and literary tastes were far removed from the exacting standards of the present time. In some of the manuals, the poets and prose writers of the Victorian era receive scantiest mention, in order that long and deservedly obsolete poets may have minute biographical notice. Sufficient in times that could not boast many better names, their place should long since have been with the forgotten dead. To give such names an extended notice at the expense of the vast army of better writers of the present day, is surely to defy all the laws of literary and artistic perspective, and as a consequence, to give the student an idea that a writer must die before he can be called great. The ordinary "guide" becomes thus merely another Horatian *Laudator temporis acti*.

By adopting an easy essay style, Brother Noah has succeeded also in avoiding the well-nigh universal characteristic of literature manuals—dryness. He has been at pains to digest his matter into a personal narrative. He writes a *history* rather than a *chronicle*—a distinction rarely enough noted by the compiler of "Manuals." He has his own view, and he sets it forth perspicuously and in an entertaining way. Catholic interests receive, of course, a proper share of attention in his book.

We commend this volume to the attention of teachers. They will perhaps agree with us, that its most prominent excellence lies in its interesting presentation of a study which all school experience shows to be a very dry and uninteresting one. It does not, however, compass its end of being attractive by any lessening of the variety and scope of the topics and names to properly included in such a manual, but on the contrary is both full and suggestive. Teachers will be glad to observe

the full pedagogic apparatus accompanying each chapter. The suggested additional readings for the pupil will broaden his view and his knowledge at the same time, while the "Review" at the end of each chapter will stimulate thought and tend gradually to stir up the student to enthusiasm in individual work in the pleasant field of letters. H. T. H.

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A TUSCAN MAGDALEN AND OTHER POEMS. By *Eleanor C. Donnelly*. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

Another ample volume of poems from the rich storehouse of Miss Donnelly's cultured mind and heart is an agreeable announcement to make to the reading public. She has essayed many themes and has sung many songs; and while the ear has applauded their melody and sweetness, it is also true—a rare thing to be able to say without reservation—that the heart has never failed to acknowledge their inner and best burden, has always felt the influence of her deeply religious soul, her unselfish and glowing ideals, her womanly tenderness and depth of feeling. Of how many of those who have sung or are now singing songs can this be truthfully said? We are conscious throughout all her melodies of what is, after all, the best in literature, the "personal note" of a finely-strung lyre. Her themes are instinct with an unquestioning loyalty to true Catholic faith and hope and love. The devout child of Holy Mother Church never permits herself to masquerade in the meretricious adornment of sensual phraseology or half-displayed suggestiveness. "Realism" has no meaning for her save its best and highest meaning; and this is the realism of the ideal life, the realism of virtue, the realism of a strong and deathless quest after truth. The vicious is not the real, but the unreal. Sin is a negation, rather than an entity. The real things are God and his providence, man and his destiny. How beautifully her poem on "Doing the Will of God" insists on this fundamental truth!

Once more—O stars in the azure sky,  
O moon, arrayed in your silver sheen!  
Majestic sun, enthroned on high,  
Flooding with light all things terrene—  
What are ye doing? Tell me, pray—  
"Doing the Will of God!" chant they.

From the text of nature is preached to us the real things of life, our strivings to accomplish everywhere and always the holy will of God.

The subjects treated in this latest of Miss Donnelly's volumes of poetry have been suggestions caught in many fields of a wide and elegant reading. Many of the themes are legends from the lives of the saints, many of them lessons from the same source; but all are rendered captivating by an easy and natural flow of thought and a fine use of the adorning power of poetical expression. Our authoress has escaped with rare ability the temptation to mysticism in thought and expression which is so cornent in the verse of the times in which we live. It is quite easy to multiply splendid figures of thought and diction, to sew on "purple patches" of imagery, to rifle the heavens and to dredge the deep sea of feeling and emotion, if the poet does not care to bind himself down to a clear and continuous line of thought. Mysticism is not poetry. It displays, not a great mind or a deeply poetic soul, but rather a hazy thought and an ill-governed imagination. The magazines of to-day are filled with such "poetry." It is a real pleasure to meet,



as we do in this volume, with melodies as clear and as intelligible as those which made Mozart or Schubert the nightingales of all the ages. Frequently, too, the reader will come suddenly upon some sublime peak of thought, displaying vast horizons he had never surmised before; or will be led to the verge of some precipice of emotion, opening up to his consciousness depths he had never probed before. We felicitate the authoress on her poetic gift and its splendid fruits. Her poems enrich the Catholic literature which is to delight and inform the men and women as well of the future as of the present. H. T. H.

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MONSIEUR FREPPEL EVEQUE D'ANGERS. Sermons inédits. Œuvre posthume. 2 vols. Paris : A. Roger T. Chernoviz, 7 Rue des Grands Augustins. 1896.

Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers and member of the Chamber of Deputies, was one of the most illustrious of contemporary French churchmen. He was an orator of the first order, an able politician, and in social circles fascinated even his political enemies. He died in 1891, his health having broken down under the numerous and weighty labors he was called upon to sustain.

The merit of Bishop Freppel as a writer is admitted by all. Every French priest's library contains some books of his "Cours d'Eloquence Sacrée (10 vols.), his sermons on Christian life, his conferences on the divinity of Jesus Christ, his oratorical and pastoral works (11 vols.), his polemical works, and his interesting study on the French Revolution written *à propos* of the centenary of 1789. Though his life was comparatively short and always busy, it would seem from a perusal of his numerous and valuable writings as if he had exhausted the entire field of religious literature. Our surprise is all the greater when we see, since December 22, 1891, nine volumes of posthumous works appear. Of those, two are devoted to Bossuet and sacred eloquence of the eighteenth century, two to his conferences at the Church of St. Genevieve, the remaining five volumes being occupied with miscellaneous writings, oratorical, pastoral and polemical. The two volumes which we present to the readers of the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY are made up of extracts from manuscripts written when the author was yet a young priest; but you must not suppose therefore that they are jejune in execution. The Abbé Freppel was at the age of twenty-five a professor of the Ecole des Carmes of Paris, an institution which has given to the Church of France many of her brightest ornaments, and at twenty-eight he was called to the chair of Sacred Eloquence at the Sorbonne—two titles which no one will dispute. The writer recalls two occasions on which he had the pleasure of hearing him, once in a pulpit of the capital and once in the tribune of the Palais Bourbon, and can affirm that he presented the ideal orator in the political as in the religious sphere. Unit- ing in the pulpit sublime conceptions with expressions which left no room for doubt as to his meaning, he captivated the intelligence, while his manner won all hearts. At the Chamber he now gave vent to the indignation of the tribune, and again jested with the "persiflage" of a well-educated man whose refined mind was ever charitable, so that, while bleeding, he inflicted no deep wound, and by his Gallic good-nature won even those who merited his severest castigations.

These two volumes contain an echo of the numerous sermons preached by the Abbé Freppel during his sojourn at Paris, at the Madeleine, at d'Boch and different churches, to congregations composed of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy of the second empire. What

thoughts must have entered the mind of the young Alsatian priest as he ascended the marble steps of pulpits yet resounding with the voices of the most distinguished orators! He was not unworthy of his predecessors, and we believe that the American clergy, in reading his magnificent discourses on the Incarnation, on the Eucharist, on the words of Christ on the Cross, his sermons for retreats or pastoral visitations contained in the present volumes, will derive pleasure as well as profit from the perusal. The Bishop of Angers aims at instruction rather than effect; but his mind impregnated with the light of faith was carried away by a natural eloquence.

Before concluding this brief notice let us say that to the two present volumes is added a general index, very carefully made, of all the oratorical works of Mgr. Freppel, which will be of the greatest utility to preachers.

G. PERIES.

MEANS AND END OF EDUCATION. By *J. L. Spalding*, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Co.

The right reverend author of this charming little volume of two hundred pages has the fine literary tact—instinctive when best, rather than acquired—of investing any topic with alluring graces as well of thought as of expression, so that when we once begin our acquaintance under his guidance with the topic we desire as long a fellowship with it as possible. His subjects may have seemed dry to us before, thoroughly thrashed out, and quite resigned to rest at last in the silence of the dusty shelf. Nevertheless, the author demonstrates that the last *interesting* word has not been said concerning them. He is able to impress us with the conviction that his topics are quite as fresh and inviting as when the first word had been uttered—nay, more so, for that thought begets thought in the mind that is truly alive, and the field of investigation displays to the patient seeker ever-widening horizons. Two chapters are devoted to "Truth and Love," an elegant literary disquisition on the power of good books to inform the mind, stimulate the heart, open up new worlds to the intellect and the imagination. He shows to the reader the means of acquiring helpful knowledge, and the fruits of its conquest. His sentences have all the diamond-like brilliancy and crystallization of thought associated in our minds, especially with such books as the "Imitation" and Bacon's "Essays." His frequent informal use of the phraseology of the great Wordsworthian ode tells us not only is he himself a poet, but that his mind is saturated with the sonorous and vivid rhythms of the "Intimations." The essay is indeed helpful and stimulating, suggestive rather than full, many-sided rather than elaborate. We have dwelt on this essay thus much because its perusal will urge us to that of the others: "The Making of One's Self," "Woman and Education," "The Scope of Public School Education," "The Religious Element in Education," and "The Higher Education," the discourse delivered at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, which, being enforced by the offer of three hundred thousand dollars by Miss Caldwell, led to the founding of the University at Washington.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE: ITS CENTENARY HISTORY. By the *Most Reverend John Healy, D.D., M.R.I.A.*, Bishop of Macra and Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfort. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, limited. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1895.

The able and interesting article which appeared in our pages from the

Very Rev. Dr. Hogan gave our readers a brief summary of the splendid work done during its existence of a century by "the great *Alma Mater* of the priesthood of Ireland." Enough was said within the limits of an article to arouse the desire for a more extended survey, and the work has been confided to the most competent of Irish ecclesiastical writers, the learned Bishop Healy. His large volume of 770 pages is truly a thing of beauty, and reflects great credit on the well-known firm of Browne & Nolan. The paper is of the finest quality, the letterpress clean and beautiful, and the profuse illustrations set forth the story most pleasingly to the eye. Altogether, the book is brought out in a manner worthy of the occasion and the subject.

These are, to be sure, minor beauties, but none the less very acceptable at a time which has witnessed so many well-written books marred by the slovenliness of typographical setting. Often have we murmured when so-called *éditions de luxe* have come into our sanctum dressed as awkwardly as country cousins at a banquet: Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? Such was not our greeting to the present volume, which might serve as a model for all similar publications.

Passing to Bishop Healy's share in the work, we expected a rare literary treat; nor were we disappointed. The theme is invested with all the charm which consummate skill can pour into a labor of love. The proper history of Maynooth is prefaced by three valuable chapters on ecclesiastical education in Ireland, in which the author's extensive erudition has condensed the studies of a lifetime. The story of the great college is told with remarkably good taste and in a style quite removed from the exaggerations and bombast which like occasions are apt to excite in mediocre panegyrists. As Maynooth has been the centre of Irish Catholic activity these past hundred years, Bishop Healy is led to touch upon nearly all the questions which have stirred the Irish heart, and he gilds whatever he touches. We can only repeat that Bishop Healy has set a model which the historians of similar institutions would do well to study and imitate.

FABIOLA, OR THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS. By *Cardinal Wiseman*. Illustrated edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

We notice this new edition of Cardinal Wiseman's classic romance, mainly to impress upon our readers the necessity of making the study of *Fabiola* an important item in the education of Catholic boys and girls. In fact, the charming little story is an entire education in itself, and has for two generations enlightened and fortified an army of young Pancratiuses and Agneses. Regarding the present edition, we can honestly say, that it is a vast improvement upon previous editions, the illustrations being very successful, except in the difficult and important matter of portraying the *dramatis personæ*, who surely were much more attractive in appearance than the book represents them.

GESCHICHTE DER CHRISTLICHEN KUNST. Von *Franz Xaver Kraus*. Herder: Freiburg and St. Louis. 1896.

This is the first of two bulky volumes in which Dr. Kraus, well known in Germany for valuable labors in the field of Christian antiquities, narrates the glorious story of Christian Art. It is a large octavo volume



of 621 pages, copiously illustrated in the style we have been taught to expect from the renowned firm of Herder, and, with bewildering erudition gathers together whatever is known of Christian painting and architecture in the Græco-Roman world and in Byzantine times. It is a work of infinite labor, and fitly crowns the career of one of the greatest, if not most widely known, students of this generation.

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A MEMOIR OF MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN (PAULINE DE KA FERRONNAYS) with extracts from her Diaries and Correspondence. By *Maria Catherine Bishop*. A new edition. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1896.

We know no better book to place in the hands of our educated Catholic women than this memoir of a lady who was the perfect model of Catholic womanhood in the nineteenth century. If America at the present day possessed a hundred women with this gifted, learned and saintly Frenchwomen's talents, energy, and powers of expression, their influence would be preponderating in a country like ours. We wish, particularly that our young women would make a close study of Mrs. Craven's charming and "masculine" letters, and form their own style thereupon.

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CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE SIMPLY EXPLAINED. By *Philip Bold*. Revised and in part edited by Father Eyre, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 1896. Price, \$3.00. Received from Benziger Brothers.

A truly admirable exposition of Catholic truth; giving in simple but choice language a comprehensive survey of the moral and dogmatic teachings of Holy Church. We most warmly recommend the book to all those who are seeking to know the truth, or who wish to place a sound and readable treatise in the hands of earnest searchers after religious faith.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHAPTERS OF BIBLE STUDY, OR A POPULAR INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. By the *Rev. Herman J. Heuser*, Professor of Scripture in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

THE PRIMARY FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION. By *E. D. Cope, Ph.D.*, Member of the U. S. National Academy of Sciences; Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1896. Price \$2.

BIBLISCHE STUDIEN: 1 Band, 2 Heft: Das Alter des Menschengeschlechts nach der Heiligen Schrift, der Profangeschichte und der Vorgeschichte. Von *Prof. Dr. P. Schanz*. Freiburg and St. Louis: Herder. Price, 43 cents net.

GESCHICHTE DER CHRISTLICHEN ESCHATOLOGIE INNERHALB DER VORNICÄENISCHEN ZEIT. Von *Leonhard Atzberger*, Professor der Dogmatik in Muenchen. Freiburg and St. Louis: Herder. 1896. Price, net, \$3.10.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS: An Appeal to Candor and Common Sense. By *George M. Searle*, Priest to the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. New York: The Catholic Book Exchange.

SERMONS ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By *Very Rev. D. J. McDermott*, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, Pa. New York: Benziger Brothers.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By *Rev. James H. O'Donnell*, Watertown, Conn. West Chester, New York: New York Catholic Protectory Print. 1896.

THE COMEDY OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM. By *A. F. Marshal, B.A.*, Oxon. Revised edition. Benziger Brothers.

ÆTHIOPUM SERVUS; a study in Christian Altruism. By *M. D. Petre*. Received from Benziger Brothers.



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